Vietnam: What Is Left of Conscience? by Bill Moyers

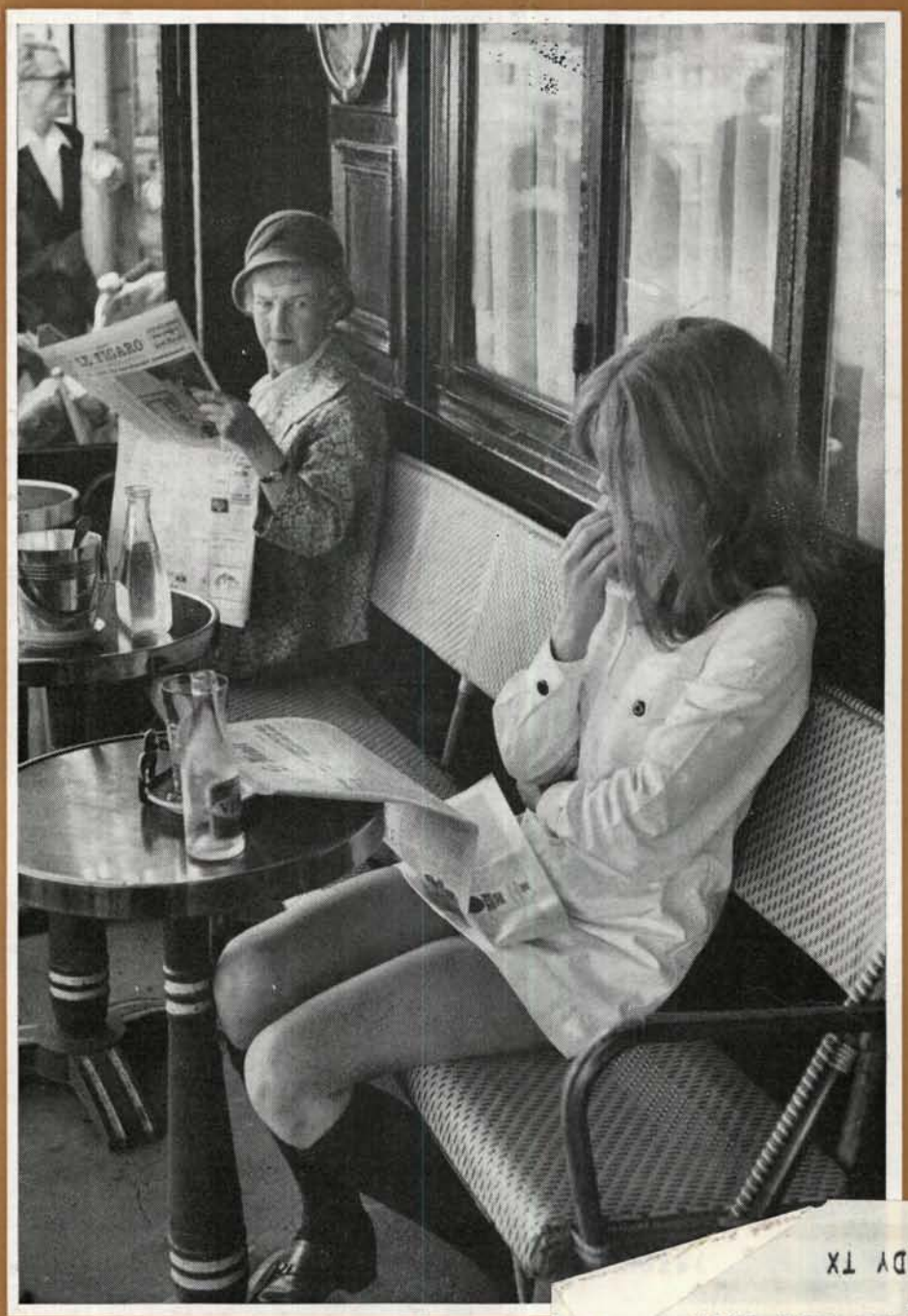
Saturday Review

February 13, 1971 50¢

Cartier-Bresson's France

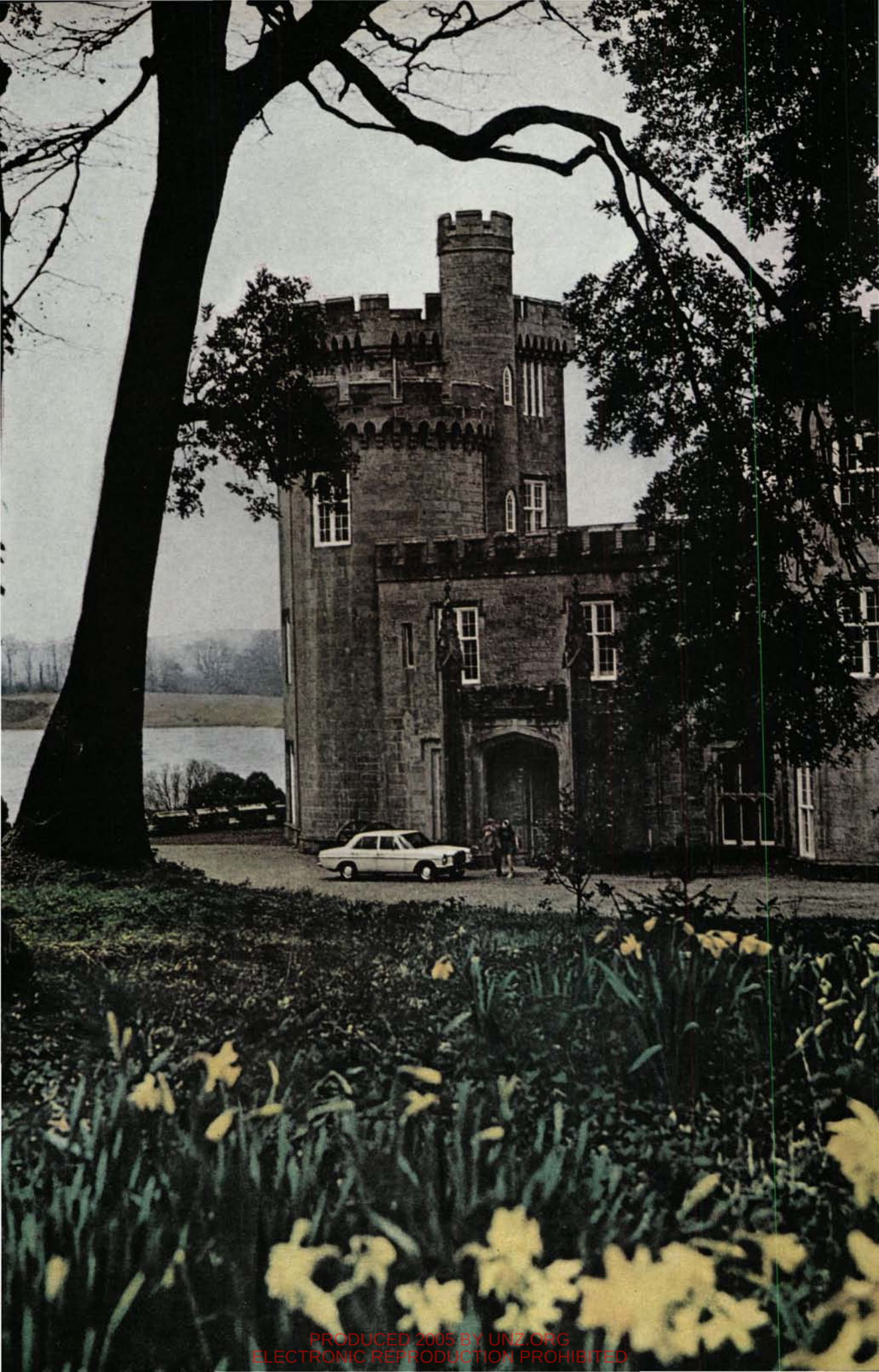
by Margaret R. Weiss

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas



H3D R7575888W AMBA95522JA12
AMBASSADOR COLL LIBR
BOX 927
BIG SANDY TX

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Newly-restored Lough Cutra Castle sports daffodils in late winter.

Lodging in Ireland isn't just a thatched cottage tucked in an emerald glen.

You can live in royal grandeur in Ireland. The sophisticated Ireland you may not know. The Ireland of elegant castles. Rooms with mosaics, tapestries and priceless paintings. Meals served in Georgian splendor. Sleep in a canopied bed that rested an Irish king and wake to a morning of sunshine after a night of soft rain. You can fairly taste the fresh sparkle. Walk out from the gentle terraces among the green ferns and yellow gorse. There's nothing like it in this world. All the modern conveniences of today with all the charm of the ancient Irish countryside.

Or, if you prefer, stop at a quaint little inn straight out of some Celtic fairytale. There are even Irish pubs and farm houses where you can stay. And modern motels along the roadways. Or be completely spoilt in one of the world's great hotels in Dublin, Limerick, Cork, Kilkenny, wherever.

Come to Ireland. Go pony-trekking through Macgillycuddy's Reeks. They're near Killarney. Or spend days meandering by cruiser down the lovely Shannon through meadows and emerald mountains.

It's all in Ireland and it's between October and May when the crowds are the least and our people can be even more attentive to our guests.

There are unhurried, fun-filled tours on Irish-Aer Lingus, starting as low as $280. You enjoy two weeks of unlimited rent-a-car mileage, accommodations, and round-trip air fare from New York. Pretty hostesses will introduce you to traditional Irish hospitality the very moment you are welcomed aboard.

IRISH AER LINGUS

Irish Tourist Board
Dept. 9, 590 Fifth Ave.
New York, N.Y. 10036

There are grand places to stay in Ireland. Please send me free the 48-page color brochure "Vacations in Ireland."

Name

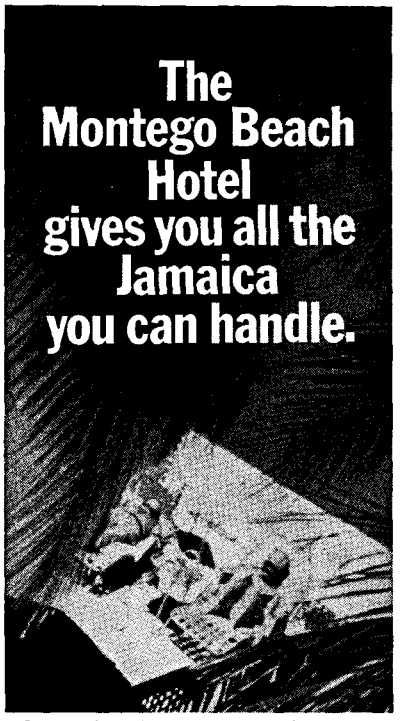
Address

City

State Zip

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Montego Beach Hotel gives you all the Jamaica you can handle.



Reservations through your travel agent or Ray Morrow Associates, 51 E. 42nd St., N.Y., N.Y. 10017, (212) 697-2340.

Enjoy New York at a Prestige Hotel Address at Moderate Rates... overlooking Central Park!

The Barbizon-Plaza

AT 106 CENTRAL PARK SOUTH N.Y.C.

...renowned locale of the world's finest hotels. Our superb French Cuisine and personalized service have made us the favorite of travelwise men and women.

WRITE FOR COLOR BROCHURE S OR CALL: (212) CI 7-7000

SUMMER GRADUATE INSTITUTE IN LIBERAL ARTS
St. John's College in Santa Fe, New Mexico

Four-summer program of small classes discussing great classical and modern books, leading to Master of Arts. Modeled on renowned curriculum of St. John's college in Annapolis and Santa Fe. Approved for teacher recertification by State Board of Education.

Classes from June 21 to August 13 in Santa Fe, New Mexico, noted for spectacular beauty, mild climate, rich historical background, and a variety of summer activities including the Santa Fe Opera. Write for Bulletin to *Graduate Institute in Liberal Education, St. John's College, Santa Fe, New Mexico 87501.*

February 13, 1971

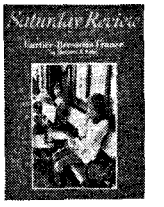
Saturday Review

Cover story, page 46

Cartier-Bresson's France

by Margaret R. Weiss

Cover photo: Study of two Parisiennes by Henri Cartier-Bresson



IDEAS

17 The Roots of Lawlessness by Henry Steele Commager

EDITORIAL

20 Vietnam: What Is Left of Conscience? by Bill Moyers

BOOKS

23 Twosomes and Threesomes in Gray Paree by John W. Aldridge, an essay review of "The Merry Month of May" by James Jones

23 Index of Books Reviewed

26 Book Forum: Letters from Readers

27 European Literary Scene by Robert J. Clements

COMMUNICATIONS

51 Penny Press to Premium Press by Richard L. Tobin

54 What Is Black and White and the Tenth Largest Industry in the Country? by Stuart W. Little

56 The Changing American Newsboy by John Tebbel

58 The Black Reporter and His Problems by M. L. Stein

THE ARTS

MOVIES

42 Arthur Knight reviews "Promise at Dawn" and "Get Carter."

MUSIC

44 Irving Kolodin: Ladies' Week in the World of Music

DANCE

45 Walter Terry weighs pros and cons of the New York City Ballet and hails the Alvin Ailey troupe.

PHOTOGRAPHY

46 Margaret R. Weiss appraises Henri Cartier-Bresson's long homeward look.

TRAVEL

39 David Butwin on southern Florida's glade-girt Tamiami and Anhinga trails

COLUMNS

4 Goodman Ace: Top of My Head

6 Martin Levin: Phoenix Nest

10 John Ciardi: Manner of Speaking

14 Cleveland Amory: Trade Winds

22 Letters to the Editor

43 Robert Lewis Shayon: TV-Radio

GAMES

28 Your Literary I.Q.

30 Literary Crypt

55 Wit Twister

70 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1923

CARTOONISTS: Robert Censoni, Joseph Farris, Ed Fisher, Leonard Herman, Dick Oldden, Everett Opie, John Ruge

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Norman Cousins, President and Editor; William D. Patterson, Executive Vice President and Publisher; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Vice President and Associate Publisher; Harry T. Morris, Vice President-Advertising; Irving Kolodin, Vice President-Programs; Joseph S. Iseman, Secretary; Robert A. Burghardt, Director of Advertising Services; Martin A. Blum, Director of Promotion and Research; George Reeves, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $10 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LIV, No. 7, February 13, 1971. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
© 1971 by Saturday Review, Inc. All rights reserved under the Berne and Pan-American Copyright Conventions. Reproduction in whole or in part of any article (in English or other languages) without permission is prohibited. Printed in the United States of America. Unsolicited manuscripts cannot be returned unless accompanied by a properly addressed envelope bearing sufficient postage.
Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of address to Subscription Department, SATURDAY REVIEW, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Enjoy book shopping at home.

Let the Literary Guild send you all the best books... at best-of-all savings! Any 4 for $1

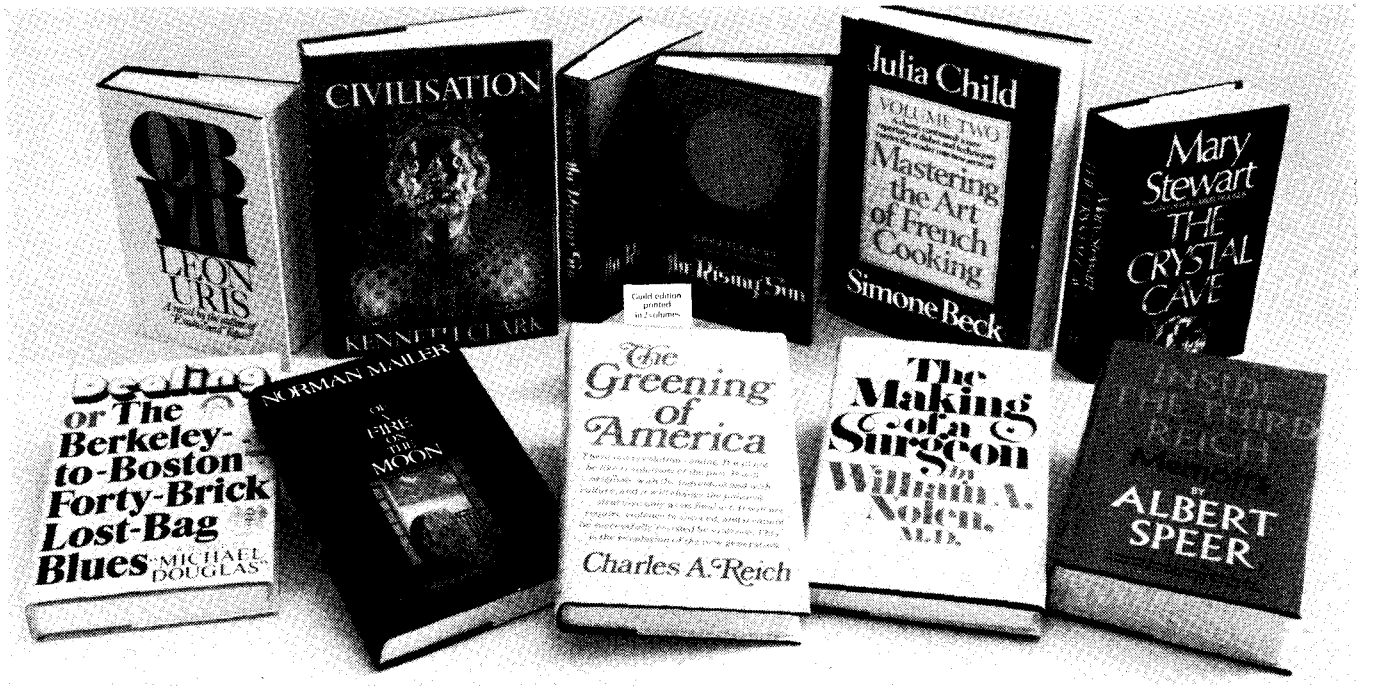
(You merely agree to accept only 4 selections or alternates during the coming year.)

It's fun. It's easy. It's like having a private bookshop. Just choose your books from a king-size assortment that goes from current best sellers to classics. In no time, your choice is delivered right to your door. The cost? Less than you'd pay anywhere on current books. In fact, during your membership **you can expect to save more than 70%** off the prices of publishers' editions! That's more than any other book club offers on current best sellers and other fine books.

Here's how the Guild does it:

- You get big savings on the introductory offer by taking any 4 books shown here for only $1, plus shipping and handling.
- Month after month, you continue to save on the books you really want. What makes the Guild unique, however, is that the new best sellers offered as selections and alternates **average 30% below** the prices of publishers' editions. (Plus a modest charge for shipping and handling.)
- You save again with the Guild's generous bonus book plan. The Guild gives a bonus certificate with the very first book you buy – and for every one thereafter. You choose from a wide selection of valuable Bonus Books – many at only $1.

So go ahead. Build the library you've always wanted. Delight in overall savings that can amount to 70% – and more – just by joining right now. As a member, you need choose only 4 books during the entire year – out of more than 40 listed each month in the free Literary Guild magazine. Join today and discover the fun of shopping at home. Send no money. Just mail the coupon.



219. QB VII
Leon Uris.
(Pub. edition, $7.95)

333. CIVILISATION
Kenneth Clark.
(Pub. edition, $15.00)

242. THE RISING SUN
John Toland.
2 vols. count as 1 choice.
(Pub. edition, $12.95)

791. VOLUME TWO: MASTERING THE ART OF FRENCH COOKING
Julia Child and Simone Beck.
(Pub. edition, $12.50)

211. THE CRYSTAL CAVE
Mary Stewart.
(Pub. edition, $7.95)

48. DEALING
"Michael Douglas."
(Pub. edition, $5.95)

195. OF A FIRE ON THE MOON
Norman Mailer.
(Pub. edition, $7.95)

310. THE GREENING OF AMERICA
Charles A. Reich.
(Pub. edition, $7.95)

171. THE MAKING OF A SURGEON
William A. Nolen, M.D.
(Pub. edition, $6.95)

359. INSIDE THE THIRD REICH
Albert Speer.
(Pub. edition, $12.50)

269. William Faulkner: SANCTUARY, AS I LAY DYING, THE SOUND AND THE FURY, LIGHT IN AUGUST.
4 vols. count as 1 choice.
(Pub. editions, $20.80)

257. THE ENRICHED, FORTIFIED, CONCENTRATED, COUNTRY-FRESH, LIP-SMACKING, FINGER-LICKING, INTERNATIONAL, UNEXPURGATED FOODBOOK
James Trager.
(Pub. edition, $15.00)

33. CARAVAN TO VACCARES
Alistair MacLean.
(Pub. edition, $5.95)

119. ALL THE BEST PEOPLE
Sloan Wilson.
(Pub. edition, $7.95)

233. THE SOCIAL CONTRACT
Robert Ardrey.
(Pub. edition, $10.00)

10. THE AMERICANS
David Frost.
(Pub. edition, $6.95)

240. F. Scott Fitzgerald: TENDER IS THE NIGHT, THIS SIDE OF PARADISE, THE GREAT GATSBY, THE LAST TYCOON
4 vols. count as 1 choice.
(Pub. editions, $16.35)

139. THE COLUMBIA-VIKING DESK ENCYCLOPEDIA
2 vols. count as 1 choice
(Pub. editions, $9.95)

154. THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
2 vols. count as 1 choice

400. THE ANTAGONISTS
Ernest K. Gann.
(Pub. edition, $6.95)

7. PUSHKIN
Henri Troyat.
(Pub. edition, $10.00)

355. FUTURE SHOCK
Alvin Toffler.
(Pub. edition, $8.95)

82. "DON'T FALL OFF THE MOUNTAIN"
Shirley MacLaine.
(Pub. edition, $5.95)

18. THE GREAT NOVELS OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY
The Sun Also Rises,
For Whom the Bell Tolls,
A Farewell to Arms.
3 vols. count as 1 choice
(Pub. editions, $13.95)

73. HOW TO TALK WITH PRACTICALLY ANYBODY ABOUT PRACTICALLY ANYTHING
Barbara Walters.
(Pub. edition, $5.95)

153. THE STORY OF PAINTING H. W. Janson & Dora Jane Janson.
(Pub. edition, $15.00)

458. PASSENGER TO FRANKFURT
Agatha Christie.
(Pub. edition, $5.95)

339. GREAT LION OF GOD
Taylor Caldwell.
(Pub. edition, $7.95)

185. LOVE STORY
Erich Segal.
(Pub. edition, $4.95)

55. John Steinbeck: THE GRAPES OF WRATH, THE WINTER OF OUR DISCONTENT, THE SHORT NOVELS
3 vols. count as 1 choice.
(Pub. editions, $18.50)

The Guild offers its own complete hardbound editions, sometimes altered slightly in size to fit special presses and save members even more.

Literary Guild of America, Inc.

Dept. 12-SR1, Garden City, N.Y. 11530

Please accept my application for a trial membership in the Literary Guild and send me the FOUR books or sets whose numbers I have printed in the four boxes below. Bill me only $1 plus shipping and handling for all four. If not delighted, I may return them in 10 days and this membership will be canceled.

I do not have to buy a book every month – only as few as four the first year – and may resign any time after purchasing four books. All selections and alternates will be described to me in advance in the Literary Guild magazine sent free each month. If I wish the monthly selection, I need do nothing; it will come to me automatically. Whenever I prefer an alternate, or no book at all, I simply give instructions on the convenient order form. The prices of the books offered will average 30% below the prices of publishers' editions. (A modest charge is added for shipping and handling.) For each monthly or alternate selection I accept, I may choose a bonus book from the special catalog at a fraction of the already low Guild price – often for as little as $1.

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss (Please Print)

Address

City

State Zip

Members accepted in U.S.A. and Canada only. Canadian members will be serviced from Toronto. Offer slightly different in Canada.

50-G864

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

The Novice Novelist

THERE'S ONE QUESTION I've been hearing a lot in the last few years: "Why don't you write a novel or a play?"

Since I'm the one who's been asking myself the question, I always reply, "I'm going to. Just as soon as I get a few things out of the way."

But lately several people in the publishing and theatrical rackets have been asking when I'm going to write a novel or a play. Now I've changed my answer to, "Funny you should ask. I'm working on a novel right now, and I expect to adapt it into a play."

If that answer doesn't make me sound important, at least it makes me sound industrious. Because, actually, all I've done is scribble some notes, and outline a plot on the back of an envelope. If it worked for him, why not for me?

Well, it doesn't take long for a rumor like that to spread. It even reached the ears of the top, distinguished producer of Broadway plays who lives in our building. One day, in the elevator, he introduced himself and said, "I understand you have a play in mind."

"Yes, I have," I replied.

"I'd like to see it," he said.

"Thank you, sir. I'll send my mind down to your office next Monday," I answered.

I have this fascinating manner of ingratiating myself with people. He hasn't spoken to me since.

Of course, writing a novel would, for me, indeed be novel writing. The only books I've written to date were compilations of the stuff I had already written. And every book has been on the non-best-seller list for more weeks than I care to count. I am now under the impression that the publishers of my books print a copy whenever somebody orders one.

A while ago I realized it was time for a change. After reading all the top sellers I discovered that the trick is to write a novel on questions which I know very little about but have always been afraid to ask. The secret three-letter word is "sex." If sex is what book lovers want, I'd give it to them. After all, they gave it to me on my other books.

With a fresh new ribbon in my typewriter, I began. I had big, erotic plans. In the first chapter the girl wore skirts so mini they left nothing to the imagination. As I continued writing, imagination soon turned to machination, and by the end of the chapter I was completely depleted and wound up three days in bed. The doctor diagnosed it as a condition in which the mind was unable to keep the dates the body made.

Refreshed, I was back at the beautiful typewriter with its new, fresh ribbon. I reread the first chapter and pondered whether a best-selling novel was my bag. Some writers have it, some don't. And I was not about to admit that I didn't have it. After all, the sex novel is nothing new. Elinor Glyn had it. And I would prove that I, too, have it.

Chapter Two. I was typing along at a fast clip until I ran into a calamitous difficulty. Jeffrey and Samantha were about ready to appear on a deserted beach for a moonlight swim in the nude, including the usual best-selling carnal episode.

I was prepared for a graphic description of that classic scene, without which no best seller can succeed. These two beautiful people had just scampered out of the surf and were running laughingly across the sands when Samantha stumbled and fell to the beach with Jeffrey sprawling down beside her.

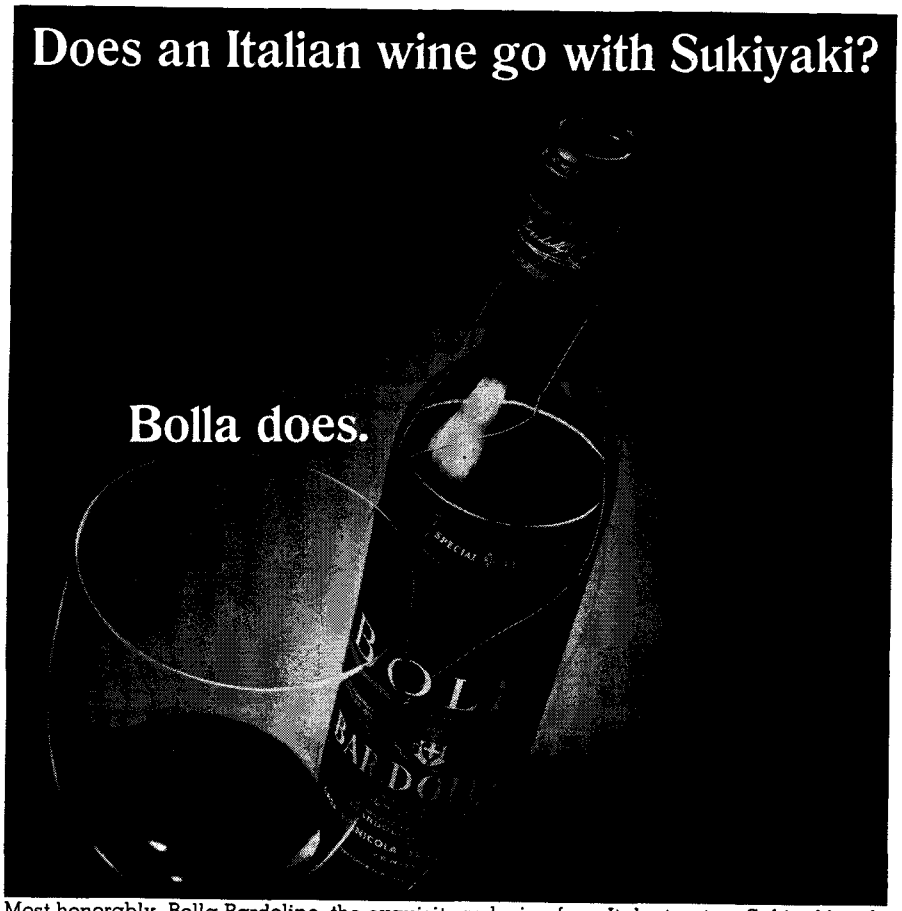
And wouldn't you know that this stupid typewriter, with its new, fresh ribbon, wrote: "Samantha rose and said, 'No, Jeff, no,' and ran off into the darkness"?

I didn't need a doctor to tell me that was a case of a writer's drawing on his personal, pitiful experiences. No sir. Nudity was not my forte. So I put my clothes back on and decided to cool it.

Shoemaker, stick to your last. Stop fooling around with barefoot girls. Not only do I not have it, I'm not even with it. Back to collecting material for my next book, pieces that have appeared here, which, incidentally, will be published next November. (Is that a long enough warning?)

The title is *The Better of Goodman Ace*. The publisher had suggested a stronger title, but I wasn't going to leave myself open to the sneer of some browser in a bookshop, opening the book at random and reading one of the chapters and saying, "Is that his best?" No one ever says, "Is that his better?"

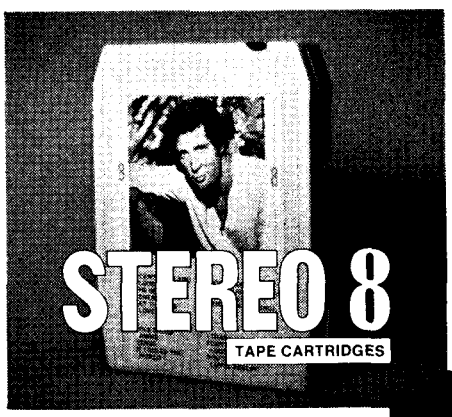
Protection, see? Groovy!

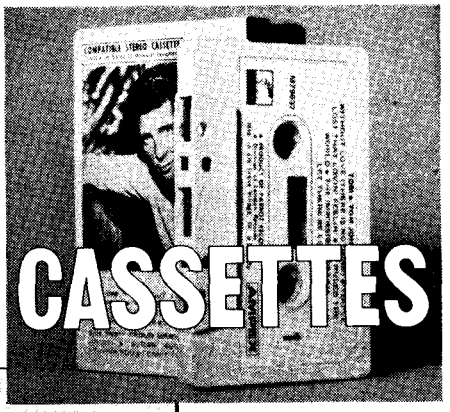


Most honorably. Bolla Bardolino, the exquisite red wine from Italy, treats a Sukiyaki with loving respect. Every sip is a ceremony. For a gourmet recipe booklet, please write Bolla, The Jos. Garneau Co., Box S2, 555 Madison Ave. NYC 10022 © 1969, The Jos. Garneau Co.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Select The Kind Of Music You Like Best...





03422

04107

03313

03369

03842

03266

03512

04118

03472

04040

03316

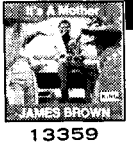
03695

03840

03843

04035

03542

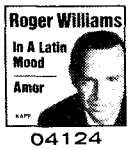


13359

04024

03292

03731



04124

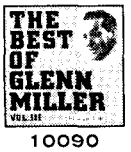
10280

03727

00267

04073

03277

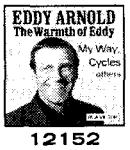


10090

00752

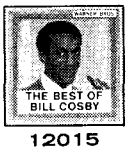
12141

03639



12152

04068



12015

00363

. . . and start saving immediately with

ANY 4 SELECTIONS in the category you choose for only 99¢

You merely agree to accept as few as 4 more selections at regular Music Service prices in the year ahead.

Whether you prefer Stereo 8, Records or Cassettes — you can now build a valuable collection at top savings through the new RCA Music Service.

Start Saving Now! Take any 4 Stereo 8 Tapes, Records or Cassettes (sorry, no mixing) for only 99¢. You always choose from RCA, Warner Bros., Reprise, Atlantic, Atco, London, or from any of 40 other labels.

You Need NOT Buy A Selection Every Month! You merely agree to buy as few as 4 more selections within a year at regular Music Service prices: usually $6.98 for Stereo 8 and Cassettes; $4.98 for Records. Then, if you decide to remain a member, a generous dividend plan lets you choose one selection FREE for every two you buy at regular Service prices . . . a savings of one-third! (A small shipping-service charge is added to each order.)

Free Magazine! Illustrated MEDLEY regularly brings you news of up to 350 selections. If you want the Selection of the Month in your category, do nothing — it will be shipped automatically. If you want other selections, or none at all, indicate your instructions on the card always provided, and return it by the date specified.

Free 10 Day Trial! You must be satisfied or you may return your selections without obligation. Mail the coupon now!

RCA

03878

04105

10523

00222

00100

00046

03419

03652

03933

03692

SEND NO MONEY — MAIL COUPON TODAY!

Mail to: **RCA Music Service,** P.O. Box 26878, Lawrence, Ind. 46226

Yes, please accept my application for membership in the RCA Music Service, and send me the 4 selections I have chosen for only 99¢. **I understand I may refuse the automatic shipment of each month's Main Selection, or order other selections by returning the dated card always provided.** I agree to buy as few as four more selections at regular Service prices within a year to fulfill my trial membership. (A small shipping-service charge is added to each order.)

I want these and future selections in (check one only):

☐ **Stereo 8** ☐ **Records** ☐ **Cassettes**

Mail Me These 4 Selections (Indicate by number):

I am most interested in the following type of music (check one only):

☐ **Popular** (Instrumental/Vocal Moods) ☐ **Country & Western**
☐ **Today's Sound** (Rock/Soul/Folk) ☐ **Classical**

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss

..... (Please Print)

Address.....

City.....State.....

Phone (.....).....Zip.....
Area Code

Limited to new members; Continental U.S.A. only; one membership per family.

S-97 T-2

MS13 TRADEMARKS USED IN THIS ADVT. ARE PROPERTY OF THE VARIOUS TRADEMARK OWNERS.
TMK (S) ® RCA CORPORATION.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

A Sampling of Worries

I HAVE so many worries pestering my mind from the time I get up until I go to bed that I don't see how I keep alive five minutes. I could fill a book with the worries, major and minor, that plague my life; in this space, I can only furnish a sampling.

Recently I put in an entire day, neglecting my work, worrying about who gets to call President Nixon "Dick." From all that appears in the public print and on television, the moment the ballots are counted a man ceases to be "Dick" to his long-time buddies and becomes "Mister President," the same as with Ike and Jack and Lyndon. The same, no doubt, with Zach and Millard and Abe and Rutherford and Chester.

A major worry with me is the book trade, since that is my principal business. Is McLuhan right? Is the printed word vanishing? Is technology putting me out of business? It comes at me from all sides. An essay contest was held in New York not long ago with the young people under instruction to write down what they thought about books. One boy wrote: "A book is a hunk of bull." I tell you, I could have taken that kid and—well, I'll bet he had sideburns halfway to his ankles.

At that same time, an old friend of mine named Fred Beck wrote me a discouraging letter, discouraging because Mr. Beck himself is an author of several books.

He said that in the Palm Springs library he had run across a book called *The Hen*, containing a schematic illustration showing how a hen goes about laying an egg. Said Mr. Beck: "I have read that hen book five times, and try and strain as I will I haven't been able to lay a single egg. Furthermore, I have read a book by Tommy Armour about how to play golf as good as Tommy Armour played it. I am still unable to play golf anywhere near as good as Tommy Armour, and I can't lay an egg fit to fry. Books ain't any good."

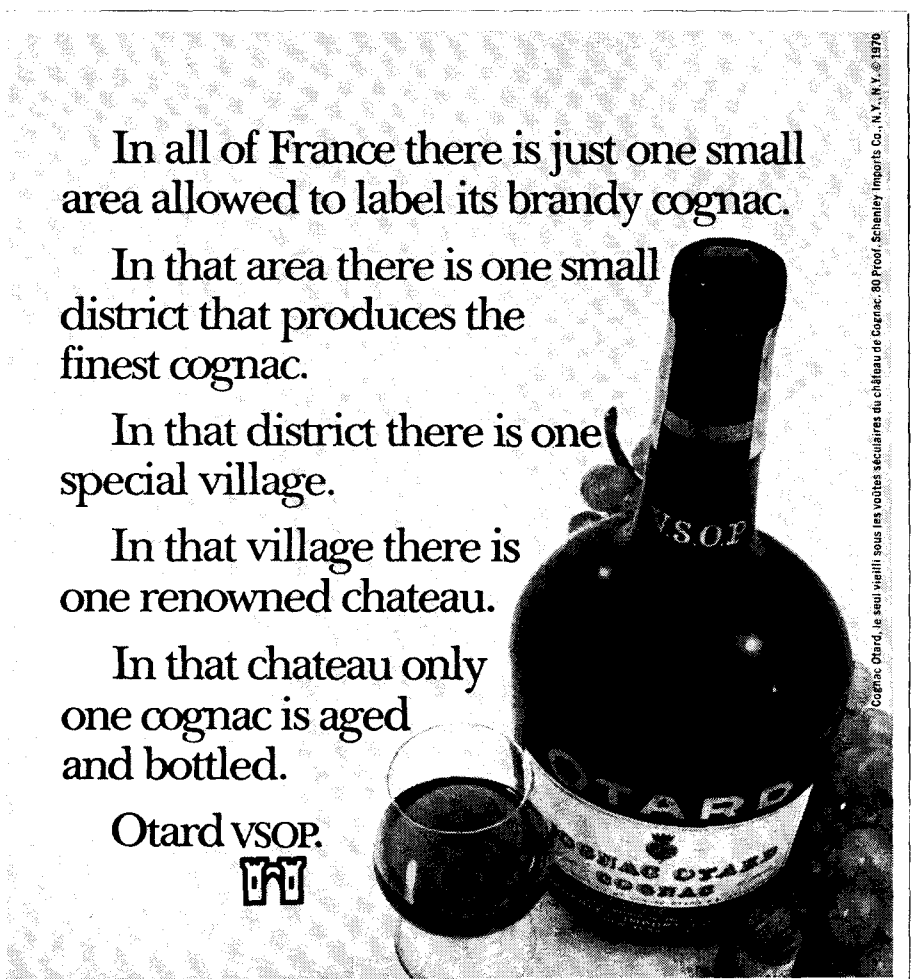
Pretty convincing, eh? And in my own adopted homeland, West Texas, where almost everybody kills deer and antelope and doves with happy abandon, they have a saying that borders on the biblical: "Readin' books ruins yer shootin' eye." I know from personal knowledge that no shootin' eyes are being ruint.

I worry about when to kiss. In our modern era, a man is supposed to kiss a woman on the cheek whenever they meet, even in public. Especially in public, and on television programs. But how well must I know a woman before I administer the kiss of greeting, even when it consists merely of banging dimples. This procedure, unknown when I was a rake and a libertine, gets to be a habit, and just a few days ago I was introduced to a handsome girl from San Diego whom I gave a quick kiss on the cheek. She looked startled, alarmed. Perhaps the etiquette is more rigid around San Diego than elsewhere. Seeking guidance, I once consulted a young woman who works for a Madison Avenue conspiracy. "Who do you kiss, and when?" I wanted to know. "Anybody and everybody," she said. "I mean, of course, the opposite sex. Never kiss on the first meeting, but on the second it is legit. Try not to make actual contact. Fouls the makeup."

Here is a seemingly trivial matter that gives me the whimwhams. Or gave them to me in former times. A man who is still enslaved takes out a cigarette and puts it in his mouth. Then he fumbles out a book of matches and tears off one match, and at that precise moment his companion strikes a match of his own, or whips out a lighter, and applies the flame to the cigarette. This leaves the poor guy standing there with phosphorus all over his chin. It used to happen to me all the time. I suspect that this recurring clumsy embarrassment, and not cancer, was the real reason for my giving up smoking. It is almost possible to read a man's character from the way he reacts to the excess match situation. If he's inclined to be namby-pamby, he'll try to snake his own unstruck match back into the book from which it was torn, and he'll try to do it secretly, as if in shame. On the other hand, if he's a dynamic and forceful creature, he'll say to the companion who proffered the light: "You off your rocker? Didn't you see me pull out this match? Take yours and go somewhere and light yourself a candle."

All manner of incidents and impending disasters pester me. I worry that the dog down the street will eventually bite me. I worry that I'll lock myself out of my car, somewhere far from home. I worry that Jacqueline Susann will quit writing and leave me in a state of utter desolation.

I sometimes think that next to war the biggest problem before this coun-


In all of France there is just one small area allowed to label its brandy cognac.
In that area there is one small district that produces the finest cognac.
In that district there is one special village.
In that village there is one renowned chateau.
In that chateau only one cognac is aged and bottled.
Otard VSOP.
Cognac Otard, le seul vieilli sous les voûtes séculaires du château de Cognac. 80 Proof. Schenley Imports Co., N.Y., N.Y. © 1970
OTARD
V.S.O.P.
COGNAC OTARD
COGNAC
LIMITED QUANTITY AVAILABLE. Otard VSOP $10.59 3-Star Special $7.29 (New York)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yours for just $1.00

to introduce you to the
Harry N. Abrams Art Portfolio Library

These Two Portfolios of Superb ART PRINTS

suitable for framing

Each portfolio contains 10 full-color prints, plus a commentary on the artist by a distinguished art authority

VINCENT VAN GOGH, the subject of the first portfolio above, led a tragic life. He was rebuffed in love. He lost his Christian faith. He reached such depths of depression that during one mental crisis, he cut off his own ear... then a year and a half later, shot himself to death.

Pablo Picasso, whose pre-Cubist period is the subject of the second portfolio, is by contrast a man whose life has seemingly been an unbroken series of triumphant successes. Though impoverished as a youth, he won recognition early—and has gone on to see himself acclaimed as the most important painter of our time.

You might think that two such men, so different in so many ways, could not possibly produce pictures of comparable depth and feeling. Yet each has created some of the most powerful pictures in the history of man—pictures so haunting, so full of meaning, that a viewer can lose himself in gazing at them.

Now, in the portfolios above, you're invited to enjoy some of the finest works of each of these two painters. And to enjoy them as you may never have had the chance to enjoy them before.

On the cover and inside of each of these soft-bound portfolios, you'll find 10 superb color reproductions of the artist's great paintings. The prints are of generous size, averaging about 75 square inches, and are individually hand-tipped onto blank pages which can be removed for framing. You also get, in each portfolio, a fascinating "lecture" on the artist and his work by a noted art authority, plus additional illustrations in black and white.

Through the pictures and the commentary, you'll come to understand and appreciate far more fully the meaning and significance of van Gogh's and Picasso's pictures. You'll see how van Gogh's pictures reflect his tortuous struggle with mental illness...how Picasso's paintings reflect the turbulent emotions of his youth...and much more.

It's all yours to enjoy for just $1.00 as a trial subscriber to Harry N. Abrams Art Portfolio Library.

This new subscription program is designed for people who feel the need for greater knowledge and appreciation of fine art. The creation of the portfolios in the program has been personally supervised by Harry N. Abrams, founder of America's foremost publisher of art books, and himself an authority who has spent more than four decades assembling one of the largest and finest art collections in the country.

Every six weeks, as a subscriber to the program, you'll receive two more portfolios devoted to great painters and their works. You may return any shipment within two weeks and may cancel your subscription at any time. Those portfolios you do decide to keep are yours for only $2.49 apiece— or a total of $4.98, plus shipping and handling, for each shipment of two.

In this way, you acquire each superb portfolio for no more than you might spend for two paperback novels. And you build not only a really knowledgeable acquaintance with artists like Rembrandt, Michelangelo, Rubens and others, but also a stunning color print collection of some of the greatest art works of all time.

To enter your trial subscription, and to receive the van Gogh and Picasso portfolios for $1.00, just mail the coupon. If not delighted, you may return the portfolios without payment.

ABRAMS

**Harry N. Abrams
Art Portfolio Library**

475 Park Avenue South
New York, New York 10016

Please send me your van Gogh and Picasso portfolios, billing me just $1.00 plus shipping. If not delighted, I may return the portfolios without payment, and you will cancel this trial subscription. Otherwise, you will send me two more portfolios every six weeks, billing me $2.49 apiece—or a total of $4.98 (plus shipping and handling) for both. I may return any shipment I do not want, and may cancel this subscription at any time.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

1107

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

There are five selfish reasons to join the Metropolitan Museum*

Reason #5

Special events for Members. Free lectures. Special programs for Members' children. The annual Garden Party and the new Midsummer Night Fete at The Cloisters.

***But the most important reason is an unselfish one: America's greatest art museum needs your support.**

Return this coupon and we'll send you a brochure about the current exhibition, *Masterpieces of Fifty Centuries*, and two guest passes to the Museum (there's now a discretionary admission charge, except to Members.) The brochure also tells you about Membership, which still begins at $15 a year.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art B-5
P.O. Box 2900, New York, N.Y. 10001

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Whatever you dream of... MEXICO has it!
Enjoy every minute of your vacation in

MEXICO

Cuernavaca... Taxco... Acapulco...
The route of the sun... three marvelous cities... three different personalities... three gorgeous places you will always remember...
THERE IS NOT "IN OR OFF SEASON" FOR MEXICO
COME NOW!

Ask your Travel Agent for compact and inexpensive tours.

mexican government department of tourism
national tourist council

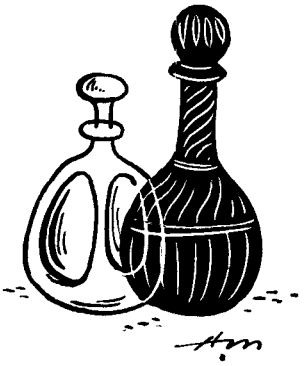
630 Fifth Ave.
New York, N. Y. 10020.
Paseo de la Reforma 45 Mexico 1, D. F.

04-DT-3-71

try is highway traffic, and I worry about it and try to work out systems for making it safe. The simple way to solve the problem would be to make it impossible for the Stupids to drive. Only the Brights. But it can't be done. The Stupids hold the balance of power at the voting booths; there is some evidence that they constitute an overwhelming majority.

Still another worry that plagues me steadily has to do with the curdling of my memory buds. I'm getting so I'm not sure if a thing really happened or if I merely saw it on TV last night. I spent half an hour the other day trying to remember which of my friends had quit drinking and got a job as manager of a hardware store. The answer finally came. It was not a friend, it was a character named Gregory in a TV drama.

Then I fret over a thing that my father once told me. Out of the deep well of his wisdom he said: "The stren'th goes outa things." I apply his precept to everything. The stren'th goes



outa the pills in my medicine chest; sometimes I think the stren'th begins to ebb before I can get them home from the drugstore. The stren'th goes out of insecticides and buttermilk, out of corned beef that has been in the refrigerator more than a month or two, out of strong drink if I leave it standing around too long. This thing bothers me so deeply that sometimes I think the stren'th is going outa *me*.

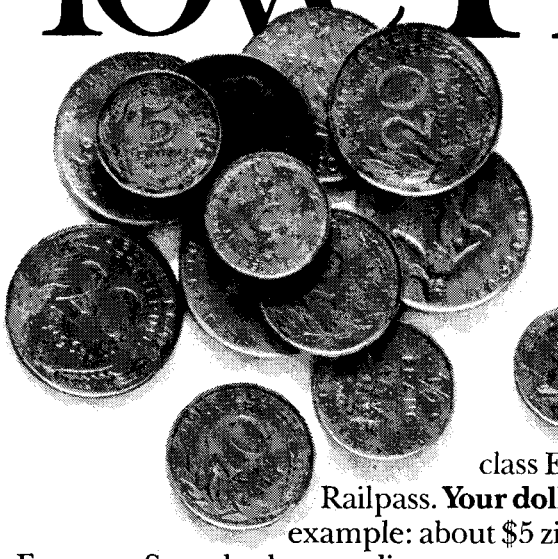
As I suggested, I could go on interminably about my little worries that loom so big at the time I am worrying them. I keep thinking about a story that was going around a few years back. A woman, disturbed by her husband's continual worrying, said to him: "*You* should have worries! How would you like to be the President of the United States and be saddled with all *his* worries?"

"Listen, dear," said the husband, "don't you realize that I have to worry about what the President of the United States worries about, and in addition to that I have to worry about all my own worries, too?"

I'm content to stay with my own. They are ample. Let Dick take care of his own. —H. ALLEN SMITH.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Francly, you'll love France.



Your dollar buys more in France. Parfum. Patisserie. Plaisir.

Particularly when you take one of the 210 trains a day that leave Paris for France. Or take advantage of a 1st class Eurailpass or new 2nd class Student Railpass. **Your dollar goes farther by train.** Par example: about $5 zips you (at about 90 mph) to Epernay. Spend a day wending your way through its 16 miles of champagne cellars; the night back in Paris wandering along the Champs Elysees. After a morning with the impressionists at the Jeu de Paume Musee, board Le Mistral, France's most impressive train. You'll spend $44.50 and nine nice hours getting to Nice.

Be coiffed in its Salon de Beautee. Shop in its Boutique. Then dine (for about $6) on five, fabulous courses of French cuisine, while drinking in the moonlit Mediterranean beauty of the Riviera coast.

With a ski tow in Chamonix just 4 hours and a few francs from a cabana in Cannes, it's no wonder they say "for travelling in France, the right way is by railway". All 25,000 miles of it.

Tickets and reservations at travel agents or French National Railroads, 610 Fifth Avenue, New York 10020; 11 East Adams St., Chicago 60603; 9465 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills 90212; 323 Geary St., San Francisco 94102. Also at our Canadian office.

Please send me your "Under $30 Guide To France" plus other money-saving tips on how to make my dollar go farther by train.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

Dept. 56, Box 80, Lindenhurst, New York 11757

French National Railroads

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Manner of Speaking

John Ciardi

Gold Fever

EVERY SON has his dream of outwitting the world or, even better, of world unlimited in which his wishes are touched by fairy godmothers, his mood serves as currency, and the feast of plenty is set. Gold-rushers have chased their greedy dream across a continent, risking disaster for it. Pirates have staked their necks for a piece of it. Robber barons, generally lower types than pirates and gold rush bums, have staked other peoples lives to make their pile.

In general, it has all seemed so grubby, so cruel, or so masochistic that I have always shrugged away my dream of the golden hoard. I would take what came easy, I told myself, and loaf away the rest in a reasoned contempt of fevered labor. Yet gold fever, I was to discover, lies in wait for all.

Appropriately enough, I contracted my fever not on the Spanish Main, nor in the bone-strewn desert, nor yet in a sneaky arrangement to sell whiskey to the Indians, but in the daily mail. I say appropriately, for where else does a writer turn first for his hope of that day's bread and bounty?

The letter I got didn't look much like a lease to empire. It was in fact one of those blank-riddled mimeographed permission forms sent out by publishers who are preparing to put out an anthology. This one was from Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., was signed by a lady I shall call Miss S. Claus, and with the blanks filled in it requested permission to reprint in a book to be titled Adventures in World Literature:

> "Sir Patrick Spens" by Anonymous from HOW DOES A POEM MEAN? by John Ciardi, copyright 1959, published by Houghton Mifflin & Co.

I had opened the letter over my second cup of coffee, which is to say with only one eye open. My wife was across the table, and I passed the letter to her.

"Think I should give my permission?" I said.

"Sure. Give them mine, too," she said.

Suddenly I got the other eye open, heard the buzzer go off and the bulb light, and snatched the letter from her. The first thing you discover on contracting gold fever is that everyone is a claim jumper. "No one," I said, a bit harshly I'm afraid, "has asked for *your* permission."

But it was too ridiculous. A joke. I had hardly spoken when I felt the fever subside. In a relaxed mood, I scrawled on the bottom of the form: "Happy to give my entire permission." And added, on the spur of the moment, "Reprint fee: $35."

I don't know how many months ago that was. I mailed back the form in the enclosed, stamped, self-addressed letter, threw the copy ("for your files") in the wastebasket, and turned to other things. Someone who worked for a computer had clicked down a table of contents in a mechanical and mindless way, someone else with his wits about him would chuckle to find the permission I had granted to republish what wasn't mine, and that would be the end of it. Only a fool would dream the gold of empire from such a map.

Then last week I received another form with more filled-in blanks, the gist of which was that I had granted permission to reprint the following selection(s): "Sir Patrick Spens" anonymous—and also that Harcourt Brace Jovanovich was "pleased to inclose its check in payment of the permission fee(s)" with thanks from Miss S. Claus. As promised, the check was inclosed.

For a week now, I'm afraid, I have been having the gold fever bad. My first mad impulse was to write Miss S. Claus at Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, Inc., that I had scads of old English ballads in inventory and would be more than eager to give my permission to reprint any or all of them at similar or even reduced rates.

Luckily, I still had enough mother wit left to hear the voice that cautioned me against being overeager. Besides, the voice said, I was thinking small. Why not be totally permissive, and not toward just one publisher but toward them all? I need only draw up the right sort of letter to the trade and then sit back and wait for the checks to flood in. Something on this order perhaps:

> Dear Publisher:
>
> I hope you have noticed the developing market for my reprint permissions, a fact I can only attribute to the high quality of my inventory, all or any part of which I am happy to make available to you at generous trade discounts to be arranged.
>
> When planning your next anthology you will certainly be interested in the

You never know what's going to happen next. That's what's exciting about our portable multi-band radio. With 5 bands to get excited about. FM. AM. Marine. VHF for police and fire broadcasts. And a special Weather Band that talks about the weather, winds, time and tides 24 hours a day. Plus a direction finder in case you're ever lost at sea. And even bad news sounds beautiful. Because a built-in squelch suppressor knocks out static.

Like all the other multi-band radios at any Panasonic dealer, the "Harbor Master," Model RF-1200, works on batteries as well as house current. Either way, it has a lot of stories to tell. And you've never heard any of them before.

Will the firemen save the orphanage?
Will the Coast Guard reach the sinking ship?
Will the Bermuda high edge out the Canadian low?
Tune in anytime.

PANASONIC®
just slightly ahead of our time.

200 Park Avenue, New York 10017. For your nearest Panasonic dealer, call 800-631-4299. In N. J., 800 962-2803. We pay for the call. Ask about Model RF-1200.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Avis is going to be No. 1.

That's our goal.

And Avis has pledged every single employee in writing to that goal. So if you think we've tried harder before, just watch our dust now. The dependable new Dodge or other fine car you rent in Houston, Spokane, or any point north, south, east, or west, will be the cleanest and newest car on the road. No exceptions.

But you've heard this before. Okay, to back up our pledge, we're coming up with some startling innovations in the rent a car business.

Like electronic programming systems to check every Avis car out for safety, cleanliness, and comfort factors.

Like the most advanced computerized reservations system in the business for even faster service. (Even though our present system is one of the best in the business.)

Like a new way to get your complaints about Avis out of your system—and out of ours.

And if we're going to be No. 1, we've got to look the part. So we're putting every Avis girl in snappy new uniforms designed by one of America's leading fashion designers.

And if you think we're biting off more than we can chew, listen: We're already No. 1 in serving you at airports around the world; we're already No. 1 in a few countries, one continent, and in several American cities.

We're getting there.

And we're going to let you know just how we're doing and what we're doing to make Avis No. 1.

It may not happen tomorrow, or even this year. But we'll make it. We'll make it.

Avis

We try harder.

© AVIS RENT A CAR SYSTEM, INC. A WORLDWIDE SERVICE OF ITT

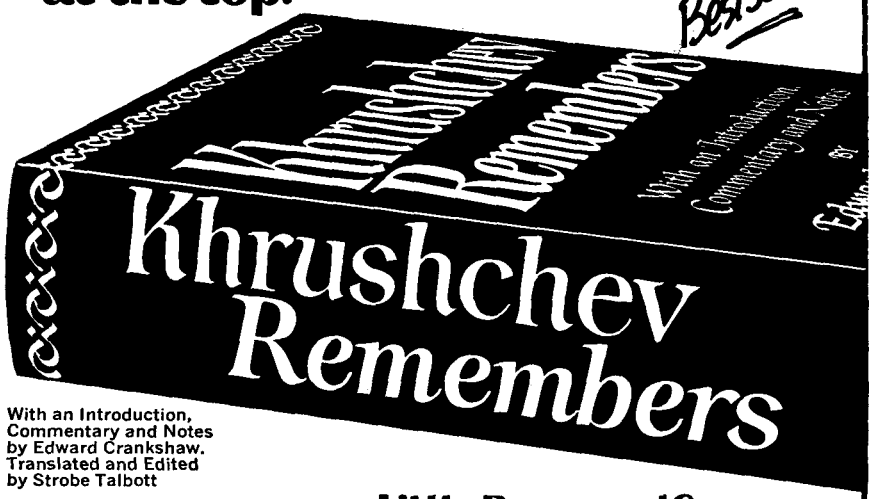
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"An extraordinary account."[1]

"Marvelously juicy and revealing."[2]

"Fascinating...a Hogarthian picture of Russian life at the top."[3]

Runaway Bestseller!



With an Introduction, Commentary and Notes by Edward Crankshaw. Translated and Edited by Strobe Talbott

Illustrated $10.00

Little, Brown and Company

PUBLISHERS

1 Christian Science Monitor 2 Washington Post 3 N.Y. Times Book Review

It's only a 12 minute walk from the excitement of Tokyo's finest hotel to the excitement of Japan's finest kabuki.

IMPERIAL HOTEL, TOKYO

hundreds of fine English ballads for which I stock permissions at $35 each, or at the special introductory price of four for $100.

And look at the round lot prices on these All-Seasons Specials:

Shakespeare (entire works)	$1,000
Spenser (ditto)	400
Spenser (*Faerie Queene* only)	225
Chaucer (entire works)	840
Chaucer (*Cant'b'y Tales* only)	650

I am prepared to supply permissions for the whole field of English Literature up to 1916.

Similar values are available in World Literature, and my permissions are offered exclusively for authentic original versions uncontaminated by translation.

Don't delay. All permissions available by return mail. The priceless can be yours for a pittance if you act now.

Permissively yours,

That's only a draft, you understand. At that I must have rewritten it fifty times in the last week. I have trapped the idea, you see, but I worry about the sales pitch. Somehow the letter doesn't have real *zing*, and a man could blow the whole beautiful idea by messing up the introductory pitch. Should I get a smart agency copy writer to work it over? No, like my wife, he will want to cut himself in on it, the claim jumper. I'll do it myself or bust.

Dear Publisher:
You certainly must have noticed....

No, it has to be *zingier!*

Dear Publisher:
Hi there! As a live-wire publisher you certainly have noticed the booming market in....

That could be closer, but it's not exactly it. Maybe a more solid tone:

Dear Publisher:
The place to get in is always the ground floor. That's why I am happy to welcome you aboard the newest....

No, no, no, no!

But I'll get it yet. This is the mother lode and I'll dig it or bust!

... What, dear? No, I don't want any dinner. Can't you see I'm busy? So I haven't been to dinner in a week—there's still plenty of hardtack in the left-hand bottom drawer. Well, yes, the bourbon's getting a little low. Hmn? O.K. Bring up another bottle. But don't bother me now, Baby Doe; I've got work to do.

And don't peek over my shoulder. In fact, just leave the bottle by the door.

... Yes, sure, she's my own wife, but how does a man really know what a claim jumper looks like until it's too late?....

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DO YOU KNOW ALL YOU WANT TO ABOUT

Sociology, Politics, Literature, Psychology, Foreign Affairs, Ecology, History, Anthropology, Biology, Theatre, Music, Poetry, Art, Mathematics, Physics, Education, Economics, Oceanography, Architecture, and Zoology?

If you don't, Intellectual Digest will search out and bring to you the most exciting articles in all of these fields...

There is so much significant material published today that you can't possibly keep up with it all. Today's proliferation of information, interpretation, and criticism has probably turned your recreation reading into a fatiguing frustration, instead of a pleasurable experience. You can't thumb through every magazine that looks interesting—much less read them all. And so you miss out on a lot of the "mind-openers"...the articles that change the thinking of our time.

But now you don't have to miss out any more—if you subscribe to INTELLECTUAL DIGEST. Because this new magazine scouts the entire spectrum of serious publications and journals in order to bring you the best of the best. Provocative, controversial and brilliantly written, it captures the excitement that only our most original minds can create.

The subject and scope of INTELLECTUAL DIGEST includes every branch of the arts, sciences, humanities—everything happening in the world today. It's the first magazine of its kind to try to satisfy the intelligent reader's desire to know something valuable about everything. You would have to read hundreds of magazines and journals to get what INTELLECTUAL DIGEST offers.

The editors of INTELLECTUAL DIGEST have screened them for you. At least 300 magazines every month, as well as outstanding non-fiction books from which several key selections are reprinted.

Every effort is made to print articles in full. Where, for reasons of length, it's necessary to condense an article, such editing is always done with the consent and collaboration of the author. Style, meaning, complexity—the integrity of the piece—is *never* compromised.

Some articles which have recently appeared in INTELLECTUAL DIGEST are:

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, Nobel Laureate—his prose poems and official protest to the Soviet Writers Union...*(New Leader)*

Women's Liberation leader, Betty Friedan, indicts the concept of "sexual politics" as damaging to their movement ...*(Social Policy)*

The Future of Egg Transplantation—A. McLaren & M. G. Kerr discuss new findings in reproductive biology: Are test-tube babies and controlled breeding just around the corner?...*(Science Journal)*

A Letter From Sweden—Susan Sontag's 2-part essay on the enigmatic Swedish personality—Swedish life, society, politics...*(Ramparts)*

Do We Have The Right To Be Mentally Ill?—a noted psychiatrist, Thomas Szasz, M.D., says the commitment of the mentally ill is a flagrant denial of human rights...*(University Review)*

Arthur Koestler dissects the fashionable trends and clichés of contemporary literature and art...*(Encounter)*

As America sheds its provincialism and adopts a wide-spread urban mentality, can its democratic traditions survive, asks Irving Kristol...*(Commentary)*

Why People Play Poker—Martinez & La Franchi talk about winning and losing: a matter of luck or life style?...*(Transaction)*

Black Students at White Colleges—by Kenneth B. Clark—Why does this eminent black scholar oppose "Black Studies" programs?...*(Antioch Review)*

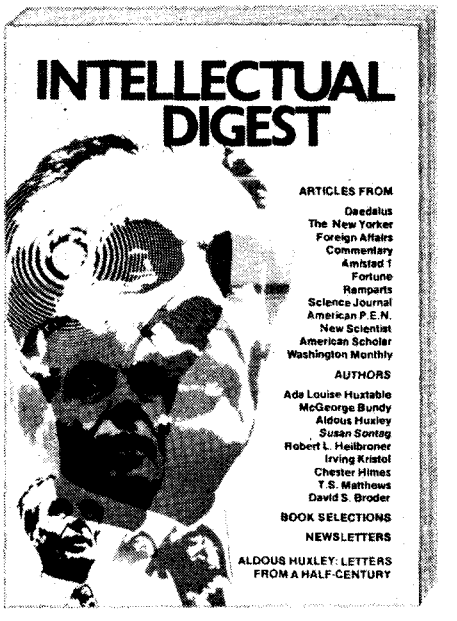
Gore Vidal offers personal reflections on Mailer, Kerouac, Hesse, and Gide... *(Partisan Review)*

Simone de Beauvoir, now 60, discusses her current French bestseller, *La Vieillesse* (Old Age), and speaks of the secret shame of becoming old...*(Columbia Forum)*

And some of the recent book excerpts, often brought to you *before* publication are: Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics,* Herbert Marcuse's *An Essay on Liberation,* Milovan Djilas' *The Unperfect Society,* John Canaday's *Culture Gulch, Letters of Aldous Huxley,* Robert L. Heilbroner's *Between Capitalism and Socialism,* R. D. Laing's *Knots* and Paul Goodman's *New Reformation: Notes of a Neolithic Conservative...*

In addition to articles and books, each issue also includes newsletters covering today's events in science, social science, education and the arts.

Doesn't this sound like a magazine you want to read? Wouldn't you like to try one issue and then make up your own mind? We'll send it to you without obligation—just mail the order form for your complimentary copy.



INTELLECTUAL DIGEST
P.O. Box 2986
Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my complimentary issue of Intellectual Digest and enter my charter half-price subscription for eleven additional issues at the rate of only $5. I understand I may cancel within 14 days after receiving my complimentary issue if I am not fully satisfied.

☐ Bill me ☐ $5 enclosed

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

Add $1 for Canada and Foreign. 6116

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

Syndicate Sin of the Week—from Ernest Thode, Jr., of Columbus, Ohio, in the Columbus *Citizen-Journal*:

> DEAR ABBY: I am a widow, 47 years old, and I live with my son who is 22. For Christmas he gave me a pair of black lace panties with a red bow—the type a striptease dancer might wear. I blushed when I opened the package, but pretended I was pleased. I would never wear anything like that.
>
> Lately my son has taken to smacking me on the rump as an affectionate gesture when he passes by. I love my son, but I do not appreciate this kind of familiarity by the child I brought into the world.
>
> I have heard there is something called "The Oedipus Complex." Do you think my son has one? And, if so, what should I do about it? I have started to lock my bedroom door at night in case he gets other strange ideas. Should I insist that he get his own apartment? Kindly advise me as I can't ask anyone else these questions.
>
> WORRIED.
>
> DEAR WORRIED: Obviously you and your son do not communicate very well, or you wouldn't be "worried" about his ideas and intentions. You should get to know him better in order to understand him. This will take time and effort and dialogue. "The Oedipus Complex" is the theory that all sons have an unconscious desire to get rid of their father is order to watermelon she could not afford a mother. Some buy it, some do not. In all probability, your son is a fun-loving 22-year-old boy who loves his mother in the normal way.

Sure he does, Abby, sure he does. But if he starts getting up in the *night* to go after that watermelon, watch out.

Letter of the Week—A while back we told you about being tour leader of a communications media group that traveled to Israel and having to enforce strict rules, including, much as we regretted it, the shooting of stragglers. "We shall miss," we wrote, "the late Shirley Miller of the Dallas Morning *News*, but rules are rules."

The other day we received a postcard from "Shirley Miller"—a card that did not have so much as a "Dear Sir." "All right, wise guy," it began, "the newsroom has just held a High Requiem Mass for me, and I'm not even Catholic. My husband Bob has had letters of condolence from all over the country. As for your own talk down here at Southern Methodist University, in which the subject was television, but in which, as you may recall, you discussed at some length your two favorite causes, I afterward asked a friend of mine what she thought of it. 'It was a great night,' she said, 'if you were a Jew or a dog.' "

We haven't the slightest idea who this "Shirley Miller" is—obviously an impostor. But she is dangerous. And we understand she was, when last seen, wearing a typewriter. Texas papers, please copy.

Elsewhere on the letter front, we had one from Gerald Lampert of Toronto, the man who dreamed up Canada's first major writers' workshop and is now offering the first workshop in the Bahamas (beginning March 14). Among his author-instructors is Arthur Kopit, identified as, and we quote, the author of *The Day the Horse Came Out to Play Tennis*. We tried to get ahold of the Bahama News Bureau but they were horse de combat.

We had dinner the other day with Roger Caras, a good friend, a fellow director of The Fund for Animals, and a man who has brought hunters to book in *Death as a Way of Life* (Little, Brown, $5.95). Born in Methuen, Massachusetts, Mr. Caras grew up in the country and at the age of eight read *I Married Adventure* by Osa Johnson. "I gave up Myrna Loy, with whom I was deeply in love," he told us, "for Osa. I even took Myrna's picture down and put up Osa's. For one thing, Osa had written me back, and Myrna hadn't."

At college (USC), however, Myrna Loy reared her lovely head again. He became active in college theatricals and, after college, back in New York, was tested by CBS-TV for a part in "Studio One." "I passed, too," he told us, "and received an invitation to come back and audition for a specific part. But I never did. The day I got the letter was the day I decided to quit acting. My ego was satisfied, even if my career wasn't.

"In any career," he continued, "you take care of your ego and you take care of your career. Then I was insecure about my acting. I'd get depressed every time I saw Brando. But today I'm a ham. I love being on TV. Now that I've got some maturity I know I'm a good interview and I'm good in TV debates. Who's good on TV who isn't a ham? The ham comes first, and the getting good comes later."

After he gave up acting, he became a press agent for Columbia Pictures and worked up to be executive assistant to the vice president. He also worked up to marrying an "animal nut," as he describes her, named Jill, and Osa Johnson was still there. "I put off writing seriously until I was thirty-four," he says, "because I was afraid of mediocrity. But I made a New Year's resolution, on New Year's Eve, 1961, that I would become a writer. I sat down on New Year's Day, 1962, and, having been in the Antarctic in the Navy, wrote the first seven pages of *Antarctica: Land of Frozen Time*. I mailed those pages to a publisher. 'This is going to be,' I wrote, 'the definitive book on the polar regions of the South.'

"That," he said, "was the press agent in me talking—not the Caras of the future. Anyway, the publisher sent me back a check for $750 and said finish the book. I couldn't even steal that kind of money on a press agent's expense account."

Mr. Caras has, in nine years, done thirteen books. "I'm forty-two years old," he told us. "If I died today, I know the world would be just an inch better because I was here. Not much better, but an inch—and that means something to me.

"You see," he continued, "we're always serving two gods, the thing we believe in—whether it's that there shouldn't be a war in Vietnam or whatever—in my case, it's the environment and the animals. The other thing is our ego. A happy man is the one who can serve both gods. The frustrated man is the one who serves either only one or none.

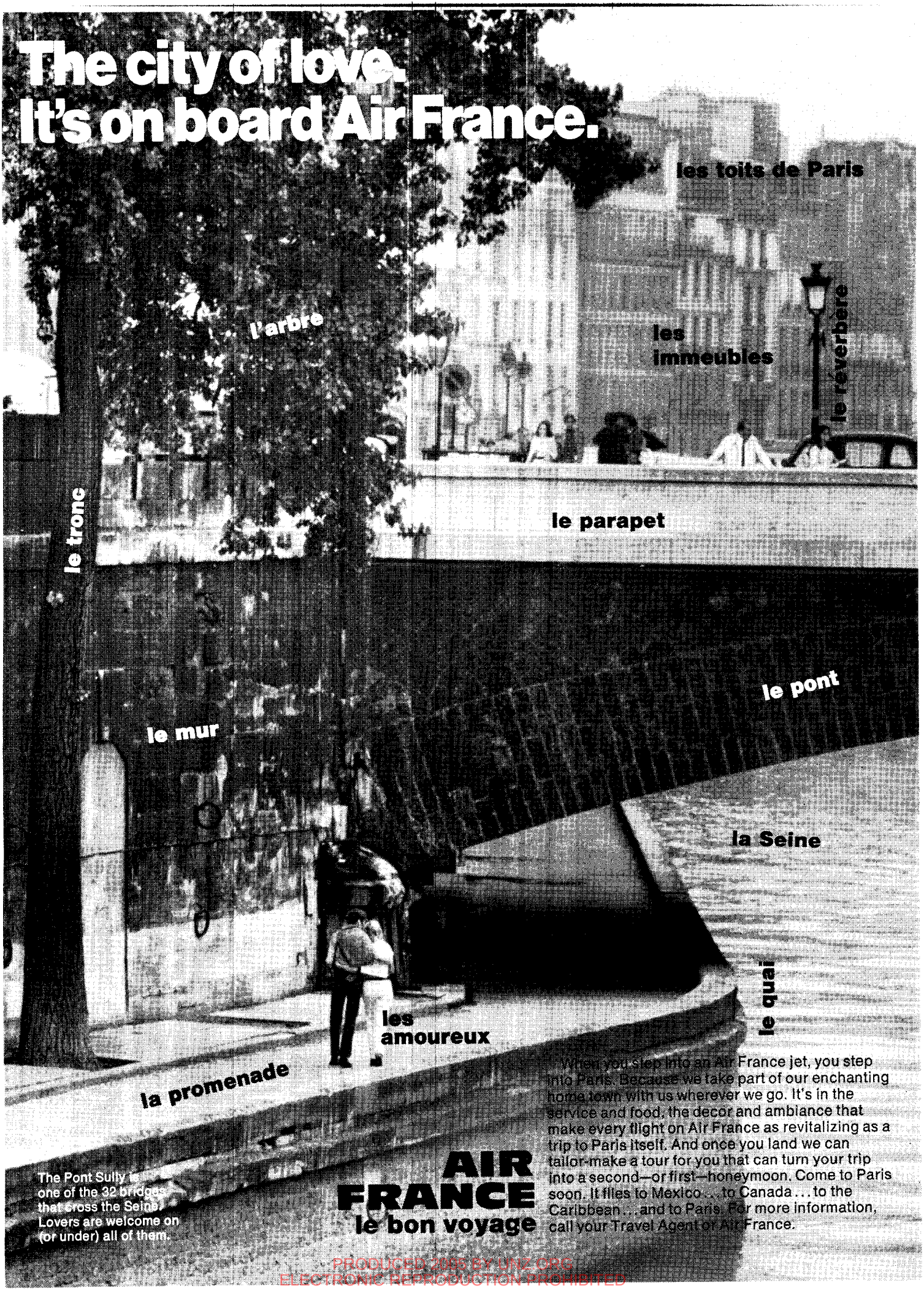
"That's one thing I learned," Mr. Caras concluded. "The second is something none of us has ever learned to live with, and that's the fact that we're all mortal and we all spend our lives on the very end of a long tunnel. We spend our lives screaming down this tunnel—writing or painting or composing or acting or whatever—shouting 'Hey, wait, remember me, don't forget me.' It's our mortality that terrifies us, because what we're really seeking is immortality—what is, after all, a fool's errand."

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S
KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1922)

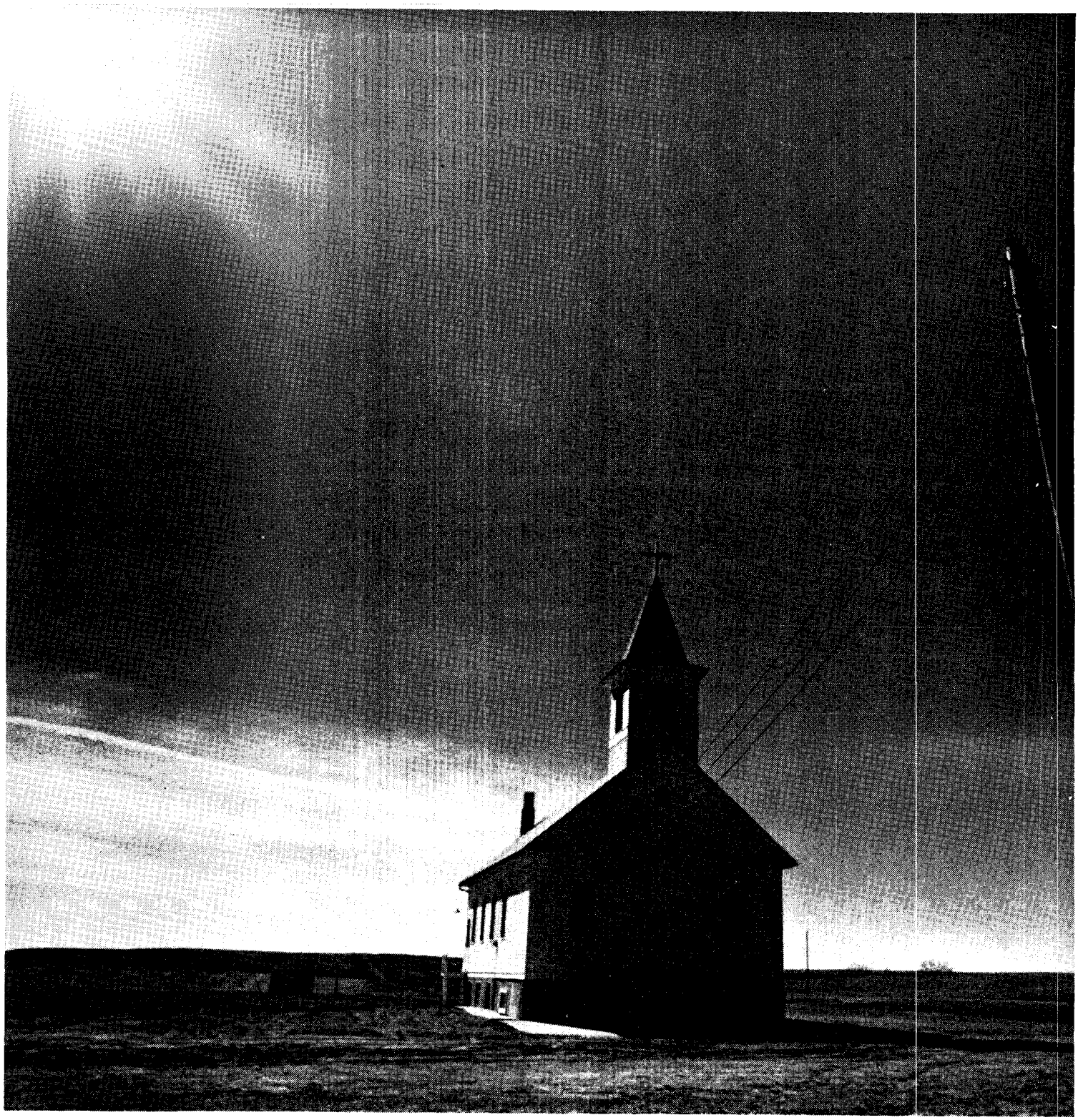
MILDRED SAVAGE:
A GREAT FALL

The evidence, in a trial, is like a football—it is displayed, manipulated, kicked around, clutched tight, passed forward and backward and sideways, and by the end of the game it can be quite dirty. But it is the thing the game is played with, from start to finish.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


The city of love.
It's on board Air France.
les toits de Paris
l'arbre
les immeubles
le réverbère
le tronc
le parapet
le pont
le mur
la Seine
le quai
les amoureux
la promenade
The Pont Sully is one of the 32 bridges that cross the Seine. Lovers are welcome on (or under) all of them.
AIR FRANCE
le bon voyage
When you step into an Air France jet, you step into Paris. Because we take part of our enchanting home town with us wherever we go. It's in the service and food, the decor and ambiance that make every flight on Air France as revitalizing as a trip to Paris itself. And once you land we can tailor-make a tour for you that can turn your trip into a second—or first—honeymoon. Come to Paris soon. It flies to Mexico... to Canada... to the Caribbean... and to Paris. For more information, call your Travel Agent or Air France.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Years ago, we of America's rural electric systems accepted the challenge of providing dependable electric power across our countryside . . . no matter how remote or thinly settled the area. ☐ Today, we are applying the abilities and imagination which solved our power problem of the thirties to our power problem of the seventies—our nation's search for an energy policy that will ensure for all Americans an adequate power supply within a clean environment. ☐ We believe the job can be done. Helping get it done is our guiding purpose today.

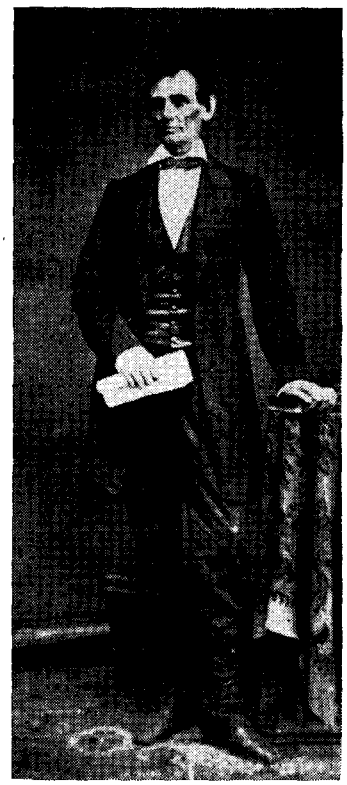
We Care. . . . We're Consumer-Owned

AMERICA'S RURAL ELECTRIC SYSTEMS

Members of the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association. 2000 Florida Ave. N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author. . . ." —ABRAHAM LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD, 1838.



—*Bettmann Archive*

The Roots Of Lawlessness

by HENRY STEELE COMMAGER

It was in 1838 that the young Abraham Lincoln—he was not yet twenty-nine—delivered an address at Springfield, Illinois, on "The Perpetuation of Our Political Institutions." What he had to say is curiously relevant today. Like many of us, Lincoln was by no means sure that our institutions could be perpetuated; unlike some of us, he was convinced that they should be.

What, after all, threatened American political institutions? There was no threat from outside, for "all the armies of Europe, Asia, and Africa combined could not by force take a drink from the Ohio or make a track on the Blue Ridge in a thousand years." No, the danger was from within. "If destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author and finisher. As a nation of freemen, we must live through all time or die by suicide."

This, Lincoln asserted, was not outside the realm of possibility; as he looked about him, he saw everywhere a lawlessness that, if persisted in, would surely destroy both law and Constitution and eventually the nation itself. In the end, lawlessness *did* do that—lawlessness in official guise that refused to abide by the Constitutional processes of election or by the will of the Constitutional majority. It was to be Lincoln's fate to be called upon to frustrate that lawless attack on the nation, and to be remembered as the savior of the Union. And it has been our fate to be so bemused by that particular threat to unity—the threat of sectional fragmentation—that we have failed to appreciate the danger that so deeply disturbed Lincoln at the threshold of his political career.

The explanation of our confusion is rooted in history. The United States invented, or developed, a new kind of nationalism, one that differed in important ways from the nationalism that flourished in the Old World. One difference was the enormous emphasis that Americans, from the beginning, put on territory and the extent to which American nationalism came to be bound up with the acquisition of all the territory west to the Pacific and with the notion of territorial integrity on a continental scale. The idea that a nation should "round out" its territory, or take over all unoccupied territory, was not prominent in the nationalism of the Old World. Territory there, after all, was pretty well pre-empted, and there was no compelling urge to acquire neighboring land for its own sake.

In the Old World, threats to unity had been, for the most part, dynastic or religious rather than territorial. As proximity did not dictate assimilation, distance did not require separation. But in America space and distance appeared to pose threats to the Union from the beginning. Some of the Founding Fathers, to be sure, continued to think of unity and disunion in Old World terms of interests and factions, rather than in terms of territory. This was perhaps because they had little choice in the matter or none that they could publicly acknowledge, for the United States was born the largest nation in the Western world, and the Framers had to put a good face on the matter. But Europeans generally, and some Americans, long familiar with Montesquieu's dictum that, while a republic could flourish in a small territory, a large territory required a despotism, assumed that the new United States, with boundaries so extensive, could not survive.

Jefferson and his associates were determined to prove Montesquieu mistaken. From the beginning, they formulated a counter-argument that size would strengthen rather than weaken the nation. Brushing aside the warnings of such men as Gouverneur Morris, they boldly added new states west of the Alleghenies. They made the Louisiana Purchase, seized West Florida, and looked with confidence to acquiring all the territory west to the Pacific; thus, the Lewis and Clark expedition into foreign territory, something we would not tolerate today in our territory. Territorial expansion and integrity became a prime test of the American experiment, and within a few years what had been a test became, no less, a providential command: Mani-

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, educator, historian, and man of letters, is at present writing a book on the Enlightenment in Europe and America.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

fest Destiny. From this flowed naturally the principle that the proof of union was territorial, and the threat to union territorial.

A second American contribution to the ideology of nationalism was, in time, to become its most prominent characteristic: the notion that national unity required not merely territorial unity but social and cultural. In the Old World, the only cultural unity that had any meaning was religious: The principle *Cuius regio eius religio* was dictated by the fact that the ruler's religion determined the religion of the state. But class distinctions were taken for granted, as were profound differences in cultural and social habits—in speech, for example, or in such simple things as food and drink and dress and games.

Americans changed this pattern around. They rejected the principle of religious unity—doubtless in large part because they had no alternative—and then substituted cultural for religious unity. Americans were not expected to pray alike, but they were expected to talk alike, dress alike, work alike, profess the same moral code, and subscribe to the same legal code. Eventually, as we know, they were expected to eat the same food, drink the same liquors, play the same games, read the same journals, watch the same television programs, and even have the same political ideas—expectations never seriously entertained by, say, German or Italian nationalists.

American nationalism thus became, at a very early stage, a self-conscious affair of imposing unity upon a vast territory, a heterogeneous population, and a miscellaneous culture. Because there was indeed land enough to absorb some forty million immigrants, because those immigrants were so heterogeneous that (with the exception of the Germans and, in modern times, the Negroes) they were unable to maintain a cultural identity counter to the prevailing American culture, and because, in provisions for naturalization and opportunities for active participation, the political system was the most hospitable of any in the world, an artificial unity became, in time, a real unity. Americans managed to achieve a single language with fewer deviations than were to be found in England, Germany, or Italy; to achieve a common education—not universal, to be sure, but more nearly universal than elsewhere in the nineteenth-century world; to create a common political system, each state like every other state; and, *mirabile dictu*, to conjure up a common history and a common past.

The threat to union, as Lincoln saw it in 1838, was not sectional or economic or social or even moral; it was quite simply the "spirit of lawlessness." As early as *Notes on Virginia* (1782), Thomas Jefferson had confessed that he trembled for his country when he reflected that "God is just and his justice cannot sleep forever," and throughout his life Jefferson saw slavery as a moral threat, but in this he was more farsighted than most. The threat to union posed by slavery was unprecedented; it was a product of that elementary fact by now so familiar that we take it for granted: that deep economic, social, and moral differences assumed a geographical pattern, and that the American Constitutional system, namely federalism, permitted them to take a political pattern as well. As it happened, the sectional pattern of slavery was in mortal conflict with a very different sectional pattern, and it was this conflict that proved in the end fatal to the thrust for Southern independence: the sectionalism created by the Mississippi River and its tributaries. That, as it turned out, was the decisive fact that preserved the Union; when, in the summer of 1863, Lincoln wrote that "the signs look better," what he noted first was that "the Father of Waters goes again unvexed to the sea."

Suppose slavery had rooted itself vertically in the Mississippi Valley rather than horizontally across the South from the Atlantic to Texas. That would have given sectionalism a more rational base than it had in the South—a base that in all likelihood would have been impregnable.

Here we have one of the assumptions about American history that gets in the way of an appreciation of our distinctive characteristics. Because thirteen American states, hugging the Atlantic seaboard, became a single nation spanning a continent, we either take American unity for granted or consider fragmentation only in terms of the experiment in Southern nationalism, which misfired. But there was nothing foreordained about the triumph of unity. Why did not the vast American territory between Canada and the Gulf of Mexico go the way of Latin America, which, with a common religion, language, and territory, nevertheless fragmented into numerous independent states?

The spectacular nature of the American achievement has bemused almost all students of American nationalism and dictated most interpretations of the problem of American unity. The transcendent fact of slavery and of the Negro—so largely responsible for creating a sectionalism that did not yield to the ameliorating influences of economy, social mobility, cultural uniformity, and political compromise—has distracted our attention from other threats, if not to union then to unity. Because we had a civil war, precipitated by sectional fragmentation, we did not imagine that we could have a revolution based on social fragmentation.

We are tempted to say of Lincoln's Springfield address that it was shortsighted of him not to have seen that the threats to union were slavery and sectionalism—something he learned, in time. We should say rather that he was farsighted in imagining the possibility of a very different threat to union: an internal dissension and lawlessness that bespoke a breakdown in cultural and moral unity. This is what confronts us today: blacks against whites, old against young, skinheads against eggheads, militarists against doves, the cities against the suburbs and the countryside—hostilities that more and more frequently erupt into open violence.

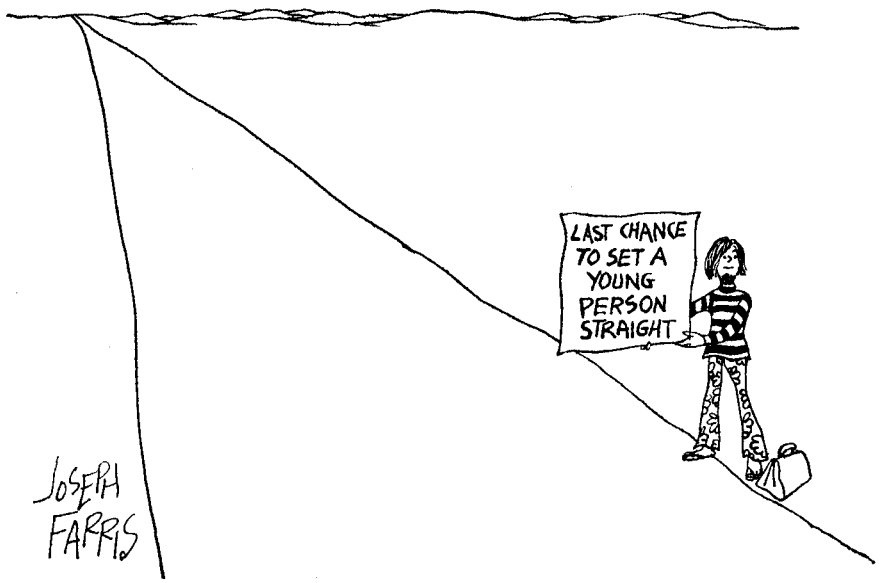
Two considerations warrant attention. First, that what Lincoln described was in fact normal—we have always been a lawless and a violent people. Thus, our almost unbroken record of violence against the Indians and all others who got in our way—the Spaniards in the Floridas, the Mexicans in Texas; the violence of the vigilantes on a hundred frontiers; the pervasive violence of slavery (a "perpetual exercise," Jefferson called it, "of the most boisterous passions"); the lawlessness of the Ku Klux Klan during Reconstruction and after; and of scores of race riots from those of New Orleans in the 1860s to those of Chicago in 1919. Yet, all this violence, shocking as it doubtless was, no more threatened the fabric of our society or the integrity of the Union than did the lawlessness of Prohibition back in the Twenties. The explanation for this is to be found in the embarrassing fact that most of it was official, quasi-official, or countenanced by public opinion: exterminating the Indian; flogging the slave; lynching the outlaw; exploiting women and children in textile mills and sweatshops; hiring Pinkertons to shoot down strikers; condemning immigrants to fetid ghettos; punishing Negroes who tried to

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

exercise their civil or political rights. Most of this was socially acceptable—or at least not wholly unacceptable—just as so much of our current violence is socially acceptable: the 50,000 automobile deaths every year; the mortality rate for Negro babies twice that for white; the deaths from cancer induced by cigarettes or by air pollution; the sadism of our penal system and the horrors of our prisons; the violence of the police against what Theodore Parker called the "perishing and dangerous classes of society."

What we have now is the emergence of violence that is not acceptable either to the Establishment, which is frightened and alarmed, or to the victims of the Establishment, who are no longer submissive and who are numerous and powerful. This is the now familiar "crime in the streets," or it is the revolt of the young against the economy, the politics, and the wars of the established order, or it is the convulsive reaction of the blacks to a century of injustice. But now, too, official violence is no longer acceptable to its victims—or to their ever more numerous sympathizers: the violence of great corporations and of government itself against the natural resources of the nation; the long drawn-out violence of the white majority against Negroes and other minorities; the violence of the police and the National Guard against the young; the massive and never-ending violence of the military against the peoples of Vietnam and Cambodia. These acts can no longer be absorbed by large segments of our society. It is this new polarization that threatens the body politic and the social fabric much as religious dissent threatened them in the Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

A second consideration is this: The center of gravity has shifted from "obedience" to "enforcement." This shift in vocabulary is doubtless unconscious but nonetheless revealing. Obedience is the vocabulary of democracy, for it recognizes that the responsibility for the commonwealth is in the people and appeals to the people to recognize and fulfill their responsibility. Enforcement is the language of authority prepared to impose its will on the people. Lincoln knew instinctively that a democracy flourishes when men obey and revere the law; he did not invoke the language of authority. We are no longer confident of the virtue or good will of the people; so it is natural that we fall back on force. The resort to lawless force—by the Weathermen, the Black Panthers, the Ku Klux Klan, the hardhats; by the police in Chicago; by the National Guard at Orangeburg, South Carolina, and Kent, Ohio; or by highway police at Jackson,



Mississippi—is a confession that both the people and their government have lost faith in the law, and that the political and social fabric that has held our society together is unraveling: "By such examples," said Lincoln at Springfield, "the lawless in spirit are encouraged to become lawless in practice."

It has long been our boast—repeated by the President's Commission on Violence—that notwithstanding our lengthy history of violence we have never had a "revolution," and that our political system appears to be more stable than those of other nations. Our only real revolution took a sectional pattern and was not called revolution but rebellion; since it was rationalized by high-minded rhetoric, led by honorable men, and fought with gallantry, it speedily took on an aura of respectability, and to this day Southerners who would be outraged by the display of the red flag of rebellion proudly wave the Stars and Bars of rebellion.

Thus, like most of our violence, violence against the Constitution and the Union, and by implication against the blacks who were to be kept in slavery, is socially approved. Where such violence has been dramatic (as in lynching or industrial warfare), it has not been widespread or prolonged; where it has been widespread and prolonged (as in slavery and the persistent humiliation of the Negro), it has not been dramatic. Where its victims were desperate, they were not numerous enough or strong enough to revolt; where they were numerous (never strong), they did not *appear* to be desperate, and it was easy to ignore their despair. Now this situation is changing. Lawlessness is more pervasive than ever; the sense of outrage against the malpractices of those in power is more widespread and articulate; and the divisions in society are both deeper and more diverse, and the response to them more intractable.

One explanation of our current malaise is that it seems to belong to the Old World pattern rather than that of the New. Much of the rhetoric of the conflict between generations is that of class or religious wars—class war on the part of, let us say, Vice President Agnew; religious protest on the part of Professor Charles Reich and those involved in what he calls "the greening of America." If this is so, it goes far toward explaining some of our current confusion and blundering: the almost convulsive efforts to distract attention from the genuine problems of environment, social injustice, and war, and to fasten it on such phony issues as campus unrest or social permissiveness or pornography. What this implies is ominous: Our society is not prepared, either by history or philosophy, for the kind of lawlessness and violence and alienation that now afflict us.

Why is this so ominous?

Traditionally, our federal system could and did absorb regionalism and particularism, or channel these into political conduits. More accurately than in any other political system, our representatives represent geographical places—a specific Congressional district or a state—and our parties, too, are organized atop and through states. Our system is not designed to absorb or to dissipate such internal animosities as those of class against class, race against race, or generation against generation.

A people confident of progress, with a social philosophy that assumed that

(*Continued on page* 63)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Saturday Review

Editor - Norman Cousins

Publisher - William D. Patterson

Associate Editors
Irving Kolodin • Horace Sutton

Associate Publisher - Richard L. Tobin

Managing Editor
Roland Gelatt

Science Editor
John Lear

Education Editor
James Cass

Book Review Editor
Rochelle Girson

Poetry Editor
John Ciardi

Travel Editor
David Butwin

Art Editor
Katharine Kuh

Copy Editor
Peter Nichols

General Editor
Hallowell Bowser

Layout & Production
Pearl S. Sullivan

Editors-at-Large
Cleveland Amory • Alfred Balk
Henry Brandon • Harrison Brown
Charles Frankel • Frank G. Jennings
Elmo Roper • Peter Schrag
Paul Woodring

Contributing Editors
Goodman Ace • Hollis Alpert • Jerome Beatty, Jr.
Henry Hewes • Arthur Knight
Martin Levin • Rollene W. Saal
Robert Lewis Shayon • Zena Sutherland
Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss

Vietnam: What Is Left of Conscience?

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest editorial is by Bill Moyers, who served as White House press secretary under President Johnson until January 1967, when he left that post to become publisher of Long Island's* Newsday. *Since last April, Mr. Moyers has been traveling around the country gathering material for his new book* Listening to America, *which will be published next month by Harper Magazine Press.*

We do not yet know the full extent to which the war in Vietnam has affected our moral sensibilities, but we do know enough to be troubled. News of continuing death and destruction appears fleetingly in the press and is quickly forgotten. In a recent national poll, people said they are more concerned with the economy than with the war. When during a television interview reporters finally asked President Nixon a question about the war, he wondered aloud, with a smile, why they had taken so long to bring it up. A consensus has been reached that the war is winding down, at least our active combat role in it; last month when 300 bombers roared over the countryside of Indochina dropping tons of bombs, barely a peep was heard in the land. There was relatively little outrage over the Cambodian invasion until four students were killed by the National Guard at Kent State. Campuses are quiet, I suspect, because the threat of the draft is disappearing. Americans do not seem able to sustain indignation over a situation that does not cost them personally. We do not mind war as long as we do not have to look at its victims.

A committee of the American Association for the Advancement of Science recently reported that chemical herbicides used by the United States have poisoned some five million acres of South Vietnam—one-eighth of that country; that we have used six pounds of herbicides per Vietnamese, including children; and that the defoliation program, intended to deny food to the Vietcong, often destroyed the crops of the Montagnards, who are supposed to be on our side. Pictures of once fertile mangrove forests look like pictures of the moon. The report was like a rock dropped into a bottomless well. After the first burst of news coverage, hardly anyone paid any attention to it.

When Col. Robert A. Koob was selected foreman of the court-martial panel for the trial of Sgt. Charles E. Hutto, one of the soldiers at Mylai, he was asked by the chief government prosecutor if an enlisted man should be prosecuted if he shot an unresisting prisoner of war at the order of an officer. Colonel Koob was quoted by *The New York Times* as replying: "Since the time I entered the service, I was taught that a soldier was trained to shoot and kill. Haven't we trained soldiers to be responsive to orders?" Koob was also quoted as saying that "this is not a conventional war. We have to forget propriety."

The problem with the colonel's statement is that nations always "forget propriety" in the waging of war, whether they are sending V-2 rockets into London or dropping an atomic bomb on Hiroshima. In all wars, men have observed Seneca's proposition: "Deeds that would be punished by loss of life if committed in secret are praised by us when uniformed generals carried them out."

However, there are exceptions: Lieutenant Calley and others *are* on trial for what allegedly happened at Mylai. But even here something seems amiss. What do we learn about ourselves when we realize that for all the outcry over events at Mylai and Kent State the public remains quiet over the bombs that continue to fall indiscriminately—they might as well be labeled "Occupant"—on Indochina? Are we indifferent to the destruction our newspapers are unable to describe? Why is it that men like Calley should bear the brunt of punishment for what has been an official policy of mass and impersonal devastation waged in our name in Vietnam? Are they more guilty than the men who fly the bombers? Than the men who give the orders from Saigon or CINCPAC in Hawaii? Than the men who make the policy in Washington? Than all of us?

I do not know how to deal with the dilemma of such questions. Collective guilt, like a trillion-dollar economy, is of such scope as to stagger my mind. I grew up believing in personal responsibility and individual guilt. Much of the country did, too, which perhaps explains why so many seem so little troubled by the anonymous and abstract manner in which we have destroyed so much of Vietnam in order to save it; in the diffusion of responsibility there is comfort. Perhaps it also explains our willingness to permit the Calleys to be scapegoats through whose sacrifice the rest of us arrive at some atonement. Seeing Calley on television as he is entering or leaving the place of trial, I sometimes find myself wishing the worst for him; the acts of which he stands accused seem so heinous a departure from propriety. But in the next moment, realizing that I have never been in war, have never been asked to kill for society, I am engulfed by sympathy for him, not willing that he alone of all of us should be judged. Perhaps it is these moral doubts to which Colonel Koob unwittingly referred when he said Vietnam is "not a conventional war." Americans have fought brutally in other wars. This is just the first time we have been forced to concede the brutality so frankly and publicly, the first time we have fought with a nagging conscience openly displayed on television, the first time we have acknowledged in such a wholesale way the discrepancy in justice for the individual soldier who kills in our behalf and the anonymous men who from 30,000 feet carry out official policies of

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mass destruction, also in our name. We have abandoned propriety before; we have never before doubted the reason for doing so, as we doubt it now.

No wonder our armed forces are being shaken. "The Troubled Army in Vietnam" was the title of a recent cover story in *Newsweek*. But we should not be surprised. War is so total a departure from the traditions of civility men have labored for centuries to achieve, so consuming in its requirement that ordinary men inflict upon one another such extraordinary terror that an army can never again be the same once its troops are denied general confidence that their cause is just. A totalitarian government can march men to war under threat of death; better to take one's chance with an uncertain fate on the battlefield than to die certainly at home by the hand of your own master. But if tyranny can force men to become killers, a democratic government must persuade its citizens that killing in behalf of their government is, in the nature of things, justifiable. Conscription in our kind of society can only work well when sufficient numbers of men believe they would not be asked to kill unless their leaders knew what they were doing. When enlisted men lose confidence in the rationale of the policy and begin to wonder if the killing is worth it, discipline and morale inevitably suffer.

Vietnam has demonstrated that Nietzsche was wrong; a good war does not "hallow every cause." War can defile a cause as it can degrade the men who fight it. Old war movies to the contrary, men who look down the barrel of a gun at another human being, intending his death, want to believe that the irrevocable act they are about to commit has grounds more defensible than the exhortation of politicians. When by intuition, observation, or experience they begin to suspect that the brutality being exacted of them is not only not heroic but futile as well—it will not accomplish what their leaders said it would accomplish, it cannot stay the forces of history—no Congressional resolution or Presidential order can make right to such men what their consciences suggest is wrong. War is the means by which a government can sanction our worse nature, enabling us to do collectively what singly we would abhor. But men have consciences if governments do not, and when the sanction of the state runs out, men remember what they did and what they became under its protection. This is why governments should not expect men lightly to go to war; governments never feel the need for forgiveness, but men do. If Samuel Johnson was correct when he observed that "every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier," governments ought not to require a man to act in such a way that he will think meanly of himself for having been a soldier. "In becoming soldiers," Cromwell's troops petitioned Parliament, "we have not ceased to be citizens."

When men are asked to forget propriety on a scale that challenges the fragile moral values by which they maintain some sanity and some dignity, many things can happen. Some will become more soldier than citizen —as may have happened at Mylai. Some will resist the right of the government to ask of them such an offense to what the Levelers called their "selfe-propriety" and will seek refuge in Canada or elsewhere. Some are never bothered because in handling the impersonal instruments of war—bombs and herbicides—they are never confronted with the particular consequences of their acts, the charred bodies of the victims or the Montagnard family without food. "I could take it," a young veteran told me last summer, "only because I was in the artillery. I never had to worry about who we hit. It might have been Charlie, it might have been somebody else. We never knew who we hit, so pretty soon we just stopped wondering. That was the best way for everybody."

Still others respond by becoming less soldier, less citizen. A Department of Defense task force reported last week that drug abuse among American military personnel in Vietnam has become a "military problem" for which no effective solution has been found, partly because many enlisted men want so much to get out of the service that they are prepared to risk less than honorable discharge to do so. According to *Newsweek*, since last June "the United States Army . . . has seen the time-honored medal-award system badly tarnished, witnessed large numbers of its troops take to drugs that are prohibited back home, and experienced a measurable decline in discipline and morale."

For a conscripted army, the only thing worse than defeat is the doubt that it should be fighting at all. There is a limit to how much savagery ordinary men in uniform can either absorb or inflict. Sooner or later they will stop wondering, stop caring, or go mad.

At home, we have also experienced "a measurable decline in discipline and morale." We have turned upon each other in spiteful and accusing fashion, which has resulted in violence, division, charges of intimidation and conspiracy, increased surveillance by the state of its citizens, and increased suspicion of the state by the citizen. Most disturbing of all is the ease with which so many tend to suppress their indignation when they are not personally affected by injustice and suffering. Such is what happens when in the name of its ideals a nation has to "forget propriety." Nations cannot abandon civility abroad and remain civilized at home. —BILL MOYERS.

The Cricket Sound

by Ernest Sandeen

Trucks bull down the highway,
double wheels bellow, shake the ground.
Overhead jet-liners howl,
scream low to housetops

yet the September insect din,
thin in the grass as time,
skilled as time, shrills through.

Acres of diminutive telephones
call us from under grass. They ring,
ring, wave on wave, harmonize, clash.

Those crowds, those fathers of ours
have thought of urgent things
they forgot to tell us. Or they've relented.

Or repented. They ring and ring to us
from under grass. Even those first
erect near-men, millions of years
away, have something frantic to say.

They won't get through our hard noisy heads.
Already before snow stills the grass
we are listening as dead to them
as they ring dead to us.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor

Krylov's Fables

I FOUND INTERESTING N. C.'s editorial "President Kennedy and the Russian Fable" [*SR*, Jan. 9].

The Krylov fable, "The Swan, the Pike, and the Crab," reminds me of another of his fables, "Quartet." Animals with musical instruments took various positions, but no matter how they placed themselves, only noise was the result. No matter how they stood, they would not be musicians.

RALPH SLOVENKO,
Wayne State University,
Detroit, Mich.

The Tomorrow of Today's Youth

IN HIS ARTICLE "Reconciling Youth and the Establishment" [*SR*, Jan. 23], John D. Rockefeller 3rd presents an idealized national service program in which hundreds of corporations and university and foundation presidents would join with (presumably) thousands of young people to meet "the pressing social problems of our time." However, Mr. Rockefeller overlooks the fact that our social problems are of such intensity and magnitude that we can't afford to wait to find out if this solution will work. It needs to be backed up by something more than exhortation.

What is needed is a national service program in which the federal government *underwrites* the participation of *all* young people who want to serve. If Rockefeller's dream comes true, it won't cost the government a penny; if he is wrong, we can still meet the needs of young people and the needs of society, albeit with a bit more bureaucracy.

I agree with Rockefeller that national service is not a panacea. But it does offer hope for future generations by providing members of this generation with service and learning experiences on today's frontiers that will better equip them to confront tomorrow's problems.

DONALD J. EBERLY, Executive Director,
National Service Secretariat,
Washington, D.C.

THE PROPOSAL by John D. Rockefeller 3d for a national service program is, like the draft, a form of involuntary servitude or, stripped of its bureaucratic euphemisms, slavery. It would serve not the country but the collectivist whims of a select few over which the voters have no control. It is based on two false assumptions—that there is only one "best" solution to each problem, and that some mythical homogeneous glob called "youth" supports it. Ergo, we must find a way to translate their support into action. Rubbish.

I am twenty-two. I disagree with Mr. Rockefeller's article. So do a lot of my peers, perhaps a majority, perhaps not. But it is certain that there exist an enormous variety of views on the problems discussed and an almost equal number of proposed solutions. The way to harness the energy of youth and at the same time deal with our problems is to turn the people loose, free them from the clerks of HUD and HEW, and give power to the people. The greatest progress in our history has come under the least government.

DANIEL JOHN SOBIESKI,
Chicago, Ill.

Vision at Foggy Bottom

FROM THE WAY R. Peter Straus's article "Is the State Department Color-blind?" [*SR*, Jan. 2] began, I expected to find that legions of bright young blacks, beating a path to the State Department's door, are being barred from entrance by the racial hatred and bigotry of the reigning "club." Instead, I find that the department, because *it* has not beaten a path to the doors of qualified blacks, is to be condemned for discriminatory policies.

Mr. Straus should have to prove his assumption that all agencies of the State Department could find such legions of blacks, all qualified in administration or the appropriate technical fields, with or without resorting to the rather unfair method of refusing employment to all other applicants until such blacks were located. But even if he could, I would still reject the notion that anything less than such efforts is a sophisticated form of Jim Crow.

It is patronizing to blacks to assume they cannot find and decide on employment opportunities in the State Department without the aid of an aggressive recruiter. And it is intellectually dishonest to accuse the department of racism by using the term in such an expansive way.

SP/5 LEWIS M. BRETZ,
Munich, Germany.

Both Sides of the Tracks

CONGRATULATIONS to David Butwin on his fine series of articles on the railroads, especially the last, "Railpax Vobiscum" [BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Jan. 23], in which he outlined the hoped-for future of rail passenger travel in the United States. His account of the work of the National Association of Railroad Passengers and its chairman, Anthony Haswell, in its fight to save many essential trains and its contribution to the creation of Railpax is excellent. The NARP is an organization that deserves the support of everyone who wants to see fewer cars on the roads, fewer planes in the skies, and passenger transportation where it belongs—on the rails.

ALAN HARVEY,
New York, N.Y.

IT IS NOT exactly clear to me why Ralph Nader, among others, considers it a crime for the railroads to downgrade their passenger service. After all, the demand for railroad passenger service is not the same as it was thirty or forty years ago. The major investments made by the railroads in the early 1950s were never economically justified, since the demand for long-haul passenger service was no longer there. This is the only reason why passenger service is no longer profitable, and this is why the railroads have curtailed service. The pony express and the stagecoach were victims of the railroads. Likewise, the railroads have now become victims of the airlines.

Millions of dollars are lost every year by America's railroads and their stockholders. The losses are mainly on passenger service. The only reason for continued long-haul passenger service by the railroads is that a small group of sentimentalists is determined to maintain it, no matter how anachronistic it becomes.

EDWIN LEVI,
Englewood, N.J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Twosomes and Threesomes in Gray Paree

by JOHN W. ALDRIDGE

THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

by James Jones

Delacorte, 361 pp., $7.95

For some time after the appearance of his first novel, *From Here to Eternity*, in 1951, it was customary to speak of James Jones as a leading young American writer of promise, one who, in degree and kind of talent, could justly be compared with Norman Mailer. Over the next fifteen years, as the two men continued to produce, the comparison came to seem absurd and the differences between them blatantly plain. It was evident, in spite of his large defects, that Mailer had a first-rate mind capable of steadily developing, even remaking, its consciousness of experience and literary possibility. The more Jones wrote, the more obvious it became that he had a thoroughly commonplace mind seemingly arrested forever at the level of its first adolescent ideas.

The novels he published during the Fifties and Sixties were either about war and military life—experiences he had physically survived but from which his imagination never recovered—or they were about groups of quite trivial people engaged in plowing their way through the tedium of their day-to-day existence, every last banal detail of which Jones evidently felt compelled, in the service of some mystical concept of higher truth, to record. From time to time Jones would interrupt the monotony by causing his characters to step out of the action and indulge in some Deep Thinking—about literature, sex, love, death, the afterlife, etc.—that had a degree of profundity not often found outside a ninth-grade bull session. But whether his characters were acting or thinking, Jones seemed to operate on the assumption that the way to write a novel is to assemble innumerable sheets of paper and shovel words onto them until they are full. He carried this method to a peak of fruition in his last novel before the present one, *Go to the Widow-Maker*, published in 1967. There he not only demonstrated his inability to record trivia in less than 600 pages, but made it very clear that he believed in it all absolutely. It thus became possible to bring Jones into alignment with a whole new set of literary competitors, writers like Robert Ruark, Leon Uris, and Harold Robbins, and to assign him at last to his rightful place in contemporary letters.

Yet it should not be supposed that the meretricious qualities of Jones's fiction are the result of any lack in him of serious artistic intent. His evident sincerity, his simple earnestness of stance as he ladles up his rubbish, thinking it literature, can break your heart. The real trouble with Jones is that he has been functioning for years—in fact, from the beginning of his career—on the basis of creative premises and emotional assumptions that are no longer adequate to the conditions of experience. He must be one of the last seriously motivated writers still trying to work with the form Henry James called the novel of saturation, as opposed to the novel of selection—the naturalistic slice of life in which every detail is recorded because every detail, whether relevant or irrelevant to the story being told, is supposed to contribute to the creation of a realistic picture of life. This is the form bequeathed us by Zola, Balzac, Norris, Dreiser, and Farrell, and it had

JOHN W. ALDRIDGE, professor of English at the University of Michigan, is the author of *After the Lost Generation, In Search of Heresy, Time to Murder and Create,* and *In the Country of the Young.*

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

23 **"The Merry Month of May,"** by James Jones

26 **Book Forum: Letters from Readers**

27 **European Literary Scene,** by Robert J. Clements

28 **"Celebration of Awareness: A Call for Institutional Revolution,"** by Ivan D. Illich; **"Whose Heaven, Whose Earth?,"** by Thomas and Marjorie Melville; **"Action Priest: The Story of Father Joe Lauro,"** by Joseph M. Lauro and Arthur Orrmont; **"Scandal in the Assembly: A Bill of Complaints and a Proposal for Reform in the Matrimonial Laws and Tribunals of the Roman Catholic Church,"** by Morris L. West and Robert Francis; **"The Radical Kingdom: The Western Experience of Messianic Hope,"** by Rosemary Radford Ruether

29 **"The Samaritans: Heroes of the Holocaust,"** by Wladyslaw Bartoszewski and Zofia Lewin

30 **"Anti-Semitism Without Jews: Communist Eastern Europe,"** by Paul Lendvai

31 **"The Paragon,"** by John Knowles

31 **"Farragan's Retreat,"** by Tom McHale

48 **"The Mass Psychology of Fascism,"** by Wilhelm Reich

50 **"Cherokee Tragedy: The Story of the Ridge Family and the Decimation of a People,"** by Thurman Wilkins

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

its great value in helping to liberate the novel from sentimentality and the various hypocrisies of convention. It also had some real importance during a period of history when many of the social modes of experience—in particular, the working-class experience—were still largely unfamiliar to the literate public and needed for the first time to be explored, when the novel was in fact *news* and functioned to provide information as well as entertainment. But the slice-of-life novel proves inadequate when experience becomes so complex and ambiguous that surface details no longer dependably reflect its truth, and the public has grown so sophisticated that it no longer finds those details new or interesting in themselves. This is what has happened in the modern age, and the novel has made its adjustment to the change. There are vast possibilities for nuance, selectivity, controlled distortion, symbolism, and irony now available to the novel that have enabled it to penetrate beneath, instead of simply slice across, the surfaces of life. Contemporary writers from Nabokov and Barth to Bellow and Mailer have made use of these resources, to the infinite profit of their work.

But Jones appears to have remained ignorant of all such developments in his chosen medium, or he is artistically too impoverished to be able to take advantage of them. Thus, his approach to fiction is antiquated and provincial, not because it is no longer in fashion, but because it can no longer be depended upon to yield a valid or original impression of reality. That is why his treatment of experience seems so one-dimensional and his characters so curiously wooden and unconvincing—because we sense that we have been here before; we have already seen experience in this way; and we know, as creatures of the contemporary world, that this is no longer the way things are. Jones surely believes that he is writing, and writing honestly, about our time. But the features of our time he chooses to write about are features with which we are by now thoroughly familiar. Hence, his version of the present seems like the past. It recalls another and far simpler day when we were still innocent about experience, and writers could also be innocent about it without seeming either quaint or stupid.

In much the same way but presumably for very different reasons, Jones's emotional and moral assumptions seem to be suspended at some point in the past—in this case, not so much the past of social history as of our collective psychological puberty. It may even be that part of the secret of his considerable commercial success as a

writer over the years is that his assumptions happen to be exactly those of a large, backward element of the reading public. For Jones's fiction appeals, above all, to the physically grown-up, he-man adolescent, and nowhere is this more evident than in his approach to sex, that being responsible for much of his creative difficulty in his earlier work and at the center of the problem posed by this new novel.

Jones's view of sex is one with which most average healthy American males feel entirely compatible between the ages of about fourteen and eighteen, but which, as time passes and their experience increases, they tend to relegate, however reluctantly, to some sweaty corner of their fantasy life, finally aware that reality and the erotic dreams of youth are not quite identical. The interesting thing about Jones is that he shows no sign of ever having made this transition. He appears to have retained intact all his adolescent erotic dreams, to have kept them alive into middle age, and to have continued to believe with all sincerity that they represent the realities of adult sexual experience. Instead of packing them away in his psychic attic, he has remained obsessed by them to the point where they have come to constitute the primary subject-matter—and the primary *realistic* subject-matter—of his fiction.

Just how all this came to be must of course remain unclear, but the fiction provides at least a clue. Like most men, Jones, at some time in his early youth, seems to have made the discovery that women carry apocalypse between their legs. So electrifying was this discovery that he stopped right there, put away all further feeling and thought, and made it the keystone of his creative vision. Apparently, the idea came to him with the force of revelation that all sublimity, all ecstasy, all mystery, all wisdom can be found secreted in the vagina—and that, furthermore, all excitement, all adventure, all challenge, all power centers in the penis. Shuttling imaginatively between these two founts of transcendental meaning, Jones created a metaphysic, which he proceeded to elaborate in novel after novel.

Thus, in *From Here to Eternity* we learned that the female is essentially a warm-blooded male masturbational device, a species of ambulatory watermelon, and that the female comes in two varieties, if not sizes. There is the "whore" variety, and there is the "respectable woman" variety. The whore is the kind who does it for money, but does it also because she loves sex and men and has a beautiful soul. The respectable woman is the kind who really, deep down, hates sex and men, will do it only if she is married, either to you or somebody else, and, therefore, is the kind you eventually marry and have children by after you have lost your taste for whores.

When Jones is not preoccupied with exploring the ramifications of this sociology, he is preoccupied with the sexuality of his male characters, who are either in flight from respectable women bent on marrying them, or falling in and out of love with whores who refuse to marry them. They also spend a great deal of their time getting drunk, rough-housing in the barracks, joyously beating one another bloody, and generally behaving like slobs and real men. Once in a while they indulge in a little Deep Thinking, even a little Deep Feeling. But they are always careful to keep this to themselves because thinking and feeling are things that homosexuals do. However, it is permissible to talk about Integrity, which, in their view, means never allowing any experience of life to compromise the principles you believed in when you were twelve. This is why all institutions, systems of government, and particularly armies are so bad—because they try to deprive a man of his Integrity, his God-given right to remain a perpetual boy, to get drunk as often as he pleases and screw as many whores as he can pay for.

In *Some Came Running* Jones develops this view of life in a postwar civilian setting, and in *Go to the Widow-Maker* in relation to the sports of skindiving and shark-shooting. But of course it has become reasonably clear by this time that these sports are only the ostensible subject of the book. The *real* subject is the sexual contest the sports represent. The male characters are all engaged in trying to prove their manhood by seeing which of them can risk his life more dangerously and who can stay under water longest without breathing. As happens in *Moby Dick*, one becomes aware of a subtle symbolism drifting slowly to the surface. The ocean is clearly a symbol for the vagina, and the men who keep diving into it and holding their breath are really testing to see who can postpone orgasm the longest and thus give the old lady the best roll in the hay. All the thematic lines of the novel finally lead back to the penis, to considerations of its size, its power of endurance, its ineffable wonderfulness. At one point Jones himself, speaking

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

totally without irony through his main character, theorizes about this very thing, and in so doing makes an observation that fairly represents the psychological acuity with which he approaches most of the big questions of life:

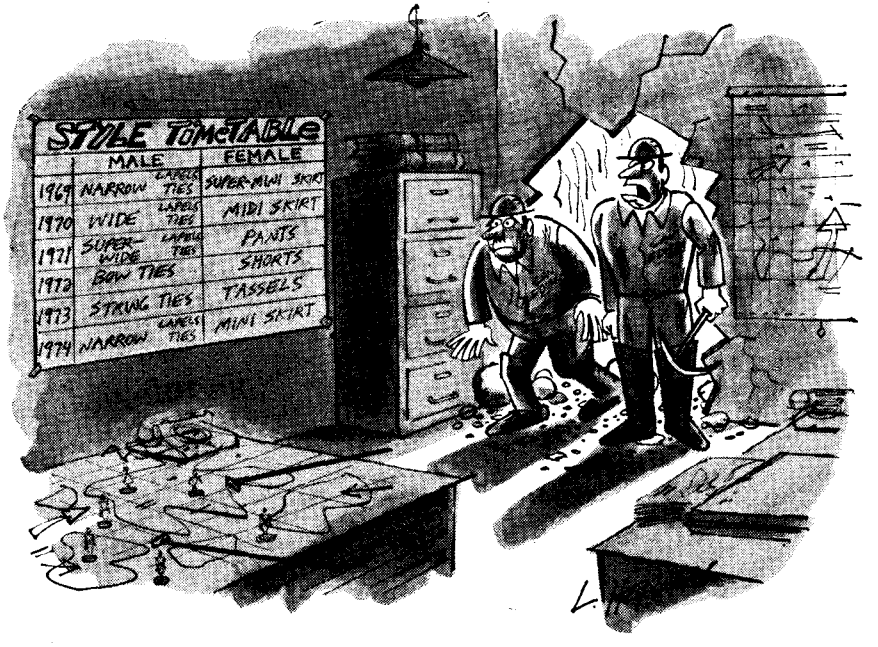
> All these guys. All over the world. It doesn't matter what they *call* it: Communism; Americanism; the Empire. They're small boys standing in the men's room watching their daddies make peepee and knowing that their things will never be that big: as big as his: their things will never be as big as Dad's. Because, see, the ratio of size gets fixed in their heads, the kids' heads, so that no matter how much they grow up, how big they get, the *proportion* keeps growing with them. The little kids' picture—memory picture—stays and grows *up* with the adult. So that, in the end, they can *never* grow up. They can never catch up, grow up to *Dad's*, and so they stay kids. Adult kids, *playing* at being men. But not believing it. I think maybe the whole world is all like that. Russians, Chinese, Americans; Presidents, Prime Ministers, Heads of State; everybody. All of them trying so hard to grow up to Dad's, Dad's thing. And remaining small boys inside because they just can't.
>
> So they take refuge in bravery. It becomes important to be brave. . . . That proves they're men. So they make up games. The harder the game, the braver the man. Politics, war, football, polo, explorers. Skindiving. Shark-shooting. All to be brave. All to be men. . . .

When one considers the quality of the writing in this passage, it is perhaps not claiming much for *The Merry Month of May* to point out that it contains somewhat better prose. It also represents a formal improvement over the more bloated of Jones's earlier novels, in the sense that its narrative focus is narrower; there are only a few characters instead of whole armies; and the action develops along a fairly clean-cut dramatic line. It might, furthermore, be seen to represent some slight gain in sexual sophistication for Jones, perhaps resulting from the fact that he has been living for a good many years in Paris. In any event, he is fascinated now not with mere heterosexuality—which is, after all, pretty old stuff—but with the refinements of bisexuality, lesbianism, and female masturbation. Of course one quickly recognizes—as one did in *Go to the Widow-Maker*—that the erotic interest is the true subject of the book. That is what Jones really cares about, and he cares about it with such single-minded obsessiveness that finally all plausibility of character and motivation is sacrificed to it.

The story Jones tries to tell might, if someone else were telling it, have had some real thematic significance. Certainly, it is topical enough, and it has all the right kinds of fashionable potential for expanding into ponderous generalizations about the difference in life-styles between the young and the middle-aged, and the emotional vulnerability of civilized modern man when he is confronted with the dark forces of his real erotic nature. The immediate dramatic occasion of the story is the student rebellion and series of national strikes that took place in Paris during May 1968. The book is so constructed that the narrative shifts between scenes depicting street confrontations of students and police, and others dealing with the personal drama in which the various more or less adult and middle-aged characters are involved. Most of them are Americans living the new-style affluent expatriate life in Paris. But it shortly becomes clear that they are far more of a lost generation than their more famous and interesting predecessors ever were.

The action centers around the arrival among these people of a nineteen-year-old black American girl named Samantha Everton, who has absolutely nothing to recommend her except a reasonably nice body, her color, and the fact that she has an immense appetite for bisexual games. It so happens that two of the American males who befriend her have each for years been harboring fantasies of going to bed with two women, who would undertake to make love to each other in addition to making love to him. It further turns out that this is exactly the special interest that Samantha has, and she quickly obliges each man separately by taking him on a romp with her and her little French girl friend. The experience drives one of the men, a forty-nine-year-old screenwriter named Harry Gallagher, into such a frenzy of delight that, even though he is deeply attached to his wife and family, he is unable to stay away from Samantha and soon begins to go completely to pieces emotionally. At one of the several climactic moments to be found in the novel, Harry takes Samantha and girl friend off to Cannes and beds down with the two of them at the Hotel Carlton. A bit later, when Samantha leaves for Rome en route to Israel, where she plans to set up housekeeping with another girl friend, Harry goes in search of her. He is by this time so demented as to be totally unmoved when he learns that his beautiful wife has been hospitalized after taking an overdose of sleeping pills and vodka, and may have suffered irreversible brain damage. Harry's young son, Hill, has in the meantime been so riven by his own relatively pure, merely heterosexual passion for Samantha that, after participating in the student riots, he goes off to Spain to live in a cave and meditate. And why, one may wonder at this point, does Harry's wife try to commit suicide? Out of grief over her husband's involvement with Samantha? Not really. Because *she herself* has been seduced by the girl. On one of the last occasions when Harry sees his wife and Samantha, the two of them are locked in hot embrace on the living room couch.

Even with all due allowance for his evident faith in human credulity, Jones



"You know what I think, Grogan? I think we've stumbled upon the secret infrastructure headquarters of the fashion industry!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cannot really expect us to believe any of this. His people, given the intellectual sophistication he attributes to them, would scarcely behave in this way. A man with Harry's sexual proclivities, living in Paris, of all places, would long ago have found abundant facilities for their expression. A girl like Samantha might perhaps be briefly distracting as a fresh talent, but she would be incapable of creating such wholesale havoc in the lives of all these worldly people. But then, Jones brings the same attitudes to this form of sex play that he brought to the straight heterosexual interests of his earlier characters. It is, therefore, not plausibility that concerns him, but the simple raunchy fascination of it all. Long years of residence in Paris seem to have taught him very little except the right places to go to eat lunch.

In all fairness, however, it should be said that Jones must have had somewhere in his mind the idea that there was, or ought to be, a connection between the student riots going on in the background and the tragedy that overtakes his characters. And, of course, he is right: there *should* be a connection, the kind, for example, that his mentor Hemingway so beautifully achieved in *The Sun Also Rises* between the berserk experience of the Pamplona fiesta and the characters' loss of their internal control. But Jones is unable to manage this sort of thing because he lacks, has always lacked, sensitivity to psychological climate, as well as because he has never progressed in his thinking about human beings beyond the metaphysics of the groin. And all he seems to have learned from Hemingway and *The Sun Also Rises* is that, if you are writing about Paris, you achieve an effect of authenticity by providing a list of the major tourist attractions. You also, since you are following in Papa's footsteps, make use whenever possible of the old device of waiter-adoration. You tell how infinitely cozy it feels to be well known and well liked by the help in the restaurants you regularly patronize, the simple little people who love you because they sense, with the incredible clairvoyance possessed only by waiters, that you are one of the "good ones," charged with *afición* and that special *cojones* grace.

All this seems a particular pity, because Jones was once a serious and artistically ambitious writer, and he had talent. One hates to see him go flabby and self-indulgent and lose creative perspective. Gertrude Stein once said to Hemingway that remarks are not literature. It appears to be time now to remind Jones that neither are the voyeuristic fantasies of the middle-aged.

Book Forum

Letters from Readers

Implicit Bias?

ALLAN SINDLER'S REVIEW of *The Politics of Unreason*, by Seymour Lipset and Earl Raab [*SR*, Jan. 9], was disturbingly superficial and unfortunately representative of the pseudo-objectivity underlying much of the writing by social "scientists" today. Sindler not only contradicts himself but fails to offer any positive suggestions to replace his relevant criticisms of Lipset and Raab.

On the one hand, Sindler writes: "It is welcome news that many supporters of anti-Semitic or anti-black movements are not themselves overt anti-Semites or racists." On the other, he maintains that "Backlash bigotry persists, then, not so much because of intolerance of Jews, Catholics, or blacks as because of tolerance of anti-Semitism, anti-Catholicism, and racism." Professor Sindler is either guilty of an unforgivable contradiction or, even worse, of having to claim that "backlash bigotry" is "welcome news" in order to be consistent.

In his awkward attempt to present a balanced view, Sindler reveals implicit bias. For to sit on the middle of the fence politically today in social analysis is to tacitly support a status quo rampant with "backlash bigotry" and concrete hatred of ethnic minorities. It is well and good to stress the need for a democratic tolerance for the opposite opinion of other groups in our polarized society, but not to identify one's own value stand towards specific groups is to hide one's biases in a dubious cloak of "scholastic objectivity." And to end a review saying, "A sensitive democracy and leadership should give thought to devising an alternative therapy less damaging to social harmony, intergroup relations, and public policy" without even hinting about the nature of such an "alternative therapy" is the tritest kind of pretentious advice. Let Professor Sindler write a work possessing all the many strengths and lacking the few weaknesses of the study by Lipset and Raab. Only then will he be able to suggest positive, creative views that will actually help us to solve our grave problems of political intolerance and extremism.

ROBERT A. ISAAK,
Bronx, N.Y.

Missing from "Worthies"

E. P. KUHL [BOOK FORUM, Jan. 9] quotes *England's Parnassus* and William Camden in attempting to refute my contention that Shakespeare's "biographical traces" are nonliterary. I share Mr. Kuhl's wish that some of these Elizabethan documents might enjoy greater circulation. However, the witnesses he cites, far from disturbing my thesis, only serve to confirm it.

Neither *Parnassus* nor Camden identifies for us the poet they praise so highly, nor does any other *contemporary* testimony about Shakespeare as a *writer*. Not until seven years after Stratford Will's death, with the 1623 First Folio publication, is there any imputation of a Stratford residence for this "Star of Poets." No such assumption is possible from Mr. Kuhl's quotations, unless, of course, one assumes the very point at issue.

On the reverse side of the coin, scholars have scoured in vain the College of Arms' draft for Shakespeare's coat of arms for any reference to literary activities. The petition was made by, or on behalf of, John Shaksper (William's father), not for any alleged literary supremacy on his son's part, but for his own reputation and property in Stratford and for some services his grandfather had supposedly rendered Henry VII.

It would have been far more impressive had Mr. Kuhl been able to cite a reference in Camden's *Annals* for the year 1616 to the recent death of this "most pregnant witt" he praises elsewhere. But, of course, Mr. Kuhl cannot do so, because no such reference exists. Nor does Camden see fit to list Shaksper in his "Worthies" of Stratford (*Brittania*, 1605), although records show he was living there at the time.

GORDON C. CYR,
Berkeley, Calif.

Supreme Intelligence

IN A LETTER TO BOOK FORUM [*SR*, Jan. 16], a writer speaks of the "supposed necessity for a belief in God," and at least implies that "religionists" are irrational. Is it really rational to believe that the intelligence which made possible putting men on the moon is nothing more than a product of physiological and chemical processes of protoplasm (however the "life" thereof may be explained)? Is it rational to believe that the diverse but coordinated structures and functions of plant and animal bodies—supremely the human anatomy—are nothing but the results of chance? Can the laws of mathematics and physics have just happened? Are languages merely "physical"?

SIDNEY G. MORTON,
Richmond, Va.

Memmi No Muslim

I DON'T KNOW HOW AMUSED Albert Memmi will be in finding himself grouped with France's Muslim novelists by Robert Clements in EUROPEAN LITERARY SCENE [*SR*, Jan. 23]. In fact, Albert Memmi is very much a Jewish writer who chose to leave the confines of a Muslim country. One of his noted works is his autobiographical *Portrait of a Jew* (published by Orion Press in 1962).

CURT LEVIANT,
Edison, N.J.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

European Literary Scene

Robert J. Clements

Things are looking up for the armchair poetry listener. He has long been able to buy records of Vittorio Gassman reading Dante, Jorge Rodrígues reading Cervantes, or Siobhan McKenna reading Joyce; now recordings by living poets, dramatists, and prose writers are becoming big business in Europe. Take, for example, the rich selection produced in Germany during the last quarter of 1970 by Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft and the book publishing houses.

The poets include Ernst Jandl, demonstrating his view of poetry as aural painting with *Der künstlische Baum* (Luchterhand); the late Gottfried Benn, reading with understatement his impressionistic *Prosa und Gedichte* (DGG), and Günter Bruno Fuchs examining contemporary society in *Gedichte* (Hanser). Among the prose-writers, Peter Bichsel reads several of his *Kindergeschichten* (Luchterhand), Siegfried Lenz presents three chapters from his novel about a juvenile delinquent, *Deutschstunde* (DGG), while Günter Grass reads from his recent *Oertlich betäubt* (DGG), written to stir up his countrymen's political awareness and, indirectly, to help the election of Willy Brandt. Notable among the dramatic readings is the radio play *The Cossacks, or Where Is Thy Brother Abel?* of Edzard Schaper. All these recordings are 33 rpm and several are stereo, allowing for background sound. For those who would hear Ernst Bloch delivering four philosophical lectures the technology is more modern: Suhrkamp issues them on both cassette and discs.

The recording I am most eager to purchase is one by the delightful Fritz Grasshoff, reading his hilarious light verse. His latest collection, *Bilderreiches Haupt & (G)Liederbuch* (Richly Illustrated Head and Limbs/Song Book), has just been issued by Kiepenheuer & Witsch. In a torrent of racy pop sketches and collages Grasshoff once again unleashes his impudent pen against every sacred institution, from sex to war.

The most dire recent prediction by the *Times Literary Supplement* is that "So many literary prizes are awarded every year in France (several hundreds by the time you get down to the local grassroots of this odd industry and enumerate the modest sums of money and glory bestowed, say, on the best work of humor written in the Haute-Savoie) and so few new titles published, at any rate by our own standards—9,464 in 1969—that the two totals may one day be matched and every author become a laureate."

The point is well taken, but even if there were 9,000 literary awards in France the prestige of the Goncourt Prize would remain undiminished. We now have new evidence of Marcel Proust's reaction on receiving it in 1919. Princess Bibesco's book on the Abbé Mugnier, *Le Confesseur et les poètes*, to be published shortly by Grasset, contains a letter Proust wrote describing with some irony the backstage maneuverings behind the awarding of his prize:

> If it is M. Lucien Descaves who announced to you that I should have the Goncourt, he knew more about it than I (understandably, since he is a member of the Academy). For when Léon Daudet came to wake me and tell me I'd won it, I didn't even know it was to be awarded in December, let alone to me. In any case I am sorry that you learned it through M. Descaves, for he must have accompanied this trifling bit of news with quite disobliging comments. He did in fact campaign against me and announced the results in these terms, "M. Proust has the prize, M. Dorgelès the youth and originality of talent. One can't have everything." I even wonder if I really do have the prize, for M. Dorgelès has placed in the papers some flamboyant ads calling himself Prix Goncourt. It is true that there is underneath in microscopic letters "four votes out of ten." This is an electoral maneuver that would suffice in the Chamber of Deputies to rule out a member. . . . Do not believe that I have the slightest bitterness against M. Descaves. Those who dislike my books have the same opinion of them as I.

Alberto Moravia's novels, especially *The Woman of Rome* and *Two Women*, have won him praise as the first writer since Racine to understand women. We have further opportunity to assess this view in his recent collection, *Il Paradiso* (Bompiani), consisting of thirty-four very brief stories all related by a narrator-heroine. These women from the upper bourgeoisie illustrate two familiar Moravian themes, the moral bankruptcy first explored in *The Indifferent Ones* (1929) and the boredom and restlessness of *The Empty Canvas* (1960). Add to these themes masochism, paranoia, and the Oedipus complex. (During a boyhood illness Moravia read Freud enthusiastically.) A masochistic wife urges her husband to beat and try to strangle her. One perverted young woman is drawn especially to ugly, filthy, disgusting, aged men. Another cannot make love without first hiding for a while in a closet. There are a couple of first cousins to the prostitute-housewife of *Belle de Jour*. It is enough to make the incestuous passion of Racine's poor Phaedra seem like a peccadillo. Indeed, it is enough to make a man flee the worldly precincts of Via Veneto and Piazza del Popolo for the other side of the Tiber, where the tarts foregather, in search of some simple little girl from Trastevere without any hangups.

The Izvestia Publishing House and the magazine *Druzhba Narodov* have embarked on an ambitious series of 105 volumes to bring together in coherent fashion "The Soviet Novel Over Fifty Years." The series will recall the history of Russia since the Bolshevik coup d'état, including such events as those recalled by Olga Berggolts in *Soviet Literature*: "the first shot fired by the cruiser *Aurora*, the sleepless nights of the Five-Year Plans, and the Great

Patriotic War." The author who leads off this historical panorama is Gorki, of whom—echoing Dostoevsky's "We have all come out of Gogol's *Overcoat*"—the Soviet novelist Leonid Leanov has declared: "We have all emerged from Gorki's broad sleeve." Among the more familiar names to be included are Isaac Babel, Alexander Fadeyev, Mikhail Sholokhov, and Alexei Tolstoy. Lesser-known writers from the non-Russian provinces will be represented with books portraying life in Kazakhstan, Kirghizia, Georgia, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Kabardia, and even Estonia and Latvia, where the native population was largely displaced or eliminated. There will also be novels celebrating the Soviet hero in triumphs both military (*Fearful Days, The Iron Flood, Storm, Whirlpool*) and economic (*Hydrocentral, Cement, The Soil Redeemed, The Tanker*). Ivan Denisovich and Yuri Zhivago are unlikely to wander into this company.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CELEBRATION OF AWARENESS: A Call for Institutional Revolution, by Ivan D. Illich *(Doubleday, 189 pp., $5.95);* **WHOSE HEAVEN, WHOSE EARTH?, by Thomas and Marjorie Melville** *(Knopf, 303 pp., $6.95);* **ACTION PRIEST: The Story of Father Joe Lauro, by Joseph M. Lauro and Arthur Orrmont** *(Morrow, 357 pp., $8.95);* **SCANDAL IN THE ASSEMBLY: A Bill of Complaints and a Proposal for Reform in the Matrimonial Laws and Tribunals of the Roman Catholic Church, by Morris L. West and Robert Francis** *(Morrow, 182 pp., $4.95);* **THE RADICAL KINGDOM: The Western Experience of Messianic Hope, by Rosemary Radford Ruether** *(Harper & Row, 304 pp., $7.50)*

Reviewed by Paul K. Cuneo

■ Until the past decade or so, the Catholic Church had for some 100 years taken a negative attitude toward trying to solve the problems of the secular world, fearing that it would become mired in an endless number of partisan and perhaps embarrassingly fallible decisions. Recently, however, this opinion has increasingly given way to one holding that, if the Church does not enter the arena of daily life, it will have little or no influence on the decisions that are made there.

Attempting to determine the place of the Church in the world today, five new books churn up much of the ferment that makes it front-page news. As with the chicken and the egg, one wonders if these books are a product of that ferment or intensify it.

Celebration of Awareness: A Call for Institutional Revolution, by Ivan D. Illich, has the precious sort of title that could drive away scores of potential readers. That would be unfortunate, for this collection of previously published articles and talks contains some of the most lively, provocative, challenging opinions that are being expressed today.

American Catholics should stop their efforts to help Latin America. The Catholic Church will be better off for the declining number of vocations to the religious life, which is widely blamed for many of the Church's problems. Education is a snare and a delusion for the people of the developing countries, while in the highly industrialized countries of the Western world the institution of the school is a sacred cow and deserves the appropriate treatment. These are a few of the ideas Illich tosses out and defends with brilliance.

Ivan Illich is perhaps best known for his work as founder and director of the Center for Intercultural Documentation at Cuernavaca, Mexico. Here one of his tasks has been to try to convince eager and earnest North Americans that bringing U.S. methods and ideas to Latin America is no help at all. Some of these ideas are expressed in two autobiographical books, *Whose Heaven, Whose Earth?* and *Action Priest,* both of which seem oddly dated.

Whose Heaven, Whose Earth?, by Thomas and Marjorie Melville, is the story of a former priest and nun, both members of the missionary Maryknoll Society, who grew disgusted with the actions of representatives of the U.S. and of the Catholic Church in Guatemala, where the Melvilles served for a number of years. Eventually they were forced out of the country because of their support of guerrilla forces, left the Maryknoll Society, married, returned to the United States, and took part in the Catonsville Nine antiwar demonstration. For their part in the burning of draft files they were given prison sentences, which they are now serving in a federal penitentiary.

What they are saying in this book, in which first one Melville writes a section and then the other, is that for various reasons the Establishment is hopelessly corrupt—the Guatemalan government, the U.S. government, which cooperates with it, and the Roman Catholic Church, which tries to work with both. One way to protest, to focus attention on the injustices committed by these Establishment powers, the Melvilles believe, is by such action as that at Catonsville.

The "nonviolent violence" of Catonsville now seems almost like a Boy Scout demonstration, after the bombings, burnings, and homicides that have followed it. The "happenings" at the Democratic convention in Chicago, at Kent State University, in New York's Wall Street district, at San Jose, California, and God knows how many other places across the country have pretty well demonstrated to most Americans that such tactics are hopelessly self-defeating.

Today both effete snobs and members of the silent majority are thoroughly convinced that violence (whether bloody or non-bloody) is not the answer, and that possibly it might not be too late to head it off. As interesting and illuminating as *Whose Heaven, Whose Earth?* is in passages, in the months between the time of the actions it describes and its publication this book has also become outdated.

A more obviously dated book, yet one that is in many ways appealing, is *Action Priest: The Story of Father Joe Lauro.* Joseph Lauro, from a South Side Chicago neighborhood reminiscent of Studs Lonigan's turf, struggled for years to become a priest, finally succeeded, then spent years doing good work at great personal sacrifice. After finishing his autobiography I think most readers will recognize that if the Catholic Church is to survive it will have to be a different church from the one that is accurately pictured in this book.

Father Joe has some marvelous

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

COMESTIBLES

Filling the blanks will supply you with a menu for any meal—just make sure that each completed title corresponds to one of the authors listed by Sister Mary Emmanuel of Gwynedd Valley, Pa. Please pay your check on page 50.

1. *The* _____ *Party* ( )
2. *The* _____ *Is Green* ( )
3. _____ *and Kings* ( )
4. *Mother* _____ *Tales* ( )
5. *The Wild* _____ ( )
6. *The* _____ *of Wrath* ( )
7. _____ *and* _____ ( )
8. *Catcher in the* _____ ( )
9. _____ *in the Horn* ( )
10. *Black* _____ *and Grey Falcon* ( )
11. *The* _____ *of the Jest* ( )
12. *The Triumph of the* _____ ( )
13. _____ *Transfer* ( )
14. _____ *and Sympathy* ( )
15. _____*-Picking* ( )
16. _____ *and* _____ ( )

a. Robert Anderson
b. Sherwood Anderson
c. James Branch Cabell
d. H. L. Davis
e. John Dos Passos
f. T. S. Eliot
g. Robert Frost
h. O. Henry
i. Henrik Ibsen
j. W. Somerset Maugham
k. Charles Perrault
l. J. D. Salinger
m. Ignazio Silone
n. John Steinbeck
o. Rebecca West
p. Emlyn Williams

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

stories to tell about his boyhood and young manhood in Chicago, about his years in the Canadian and U.S. Army air forces during World War II, and about his years as a priest in the South and in Latin America. But it is clearly the charm of the man himself that puts this book across, not any of the ideas or thoughts that Father Joe tries to express.

He is, I suspect, the kind of priest many American Catholics have known at one time or another. Although he is completely at home and at ease in the everyday atmosphere of his country, Father Joe never for a moment doubts the claims and authority of the Holy Roman Catholic Church. And some of those claims, he might have to admit, he could not completely explain or defend. He is something like his friend and hero, who makes an appearance in the last pages of this book, Richard Cardinal Cushing.

Father Joe is the type of American Catholic who would be most upset by *Scandal in the Assembly*, by Morris L. West and Robert Francis. The book's subtitle describes it: "A Bill of Complaints and a Proposal for Reform in the Matrimonial Laws and Tribunals of the Roman Catholic Church."

Church canonists, or lawyers, will respond to the authors' charges of institutional injustice by saying that the men handling matrimonial cases are perhaps more aware of the defects in Church law than anyone else, and are working to correct them. West and Francis would probably reply that working to correct them is not nearly enough; lives are being mutilated and mangled in the meantime and something must be done now.

I suspect the answers to the particular problems tackled by West and Francis, as well as to others faced by Catholics of today, can be inferred from several ecclesiastics quoted in final chapters of the book. More than in the past, Catholics are being called upon to make personal moral decisions without looking back over their shoulders to see if an ecclesiastical umpire is ruling them out or safe. In the last analysis a clear and honest conscience is the final arbiter for an individual caught in some of the fantastic marital situations the authors detail.

Neither Mr. West nor Mr. Francis is a professional theologian; their book has about it something of the air of the earnest dilettante. Not so *The Radical Kingdom*, by Dr. Rosemary Radford Ruether, which seeks an answer to the question posed by the author in her introduction: "In what sense does Christianity have a gospel of revolution, a gospel of radical reform of the human community in history?" (The dedication of the book, incidentally, is "to Daniel Berrigan, S. J., and those who risk world-transcending action.")

For those readers who are familiar with Dr. Ruether's slashing letters and articles in *Commonweal*, *National Catholic Reporter*, and *America*, it is probably unnecessary to say that this book is not in the same vein. Her letters and articles are intended as polemical journalism; *The Radical Kingdom* is intended as scholarship.

Dr. Ruether's theme is, I think, worth writing a book about. Unfortunately, she has a habit of starting a sentence in a perfectly intelligible manner and gradually letting it slip into something that is, to say the least, difficult to understand: "Although in conventional interpretation revolution is classed as a subject of political study, and its theological implications would seem to be a doubtful area of inquiry, I would suggest that the more one studies the language of radical social change, especially in the West, the more one concludes that it is easier to analyze the theology of revolution as a salvation drama than it is to determine the practical possibility of realizing the longings inherent in its mythos." If Dr. Ruether ever produces a bestseller, it will—like Kate Millett's *Sexual Politics*—be one for all the wrong reasons.

Paul K. Cuneo is an editor and freelance writer.

THE SAMARITANS:
Heroes of the Holocaust

by Wladyslaw Bartoszewski and Zofia Lewin
American edition edited by Alexander T. Jordan

Twayne, 442 pp., $7.50

Reviewed by Joseph L. Lichten

■ In the fall of 1942 the Polish underground movement sent a special emissary, Jan Kozielewski, to the Polish Government-in-Exile in London with a report on the situation in the occupied homeland. This is what he had to say about the condition of the Jews under the Nazi yoke:

> I know history. I have learned a great deal about the evolution of nations, political systems, social doctrines, methods of conquest, persecution, and extermination, and I know, too, that never in the history of mankind, never anywhere in the realm of human relations, did anything occur to compare with what was inflicted on the Jewish population of Poland.

In the studies dealing with the destruction of Polish Jewry, an issue that emerges among the most controversial is that of the attitude of the Polish people toward their Jewish neighbors. No wonder. Poles and Jews had lived together in one country—*their* country

"Now, men, in the name of international brotherhood, peace in Vietnam, an end to race bias and corporate statism, get out there and win!"

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—for almost a thousand years. It was therefore reasonable to expect ties of friendship to exist that would prove strong enough to create a united front against the common enemy. While such hopes found fulfillment in some cases, they far more often encountered disenchantment. The figures speak for themselves. At the beginning of the war, on September 1, 1939, three and a half million Jews lived in Poland. At the end no more than a hundred thousand had survived the Nazi Holocaust. We know that during the occupation the act of giving shelter, food, or even a glass of water to a Jew was a "crime" punishable by death. But to many this does not answer the tragic discrepancy between the figures. Hence the question of whether the Poles' aid to the Jews was adequate or inadequate persists as an obstinate and painful controversy.

The Samaritans approaches the problem differently. It does not deal with dry statistics, but "place[s] on record some of the finest examples of genuine brotherhood of man, regardless of origin, faith or political belief," a brotherhood expressed in help to defenseless Jews persecuted and hunted by the Nazi military machine.

The authors have functioned mainly as editors for the book. They give the text over largely to first-person accounts written by more than 100 persons who offered, received, or observed at close hand some of the heroic assistance undertaken on behalf of the nation's Jews. The testimony simultaneously horrifies and uplifts the reader. How incredibly difficult it was to ransom one day of the life of a single victim! The human understanding, the courageous sympathy of these mostly unknown heroes save us from the ultimate pessimism—a total loss of faith in humanity's basic decency. Thus the relevance of the book goes far beyond the tragedy of occupied Poland to a universal significance and message.

The fascinating story of the Polish Council for Aid to Jews is unique in the wartime annals of Eastern European countries. This secret organization, known by the cryptonym "Zegota," was established in 1942 under the sponsorship of practically every political party from far left to extreme right, and of many social, professional, and religious bodies. Wladyslaw Bartoszewski (a Christian, incidentally) is well qualified to tell us this saga of concerted effort: he was a co-founder of the Council and one of its leaders from 1942 to 1944. Information has reached us recently that Bartoszewski, who spent the years 1948-1956 in prison because of his concern over the Jewish catastrophe during the war, and over Polish-Jewish harmony following it, is again, on the same grounds, the victim of repression by the Polish régime.

There is no way of measuring the scope and variety of aid extended to Jews by many Polish individuals and families under the occupation. These came from every walk of life: they were intellectuals and scholars, tradesmen, farmers, newspapermen, actors, maids and governesses, Boy and Girl Scouts. Many of the accounts in the book record extraordinary chains of helping hands, formed both spontaneously and by plan, but outside of any established assistance group. Families hid Jews for periods of years in tenements already cramped for space; city-dwellers sent Jews to relatives in outlying districts; individuals provided foster homes for children whose parents were in flight.

Prominent in rescue operations throughout the war were Catholic laymen and clergy as well as religious in monasteries, convents, and orphanages. For a Jew in Catholic Poland, living outside the ghetto walls virtually meant passing as a Catholic under the noses both of the Nazi military and of Polish collaborators. Therefore, a Jew had to know the liturgy, the basic tenets of faith, and the customary behavior of a Catholic in church and at home. Individual and collective instruction was given to provide this protective coloration—sometimes literally. One such school was organized in a beauty salon, where the ladies learned the catechism along with lessons in dying their hair to "Aryan" shades and disguising "Semitic" features with cosmetics.

The Samaritans is a human book, because it vibrates with love and compassion for a people in distress. One could almost say unreservedly that it is a consoling book, did not the memory of three million murdered in Poland and another three million in the rest of Europe haunt us without surcease. While the exemplars of the title cannot efface that grievous memory, theirs is the immeasurable merit of having served as "good Samaritans," in every sense of the phrase, in those years of mortal need.

Joseph L. Lichten, director of Intercultural Affairs for the Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith, has written extensively on the Nazi Holocaust and on Christian-Jewish relations.

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1437

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1437 will be found in the next issue.

KB XUSK VSWF SZ WYNUAF KB QFBP WS PNPU'W XUSK, MQW KB PSU'W XUSK LUJ KLJ WS ETBGBUW WYBD YLEEBUNUA.

—KNVV TSABTF

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1436

He who is not very strong in memory should not meddle with lying.

—MONTAIGNE.

ANTI-SEMITISM WITHOUT JEWS: Communist Eastern Europe

by Paul Lendvai

Doubleday, 393 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Seymour Martin Lipset

■ Most reasonably informed people have been aware for some time that the various communist countries of Eastern Europe have been involved in anti-Semitic practices: that they seek to eliminate the Jews as a distinct cultural group, that Jewish participation in élite roles has been restricted, and that "anti-Zionism" has been used as a disguise for anti-Jewish witch hunts. But I would guess that few realize how pervasive and how similar to the persecutions of the Nazi era anti-Semitism in certain countries has become. Paul Lendvai's meticulously documented book succeeds in conveying the nature of the pogroms in Poland and Czechoslovakia in a manner that leaves little question of the authenticity of his account. The story he tells cries out for an emotional reaction, but he writes in the language of the scholar, and leaves the implications up to the reader.

Events in Poland are truly a nightmare. In this country, where more than three million Jews were killed by the Nazis, communists revived racial anti-Semitism in 1968. The bitter attack on the Jews emerged as a reaction to the large-scale student riots of March. These began as demonstrations demanding the reinstatement of two Jewish students who had been expelled from Warsaw University for protesting a ban on performances of the national drama *Dziady*, by the poet Mickiewicz. As a result of police brutality, the demonstrations turned into riots and sit-

(*Continued on page* 48)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE PARAGON

by John Knowles

Random House, 210 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by S. Alexander Haverstick

■ I fell for John Knowles in prep school. He had written a book about people I knew, whom I could understand—people my age who were just as confused about life with their peers and their social structure as I was. I lost myself in *A Separate Peace*. I identified with Phineas, and I indulged fantasies that would have made even Leper Lepellier stand up and take notice. The book became my bible, a chronicle of the lost tribes of preppies who underwent the torments of youth in search for the promised self. Now, as a college student, I have read John Knowles's new novel, *The Paragon*, and experienced that same ecstasy of identification and understanding that I derived from *A Separate Peace*. For once again Knowles has created a realistic and sensitive portrayal of the confusing and sometimes terrifying predicaments of youth.

In *The Paragon* Knowles tells the story of Lou Colfax, a college student. The product of a family and environment he resents, a disciplinary failure in secondary school, Colfax enters Yale only to flee into the Marines after a disastrous love affair. But the Marines provide no answer, just discipline, and so Colfax returns to Yale, determined to see it through, though unsure how this can be done. At Yale his new roommate is a stereotype of the outrageous, frustrated preppie snob; Gordon Durant, suave and seemingly self-assured, is a phenomenon that Colfax cannot understand. Unlike Durant, Lou is constantly questioning his place in life and more often than not discovering that he has succeeded in nothing save making a fool of himself. Yet, he realizes that "people who are afraid to make fools out of themselves never make anything of themselves."

In rebellion against the convention of checking them out, Lou smuggles books from the library; he smokes marijuana, and he falls for his roommate's crazily sophisticated ex-stepmother, which excites him beyond comprehension. Unable to hassle with the pressure of studies, Lou seeks release in acts of mild insanity: a weekday's journey to Stowe, Vermont, and back; trips to "The Black House" in his home town, which he inherited from an eccentric aunt. Most important, he makes a desperate effort to regain and clarify his past by contacting his former love, Charlotte Mills, a Yale Drama School graduate who has returned to the Shubert Theater as a married star and the mother of his child. In a final attempt at responsibility and escape (only a youth could combine the two), Lou kidnaps his own son and takes him to the ex-stepmother's New York apartment, where the thematic phrase ("people who are afraid . . . ") is repeated, and the decision to return his son is made. In this last act Lou Colfax finds freedom. For he has stopped questioning and acted as he felt best.

Unstable, unsettled, talented, and incredibly sensitive, Lou Colfax bungles through youth. He could be any student who has experienced the emotional tensions of college and is floundering in the struggle to become what is philosophically defined as a human being. In this novel Knowles has successfully hit upon the quintessence of the maturing process, the endeavor to achieve and to understand humanity.

Parents who read *The Paragon* will gain a real insight into what their college-age children are going through. John Knowles seems to understand.

S. Alexander Haverstick, whose prep school was St. Paul's, is an undergraduate at Yale.

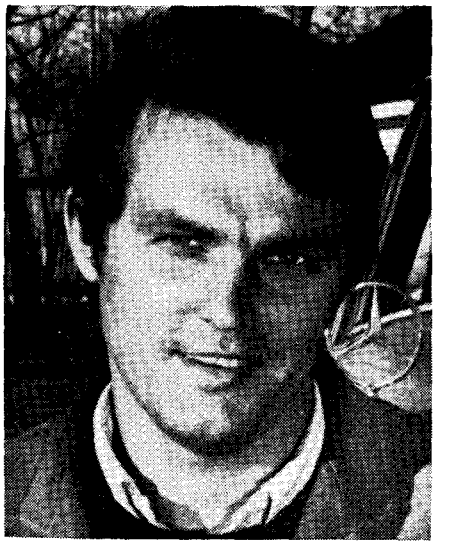
FARRAGAN'S RETREAT

by Tom McHale

Viking, 311 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Robert Scholes

■ "Philadelphia," my father used to say, "the 'city of brotherly love'—a great place to be from." And he would linger portentously over the "from," remembering his youthful escape from the shanty-Irish quarter of Manayunk. Tom McHale's second novel brings back such memories, because it is about a Philadelphia Irish family that has clawed its way up from the shanties (like the Corrigans of his first novel, *Principato*) and entrenched itself in the upper reaches of the middle class. The book gives us something to think about at a moment when our journalists are busy glorifying a new Irish-American family as the unofficial royalty Americans so dearly love. The Kennedys are out. The Buckleys are in. Long live our uncrowned kings! Curiously, in this Protestant country, WASP families like the Scrantons and Rockefellers do not seem to capture the public imagination as readily. They lack a certain darkness, perhaps, a suggestion of irrational depths, which we prefer in our royalty. Given a choice between Queen Victoria and Lucrezia Borgia, we would take the cardinal's daughter every time.



—John P. Lowens

Tom McHale—"scans both sides of the generation gap with a merciless eye."

While the Farragans have not risen to royal heights, they have climbed far enough to suffer a satisfactory fall. They are rich and prosperous, superpatriots, and pillars of the church. But there is a fault in the foundation of their family edifice that, worked upon by time, changes these Irish Borgias from heroically rapacious villains into pathetic clowns who bumble their way to destruction. Yet the fault itself is a princely one—a monumentally self-centered view of the world. Tom McHale's great achievement is the presentation of this monstrous history not for tears but for laughter. The fall of the house of Farragan is a farce.

Arthur Farragan is the kind of hero who will race from his car onto the lawn of the Rodin Museum to interrupt a rape—only to have the lady say, "There's nothin' wrong. I'm not bein' attacked." And the man add, "She likes it." Leaving Farragan to beat an awkward retreat, backing into "the hulk of the naked Thinker" and limping to his car accompanied by the soft laughter of "the fornicator." Farragan is a man who covers the holy statuary in his bedroom before performing his connubial chores, but keeps his potency alive by dreaming of romps with the twin daughters of Emilio Serafina. Serafina himself (who would be the perfect protagonist for that comic Mafia novel we so desperately need) protects the chastity of his nubile girls by not allowing them to sunbathe topless until his yacht clears the three-mile limit. And Farragan's son, a pacifist living a squalid hippie life in Canada, once bombarded the twins with mud when they tried to be friendly and remove their bikini tops for a romp on the beach.

McHale scans both sides of the gen-

(*Continued on page 41*)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now you can follow step-by-step recipes that will turn every dinner into a celebration!

YOU'LL FIND THEM IN

Classic French Cooking

YOURS FOR 10 DAYS FREE, FROM

TIME LIFE BOOKS *Foods of the World*

Wouldn't it be exciting to surprise your family and friends with *Tournedos Henri IV*... the beefsteak and artichoke dish fit for a king? Or dress up a simple dinner with *Riz à l'impératrice,* the Bavarian cream dessert with rice and glacéed fruit, named after the Empress Eugénie?

If you'd enjoy serving impressive and delicious classic French dishes like these, you're invited to borrow—free for 10 days—*Classic French Cooking,* introductory volume in FOODS OF THE WORLD, the beautifully illustrated cooking series by TIME-LIFE BOOKS.

When your copy of *Classic French Cooking* arrives, dip into the text... a fascinating history of the classic French cuisine by Craig Claiborne, food editor of The New York Times, and Pierre L. Franey, formerly executive chef of the Pavillon Restaurant. Note the renowned food experts (including Michael Field, James A. Beard and Jacques Pépin, former chef to General de Gaulle) who collaborated with TIME-LIFE editors to create the book. Enjoy the illustrations... page after page of photographs, most in full color, of fabulous foods, the extraordinary people who created or dined on them, and the interesting places in which they were served.

Then try some of the recipes. That's the real thrill! For, as you'll quickly discover, this volume does something for the classic French cuisine that's never been done before. First, by showing you how to prepare the basic stocks and sauces, it gives you the key to virtually every dish in the classic French cuisine. Then, with recipes that spell out each detail, step by step, the book makes it easier than you ever thought possible to prepare memorable meals.

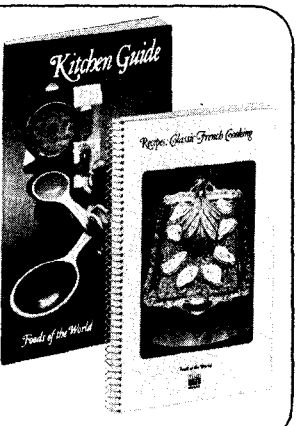
Perhaps you'll decide to try, first, one of the easiest tricks of all... a secret way of adding wonderful flavor to scrambled eggs created by the great chef, Escoffier, to please his friend, Sarah Bernhardt... and never revealed in his lifetime even to the incomparable Sarah herself. (The secret: to stir the eggs, use a knife with a clove of garlic on the tip). Or maybe you'll try something ambitious... like *coulibiac,* (a brioche loaf filled with salmon, mushrooms, velouté sauce and crêpes)... or *selle de veau Orloff* (saddle of veal with soubise, mushrooms, truffles and mornay sauce)... or *gâteau Saint-Honoré,* a cream puff and pastry cream cake that, quite by itself, is enough to turn any dinner into a celebration!

By this time you'll probably want to keep and use *Classic French Cooking* forever. Please do. It's yours for only $5.95 ($6.25 in Canada) plus shipping and handling, as your introduction to FOODS OF THE WORLD. And then you will receive another FOODS OF THE WORLD volume for free examination every other month, and may keep it, if you wish, at the same low price. But first, do try *Classic French Cooking* for 10 days, entirely free. Should you decide not to keep the volume, you may return it and that's the end of the matter. Just fill out, detach and mail the postage-paid reply card today. If card is missing, write to TIME-LIFE BOOKS, Dept. 2601, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611.

YOU GET BOTH FREE WITH *Classic French Cooking*

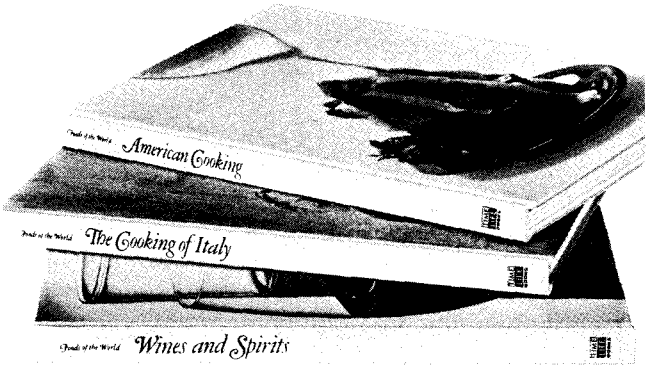
64-page KITCHEN GUIDE provides valuable tips to help you shop for, prepare and serve compliment-winning meals in every cuisine covered by FOODS OF THE WORLD. Yours free with *Classic French Cooking.*

RECIPE BOOKLET, spiral-bound, 102 recipes, including all those shown in *Classic French Cooking.* (Each FOODS OF THE WORLD Volume comes with its own handy Recipe Booklet, at no extra charge.)

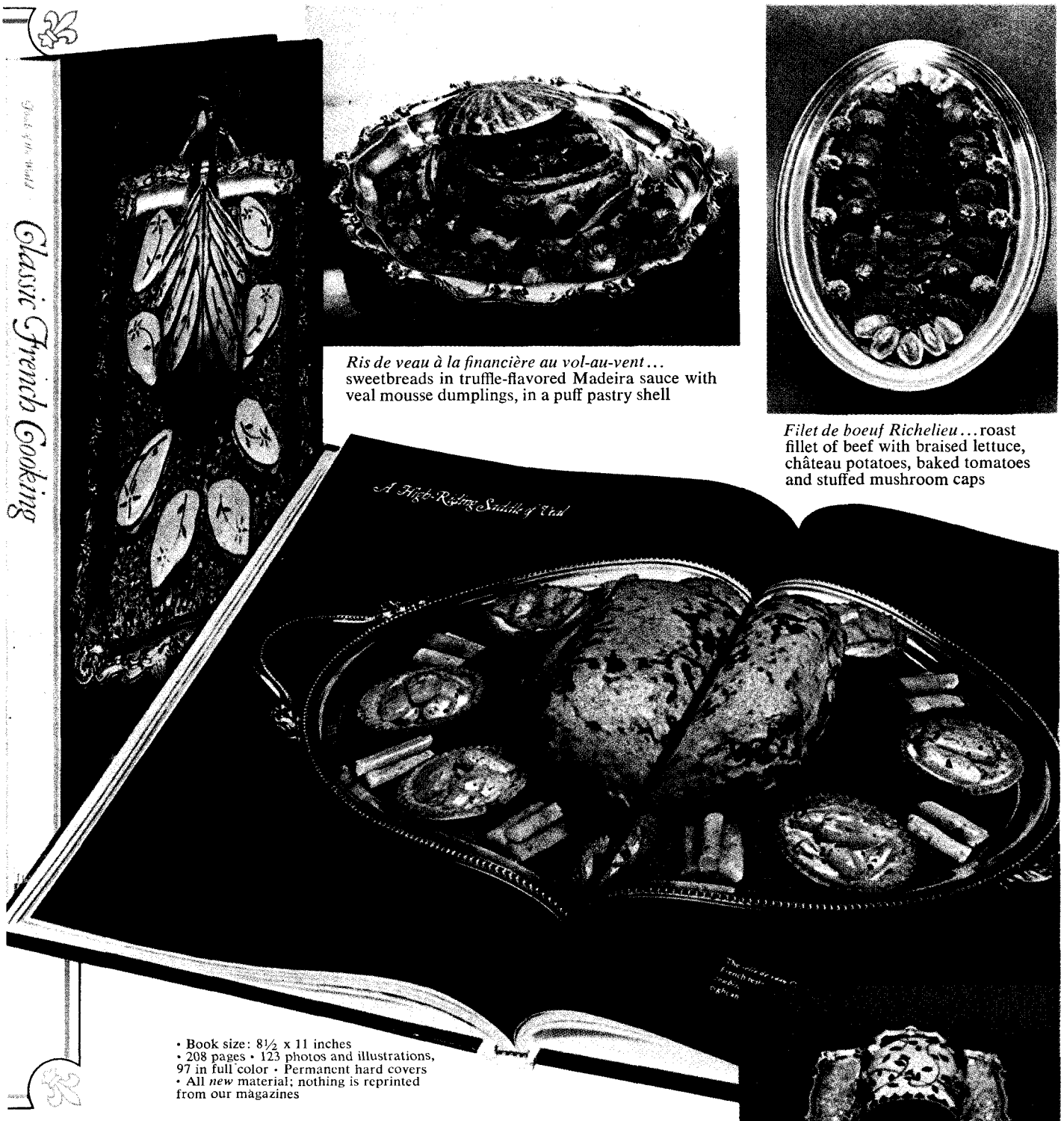


Some of the other volumes in TIME LIFE BOOKS *Foods of the World*

American Cooking • The Cooking of Italy • Wines & Spirits



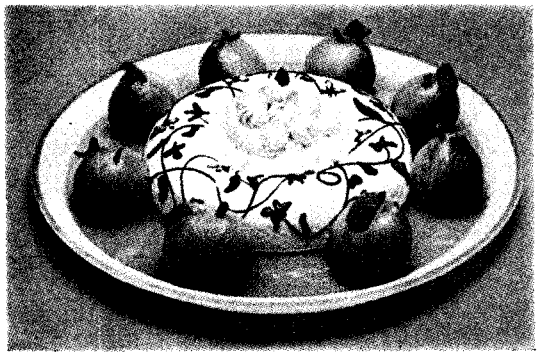
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



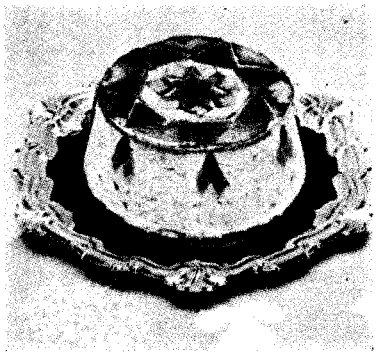
Ris de veau à la financière au vol-au-vent... sweetbreads in truffle-flavored Madeira sauce with veal mousse dumplings, in a puff pastry shell

Filet de boeuf Richelieu... roast fillet of beef with braised lettuce, château potatoes, baked tomatoes and stuffed mushroom caps

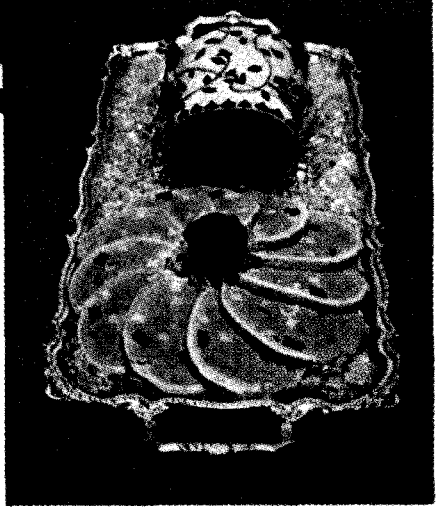
- Book size: 8½ x 11 inches
- 208 pages • 123 photos and illustrations, 97 in full color • Permanent hard covers
- All *new* material; nothing is reprinted from our magazines



Pêches Ninon... poached fresh peaches with molded, vanilla-flavored pudding and apricot glaze



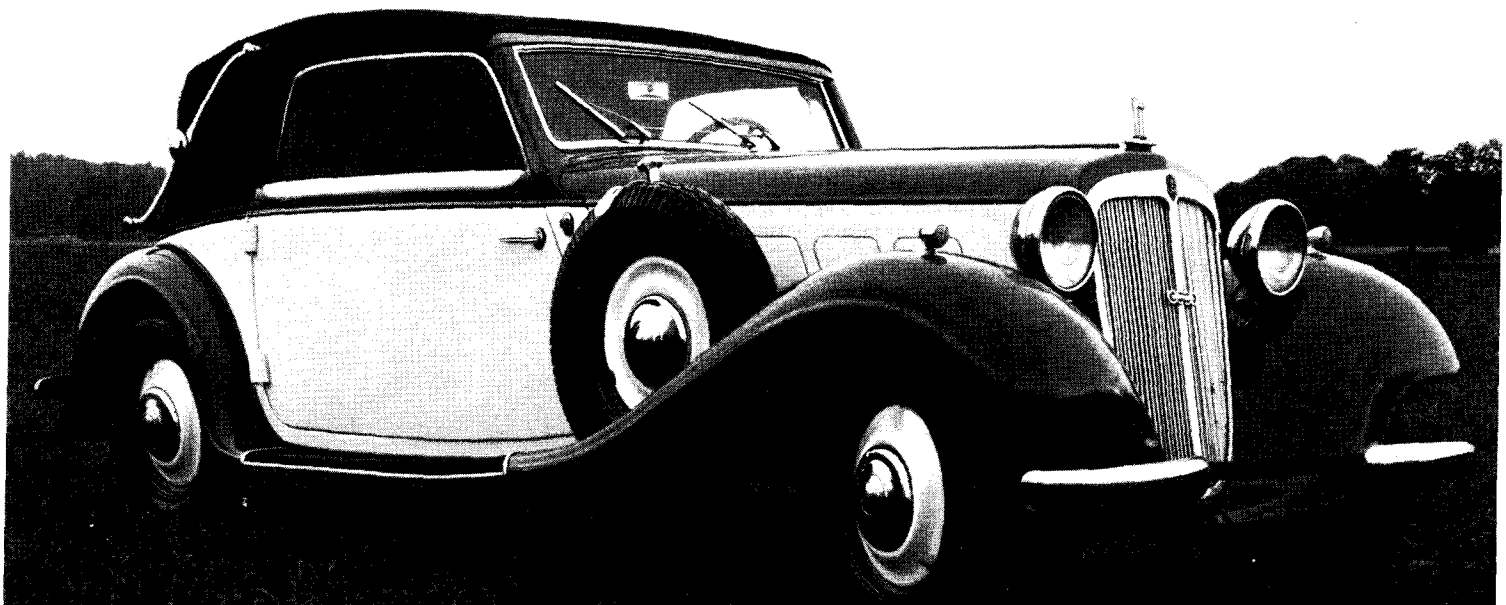
Riz à l'impératrice... molded.. Bavarian cream with rice and glacéed fruits, encircled by raspberry sauce



Galantine de canard... ground mixture of duck with pork and veal, garnished with a tomato rose

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We'll match our 1933 Audi against anybody's 1971 car.



We're not about to compare frills or fancy gadgets or whether or not a window rolls down by pushing a button.

We're talking about something far more important: How a car moves, stops, turns and, yes, even takes a bump. And it's on those basic engineering principles, and those alone, that we'll be more than happy to compare our '33 car to any '71.

So let's begin.

The 1933 Audi had front-wheel drive. Only a handful of cars (among them, the Cadillac Eldorado and Oldsmobile Toronado) have it today.

The 1933 Audi had an aluminum engine block. Just about every car today (including the Eldorado and Toronado) uses the heavier cast iron.

The 1933 Audi had a 4-speed transmission with overdrive. Most 1971's come with a 3-speed transmission. And no overdrive. You want 4 speeds? You pay extra. You want overdrive? You can't get it.

Our car had separate brakes for the front and separate brakes for the rear. True, all of today's cars have the very same system. But they *have* to have it. By a 1968 Federal law.

The Audi also had an independent front suspension. Most '71 cars haven't advanced beyond that.

And as for our steering system, we used dual tie rods. Most '71 cars haven't advanced beyond that either.

If you're beginning to think we didn't miss a trick with the 1933 Audi, you're wrong.

Suggested price East Coast P.O.E., for 100 LS (as shown): $3,595. Other models start at: $2,995 (West Coast P.O.E. slightly higher). Local taxes and dealer delivery charges, if any, additional. Air conditioning and automatic transmission optional.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Except, of course, our own.

Introducing the 1971 Audi.

It's not only got dual tie rods, it's also got rack-and-pinion steering. Which makes it the most responsive steering system any car ever had. (It must be. The finest racing cars in the world use it.)

It's got front-wheel drive. So you can corner surer and grip the road better. (It's such an advanced automotive principle, even we couldn't improve upon it.)

Today's Audi has inboard front disc brakes. They're right in the car's airstream to keep them cool. So you can keep cool and not worry about them fading. We also made them large enough to bring an Audi moving 60 miles an hour to a complete stop in about four seconds.

Our car also has a unique rear suspension. Back there, there's an axle that's so flexible that when one wheel goes thump on a bump, just *one* wheel goes thump.

Why we've even got a transmission case made of aluminum. Which means the transmission runs cooler and lasts longer.

And speaking of the transmission, just listen to this. You can get a 4-speed transmission, with a built-in overdrive ratio, and an engine that can go from 0 to 50 in a mere 8 seconds. Or a fully automatic transmission that can give you an incredible 23 miles to a gallon of gas.

As for the interior, it's filled with all the comforts of home. Like seats that are not only plush, but also comfortable. (They were designed by orthopedic surgeons.) And air conditioning. And enough legroom and headroom for almost anybody's legs and head.

We're absolutely convinced that the 1971 Audi is the most advanced car you can buy.

After all, back in 1933, when everybody else was busy making everyday, run-of-the-mill cars, we went ahead and made one that was ahead of its time.

And history does repeat itself.

The Audi®

Porsche Audi: a division of Volkswagen of America, Inc.

For the Porsche Audi dealer nearest you call 800-553-9550 free. In Iowa, call 319-242-1867 collect. Prices subject to change without notice.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This infra-red photo shows an orchard, below, taken from a high-flying aircraft. The healthy trees are red while diseased stock appears dull and dark.

Orbiting satellites equipped with infra-red sensors could monitor hundreds of square miles of crop land at a glance, spotting disease in plants before it's apparent to the naked eye on the ground. The economic implications for world agriculture are awesome — disease causes billions of dollars worth of crop damage each year in the U.S. alone.

Helping to feed a hungry world is one way the technologies developed in NASA programs can help solve problems here on Earth.

Think about the possibilities.

The Boeing Company.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Booked for Travel

David Butwin

The Florida Veldt

I WONDER how many people envision the Everglades as a murky, jungly swamp hung with Spanish moss, creeping lianas, and dangling water moccasins. I hoped it would be all of that, perhaps an expanded version of the Louisiana bayous, but it turned out to be something quite different. The Everglades suggest at once a Kansas wheat field, the African veldt, and a Japanese paddy. A person who is willing and able to get close enough can find moss, lianas, and moccasins, but the special mystery of the Everglades is that nothing really is what it seems.

Unreality happens to be an earmark of south Florida, what with miles of concrete silos perched along the Gold Coast from Palm Beach to Miami and untold enterprises cultivating the old-age market. Miami Beach and the Everglades seem continents apart, but the journey by car takes less than an hour. Once you turn off the Palmetto Expressway at Sweetwater and head west along the Tamiami Trail, a new land emerges.

South Florida enjoyed a spell of dry and cloudless weather early this winter, which may have gilded the Gold Coast but also increased the chance of fire across the Everglades. That vast plain of saw grass, covering the lower fourth of the state, turns tindery and brown in the winter months. From either side of the two-lane Tamiami Trail, endless swaths of the saw-toothed grass, eight feet high in places, stretch away to the horizon. At the roots a shallow shelf of fresh water flows slowly southward toward the Gulf.

Marjory Stoneman Douglas, who told the story best in her 1947 book *The Everglades: River of Grass*, said the area's name came into general use after the United States acquired Florida from Spain in 1819. "Today Everglades is one word and yet plural," she wrote. "They are the only Everglades in the world." Her tale—more a love poem—describes the nonpareil waterway with such passages as:

> Over the shallows, often less than a foot deep but 750 or so square miles in actual area, the winds in one gray swift moment can shatter the reflections of sky and cloud whiteness standing still in that shining, polished, shimmering expanse. A boat can push for hours in a day of white sun through the short, crisp lake waves and there will be nothing to be seen anywhere but the brightness where the color of the water and the color of the sky become one. . . .
>
> It reaches one hundred miles from Lake Okeechobee to the Gulf of Mexico, fifty, sixty, even seventy miles wide. No one has even fought his way along its full length. Until the day of the airboat, few ever crossed the northern wilderness of nothing but grass. Down that almost invisible slope the water moves. The grass stands. Where the grass and the water are, there is the heart, the current, the meaning of the Everglades.

The day of the airboat came in the 1930s when this schooner of the Everglades evolved into a commercial tool. It gave the hunters and Seminole Indians an even break with the forbidding saw grass prairies, and today there are signs along the Tamiami Trail advertising airboat rides, as well as alligator wrestling and Indian curio shops.

I stopped at Osceola's Seminole Village, a roadside settlement started some thirty-five years ago by William McKinley Osceola's family. His children—Mittie Jim, Howard, Wild Bill, Douglas, Homer, Mike, Alice, and John—have grown up in the village and reared families of their own. They are descended from the warrior Osceola, who led a resistance against the federal government in the 1830s rather than accept the terms of a treaty that would have moved the Seminole west of the Mississippi within three years. The resultant war lasted nearly eight years, Osceola avoiding capture by descending into the Everglades and directing skillful guerrilla maneuvers. He finally appeared in St. Augustine under a flag of truce, was seized and removed to Fort Moultrie near Charleston, South Carolina, where he died in January 1838.

Subdued in August of 1842, the Seminole consented to move west. But some remained. There is a Seminole reservation locked deep in the Everglades, and a scattering of villages with open-air thatched huts called chickees. The Indians of south Florida remain aloof from the white man and his cities; each regards the other with a hands-off curiosity. Those Seminoles who can't or won't make a living off the tourist concessions and who find themselves useless around the villages or reservation go into town and take the most menial of jobs. "A lot of them are parking lot attendants," said my companion, a Miami woman who has known the Osceola family for years but still encounters a gap, a cordial but defined distance, when she visits the village.

Two of William McKinley Osceola's grandsons, handsome, shy, wordless, took us out in an airboat on the sea of saw grass. It is pointless for anyone to talk once the thunderous motor is alive and the odd little craft is flying across the marshland. The two boys, who had grown their hair shoulder-length since my friend's last visit, sat high in the stern, perhaps eight feet above the water, the better to navigate the towering grass. Your first feeling, as the boat zips through the parting waves, is that an unseen rock or stump will send passengers and crew hurtling into the marshy no man's land. But the pilots have woven a familiar network of byways through the Everglades, and should the motor give out, another airboat sent out from the village could somehow pick up the trail. A keen eye can detect the tiny, tattered Seminole flag flying high above the bow.

After a while the passenger is per-

—Monkmeyer

Airboats on the Everglades—"It is pointless for anyone to talk once the thunderous motor is alive and the odd little craft is flying across the marshland."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

suaded that there are few obstacles out there, and the ride, though ear-shattering, skims the shallow water like an inboard on a tranquil lake. Here and there the acres of brownish saw grass are broken by slightly elevated islands of cypress, strangler fig, and custard apple. These clumps are called hammocks, from *hamaca*, the term the Arawak Indians of the Caribbean gave to such floating forests.

We scanned the grasstops for signs of wildlife (small deer and a pale species of panther roam the area), but all we were able to scare up was a pair of American egrets, which departed on flapping white wings. The airboats, powered by an airplane motor and big propeller on the back, rush along the water at 30 mph or so, which provides an exhilarating but speeded-up view of the endless glades. The boys agreed to slow up and finally stop near a hammock, and only then, despite the ringing in my ears, could I appreciate the heavy stillness.

Not far down the Tamiami Trail from the Osceola village, in the heart of Big Cypress Swamp, a roadside sign announces the entrance to the Dade-Collier Transition and Training Airport. Here is the *cause célèbre* that resulted in one of the first great victories of environment over man. Without the effective marshaling of opposition, a sprawling supersonic airport would have been cut from the virgin swampland, and a forty-five-mile-long scar would have been gouged all the way to Miami to carry passengers, fuel, and supplies along a high-speed circuit. Two runways, completed before the anti-jetport forces moved in, are being used for training flights while the Dade County Port Authority looks for a new site.

Backers of the jetport, still hoping to outlast their foes, contend that the Big Cypress site is north of Everglades National Park and would occupy an expendable piece of land. Protectors of the Everglades fear that developers will continue to push for the parceling and then the draining of Big Cypress, which would cut off the vital flow of water to Everglades National Park.

In its monthly magazine *Audubon*, the National Audubon Society has urged the state and federal governments to purchase a half-million acres of Big Cypress to ensure the park's water rights. Meanwhile, the ecological crisis has been deepened, of late, by oil exploration near the jetport site. "Perhaps it is just as well that drilling rigs are rising again in the glades," ran a recent editorial in *Audubon*. "They serve to remind us that the jetport issue was, after all, only another in the series of annual Everglades crises, and that nothing has been done to correct the system that produces the crisis."

Big Cypress is part of the Everglades, and when the cypress trees regain their filmy greenery in springtime, the whole land takes on new color and character. But in mid-January the cypresses stood nude and gray like some petrified forest, and the eye caught fluffs of snowy egrets clinging to the top branches.

Everglades National Park, southwest of Miami Beach, is reached by a different route, and I saved it for the following day. The drive took me through vegetable fields that had been picked by itinerant crews and that now offered the remaining unplucked tomatoes and cucumbers at 5 cents a carton to anyone who cared to stop and work a while.

The park, established in 1947, embraces even broader stretches of unbroken landscape than one sees from the Tamiami Trail—brown, sere, vast as the African bush. It is a delight to drive the roads that cut through the park and not see a billboard, a neon sign, a stray beer bottle. Most visitors stop and stroll the Anhinga Trail, named for the somewhat loony snakebird that primps and preens in the shallows along the path. Two patrolling turtles, a huge lazy alligator, strutting blue herons, and fat bass kept the Instamatics poised. "It's like photographing children—you have to wait and wait," a woman told her husband as an anhinga ducked behind a log.

The trail leads back along a stream and then, by a series of interlocking wooden walkways, crosses a teeming glade. There, a person finally catches up with the elusive vision he reserves for the Everglades. From the boardwalk, shadowed by clumps of bulrushes and reeds, I got within winking distance of the water birds, alligators, and turtles, while overhead in the warm blue sky buzzards hung in waiting.

A roar broke the stillness. It was not thunder but an airplane, perhaps from Homestead Air Force Base or the Big Cypress training strip. In the middle of a pool, an alligator roared back, flapped its tail for emphasis, and a dozen cameras clicked to life. "That's only the second time I've ever heard a gator speak," said my friend. Another plane was heard, but this time the alligator did not reply. I suppose it's getting to be an old act.

MAUPINTOUR TRAVEL ADVENTURES... LEAVE CARES AT HOME!

USSR

DALMATIA/BALKANS/EASTERN EUROPE/CENTRAL ASIA

SIBERIA/CENTRAL ASIA. 10,000 mile, 34-day USSR saga. Moscow, Leningrad, Irkutsk, Bratsk, Alma-Ata, Tashkent, Samarkand, Bukhara, Dushanbe, Baku, Erevan, Tbilisi, Kiev.

SAMARKAND/ORIENTAL RUSSIA. Moscow, Tashkent, Bukhara, Samarkand, Baku, Erevan, Tbilisi, Kiev. 22 days.

DALMATIA/BALKANS. Unhurried. Danube to the Adriatic. Hungary, Rumania, Bulgaria, Yugoslavia. 20 to 28 days.

SCANDINAVIA/USSR. 16 days to 22 days to 36 days.

THE CAPITALS. Moscow, Leningrad, Kiev, Budapest, Sofia, Bucharest, Prague, Warsaw, Berlin. 15 days, 22 days.

ASK YOUR TRAVEL AGENT or write Maupintour, 900 Massachusetts St., Lawrence, Kans. 66044. Ph: 913-843-1211.

ASK ABOUT THESE 1971 MAUPINTOUR HOLIDAYS:
☐ *Siberia/Central Asia,*
☐ *Alps of Europe,* ☐ *Scandinavia,*
☐ *Europe By Train/By Air,*
☐ *Italy/Sicily,* ☐ *France,*
☐ British Isles, ☐ Greece/Aegean,
☐ *Spain/Portugal,*
☐ *Morocco/Canaries/Madeira/Algarve,*
☐ *USSR/Eastern Europe,*
☐ *Dalmatia/The Balkans,*
☐ *Samarkand/Oriental Russia,*
☐ *South Pacific,* ☐ *Orient,*
☐ *South America.*

Maupintour
20th year of quality tour operation

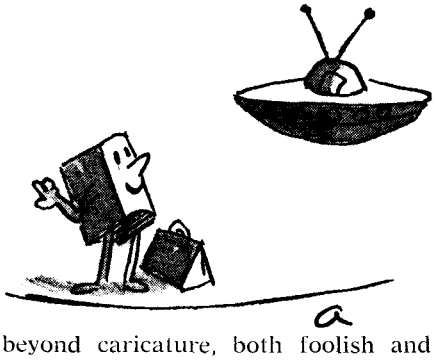
PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Farragan's Retreat"

Continued from page 31

eration gap with a merciless eye. He is one of the least sentimental writers around. How fortunate for Philadelphia that he has chosen to become the city's laureate. Together with *Principato, Farragan's Retreat* looks like the beginning of a satiric epic in prose that may extend through many volumes: a *Philadelphiad.* And, though the Chamber of Commerce may not be delighted with his view of Philly, he is actually breathing life into the town's moribund carcass. He makes the place seem interesting, which would probably surprise even old Ben Franklin, who went to Paris for what his home town couldn't provide.

The story of *Farragan's Retreat* is both bizarre and believable, though any summary of it would inevitably play up its grotesque quality. More important is the characterization, which is remarkable for its vigor and economy. McHale's people have the engaging vitality of caricatures, and some of the worst are the most interesting. Farragan himself, however, is complex



beyond caricature, both foolish and clever, a better man than those around him, and far too decent to be a real Farragan. Yet he is responsible for what happens to him. His farcical retreat has tragic overtones.

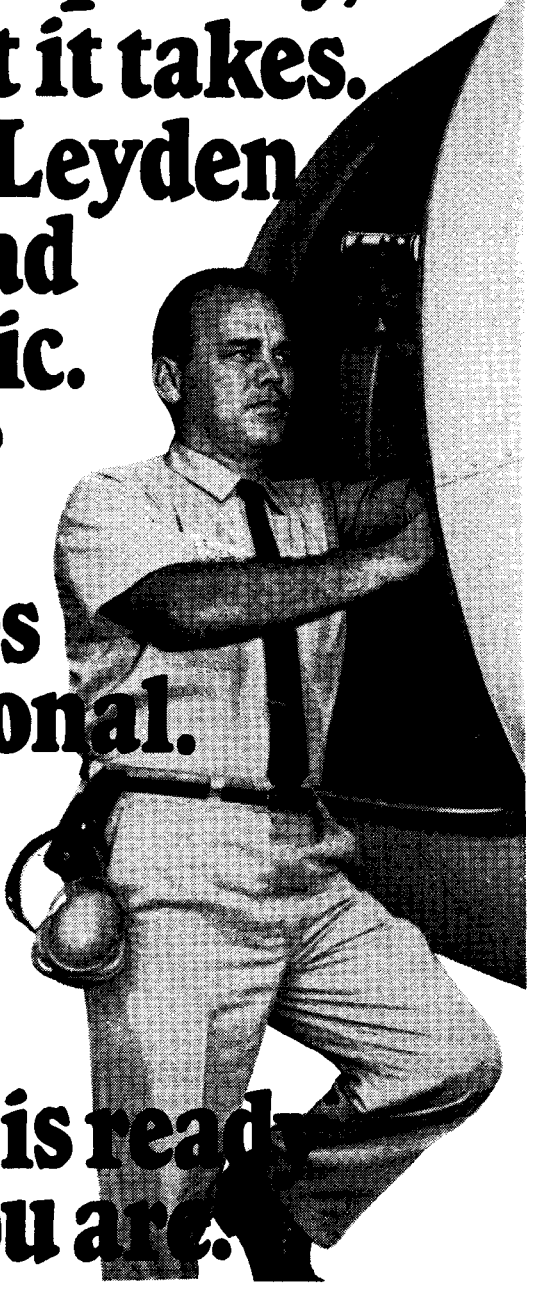
Farragan's Retreat is a worthy successor to *Principato.* With this excellent second novel following so closely upon the heels of his first, McHale shows signs of being that rare thing in American letters, a competent craftsman who produces a substantial body of really interesting fiction. Onward the *Philadelphiad!* Up with the Irish!

Robert Scholes, who is the author of "The Fabulators" and other studies of modern fiction, teaches English at Brown University.

EUROPE BY CAR

45 ROCKEFELLER PLAZA, NEW YORK, N. Y. 10020
9000 SUNSET BLVD., LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90069
SAVINGS ON CAR RENTAL • PURCHASE
FREE 72 pg CATALOG

If experience makes a pro, this man has 11 years on jets. If it's skill, he has 2 FAA licenses. And if it's some personal quality, he's got what it takes. He's Joe Leyden Delta lead mechanic. Another Delta Air Lines professional.



Delta is ready when you are.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

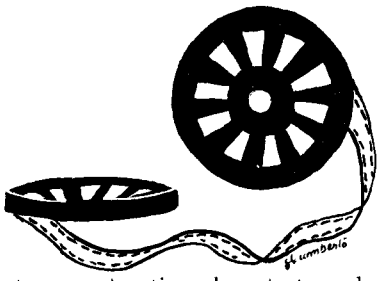
Promises Kept and Broken

PROBABLY the most difficult of all forms to transfer to the screen successfully is the autobiography, or, as Romain Gary chose to call his own recollections of his early years, "a memoir." For one thing, filmed autobiographies tend to be terribly careful, even respectful, of persons living or dead who might be in a position to sue. (Hollywood still shudders over the $2-million suit brought by the Prince and Princess Yousepoff against MGM for alleged "defamation of character" in the film *Rasputin and the Empress*—especially since the Yousepoffs won.) For another, most autobiographers tend to take themselves very seriously, leaving little room for warmth or humor in their recollections beyond those "cute" anecdotes that invariably reflect credit upon the narrator.

Gary, at least in the filmed version of his *Promise at Dawn*, has managed to avoid such pitfalls. His reminiscences center upon his mother, a colorful and indomitable personality who shaped and directed his life by sheer force of will. A moderately successful film actress in Russia at the time of the Revolution, she took her young son on a stage tour that ultimately petered out in Poland. Rather than return to her native land, she opened a fashion salon in Krakow, representing herself as the Polish agent of a noted Paris couturier. Her fraud exposed, she—like so many Russian émigrés of the Twenties—made her way to Nice, supporting herself and her child by all sorts of shabby devices, from peddling "crown jewels" on commission to wealthy tourists to reading palms and driving taxis. Every once in a while, this pitiful existence was momentarily brightened by the arrival of unexpected funds from Romain's father, Ivan Mosjoukine, a great matinee idol of the Twenties. The film makes it very clear that Romain was illegitimate.

If this all sounds a little bit like *Gypsy* without the music, it is. Nina Kacew was the perfect stage mother, with the sole exception that she did not want her boy to be an actor. She wanted him to be a writer, a diplomat, a hero—all of which Gary ultimately became because his mother, at great sacrifice, cultivated the soil in which he was to grow. And lest all this seem to verge on the maudlin, the miracle is that Jules Dassin's script and direction—aided by a luminous performance by Melina Mercouri—never let it happen. The tone of the film is rich, earthy, and human, with scrupulously selected backgrounds in Leningrad and Nice adding a note of verisimilitude that keeps one remembering that once all of this really happened. Dassin himself is a bit indecisive at the beginning as to whose story he is really telling, the mother's or the son's. But Mercouri soon takes care of that, dominating her every scene with an imperious certitude of voice and gesture, now strident, now tender. (Assaf Dayan, playing Gary, gives her little competition.) Dassin—billed as Perlo Vita, for reasons of his own—obviously relishes the role of Mosjoukine, the egotistical star of the silent screen. But his affection for his own role is no less than his affection for the entire period and for all the characters that he has brought to warm and vivid life. *Promise at Dawn* has a quality rarely visible on the screen today: a genuine admiration for the people involved in its story.

Get Carter is the other side of the coin, a film in which it is impossible to admire anyone. Its writer and director, Mike Hodges, comes from television; and I suspect that the television syndrome is basically at fault here. In television series, such as *It Takes a Thief* and *Mod Squad*, the central characters are catapulted into a situation in the first, or "pilot," episode, but their motivations for continuing their activities are never examined again. They go through their routines, getting



beaten up, shooting almost at random, making hairbreadth escapes in fast cars, and emerge victorious at the end of the program so that they can do it all over again the following week. The emphasis is on the action, not the people, and all sorts of weird coincidences enter into the scripting to make it possible for the stars to survive for at least another episode.

Get Carter, starring Michael Caine as Carter, departs from this formula only insofar as Carter does not survive. He is neatly plugged between the eyes at film's end. But in all other respects, this is television on the big screen—more sex, more violence, but no more attention to motivation or plot logic. At the outset, against the advice of his gang, Carter travels to Newcastle to avenge his brother's death. Hard guys block his path. In Newcastle, we learn that Carter's niece, who has appeared in pornographic films, just possibly is really his daughter. Is Carter out to avenge his brother's death or to punish the men who abused his daughter? Carter doesn't seem to care. As in television action shows, he kills indiscriminately—and the film positively revels in the killings. Caine, sounding startlingly like the Jimmy Cagney of the old Warner gangster movies, stalks through the picture with literally no change in expression. Playwright John Osborne is more effective as Carter's loyal opposition. But, then, villainous roles are always the more interesting ones in this sort of thing. *Get Carter* leaves one wanting more—or less.

MADE TO YOUR MEASURE... SHIRTS LOW AS $5.95

- New Deep Colors
- New Bold Stripes
- Whites & White-on-White
- Popular Plain Colors
- Conservative Stripes
- Permanent Press
- Drip Dry Dacrons
- Pure Long Fibre Cottons

Perfect Fit Guaranteed—Order Direct from Maker

Enjoy the comfort and "look" of shirts that really fit... at prices low as ready made! Only $5.95, up. Custom tailored, made to your exact measurements and taste. Choose favorite collar, cuff, front, back style. Monogrammed if desired. Select from 72 smart new fabrics—plain colors, whites, deeptones, conservative and bold stripes. New Pack-A-Press Permanent Press Dacrons, fine Cottons. Only four simple measurements. Satisfaction or money back. Famous maker, Established 1923. Mail coupon!

Worn by TWA PILOTS and other airlines NFL FOOTBALL PLAYERS • TV STARS MAJOR LEAGUE BALL PLAYERS • U.S. SENATORS and BUSINESS EXECUTIVES

J. PACKARD LTD.
Dept. SR428 • TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA 47808

FREE Style Book and Swatch Guide

J. PACKARD LTD.
Dept. SR428 • TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA 47808

Send me everything to order shirts made to my own personal measure and taste . . . starting at $5.95.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP_____

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TV-Radio

Robert Lewis Shayon

Heading North

The Idea of North is the title of an hour-long television film presented recently by NET on its weekly documentary series "Realities." The creator may be said to be Glenn Gould, the Canadian pianist—although Judith Pearlman, an American, produced and directed the program, which was a joint project of NET and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. Gould originally put together *The Idea of North* as a CBC radio program, but almost the entire radio show became the sound track of Miss Pearlman's television film adaptation.

Essentially, this was an attempt to visualize and pictorialize the ideas inherent in the radio program. On a modest budget, she did a commendable job in patterning her pictures so that the television program had a coherent, visual architecture of its own. But the images on the film were exclusively contributory—they could not have carried the major or full weight of this show. Sound, especially speech, constituted the predominant sine qua non of a television program derived from a full-bodied, rich radio tapestry.

This, I would venture, is a revolutionary first in broadcasting. Television programs conventionally are created with the eye as the prima donna and the voice as the handmaiden. *The Idea of North* suggests that documentary-making for television can exploit a veritably fabulous new frontier in which radio programs are adapted for television by adding pictures to them. Such a frontier can be termed "north," in the sense that the direction is used in *The Idea of North*—namely, a vast, uninhabited, challenging, testing laboratory for human experience.

In the Gould program, North is northern Canada, literally, the great arctic and subarctic land and mostly frozen water north and west of Hudson Bay. What Gould was after in his unusual mood picture and dramatistic documentary was the explication not of the superficial aspects of northern Canada, which have been caught in many Canadian films, but of its more significant, metaphorical, universal meanings.

Canadians regard their North with fascinated awe, much as Americans once regarded their West. Americans have tamed their West; it is doubtful that the Canadians will ever tame their North. For Americans, the moon has become the contemporary carrier of the metaphor—distant, forbidding yet challenging, now that technology has brought its virginity within the realistic scope of our advances.

Television's idea of North is radio. Gould has shown us the way, and the challenge ought to become irresistible. Having exhausted the conventional documentary's novelty of form, our television creators ought to begin anew by making radio programs, with an eye to their further exploitation as television programs.

The catch is that not any radio broadcast will do. The model requires, as in Gould's program, an imaginative pattern and words of subtlety, complexity, and mood-evoking power. Gould accomplished this by shaping a tapestry of voices and then interweaving them, fugue-like, to introduce, develop, and culminate distinct themes and motifs. He never went to Canada's North for his radio show; he persuaded five articulate professionals who had been north to talk, in separate interviews, about their experiences, motives, fears, anxieties, doubts, enchantments, and disenchantments. He made one of them a sort of "bardic philosopher" who attempted to synthesize the ruminations of the other four. It was generally a successful attempt, except that his philosopher's synthesis, having been voiced without knowledge of the statements of the other four, didn't quite make a sum of *their* parts. Albeit, it was a moving expression of the philosopher's own unique experience.

For the television adaptation Miss Pearlman introduced the non-speaking image of a young Canadian man going north by train on his first trip. He became, in effect, an abstraction embodying the other four veterans; and, as an imagined conversationalist for the bardic philosopher, he homogenized the diverse experiences of the other four. The television producer did go north to shoot footage, and the counterpoint of pictures made up north in real time, against the voices remembering north in the past, contributed a novel multidimensionality to the television program. The voices, the pictures, and their counterpointing were all evocative and memorable.

Oscar Wilde wrote: "A map of the world that does not include Utopia is not worth even glancing at." I decode that sentence, following Glenn Gould, to read: "A map of television that does not include creative radio is devoid of fascination and challenge—in short, is no North."

"You ought to stop knocking yourself out! A single rubber band, used as a pacifier, will keep them busy for hours."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

Ladies' Week in the World of Music

THOSE WHO RATE acting equal in importance to singing in a first-class operatic effort (in some instances, even greater) should not miss the opportunity to see Inge Borkh as the Dyer's Wife in the Metropolitan's current revival of Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*. It has been just about ten years since Miss Borkh was last presented in New York (as Elektra in Dimitri Mitropoulos's version of the Strauss score), and her reappearance leaves little doubt that she resumes a place uniquely her own.

Ten years out of an opera singer's career (Miss Borkh has been plying hers busily in Europe) is not calculated to improve vocal freshness, nor has it done so in this instance. But she was always a performer whose effect as Sieglinde in Wagner's *Die Walküre* or Salome and Elektra derived more from what she did with her intelligent, mobile features and tall, well-disciplined body than with her no more than serviceable voice. Thus, if the sound she produces now is somewhat rougher and less dependable in the upper register than it was formerly, the control of gesture and the economy of movement are even more eloquently expressive than they were previously. A well-schooled actress before she ever turned to singing, Miss Borkh is a shining example of how much can be done with the mind to offset vocal limitations.

Here is a Färberin (as the role is sometimes known) that is about as unlike Christa Ludwig's as can be imagined, but achieves a similar quality of involvement for the viewer in a totally different way. Whereas Miss Ludwig makes her appeal through abundant instinct and a sumptuous voice, Miss Borkh makes hers through theatrical craft and skillful manipulation of text and tone. Each, in its way, is an absorbing embodiment of Strauss's purpose, though, perhaps, Miss Borkh makes one more conscious of Hugo von Hofmannsthal's (literary) contribution to the partnership. To subtract a performer of Ludwig's quality from a performance of *Die Frau ohne Schatten* and still attain a quality outcome is a possibility not accessible to many operatic institutions. Karl Böhm's conducting wove the threads of Miss Borkh's performance no less tightly into the well-knit cast (which, otherwise, found Leonie Rysanek and Irene Dalis in their familiar roles, likewise Walter Berry and Robert Nagy).

The range of the operatic experience was graphically demonstrated within a twenty-four-hour period when, only the evening before, the Metropolitan had offered a second performance of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* with Marilyn Horne. A houseful of attendants gave every evidence of having a wonderful time, which is another way of saying there is no accounting for tastes. To this one, Miss Horne's voice has every requirement for outstanding results save, perhaps, the non-disputable one of judgment. What she was showing off in "Una voce poco fa" was not something by Rossini, but her ability to impose upon his notes the variety of colors, dynamics, and embellishments she has labored so hard to master. Jolly good if all you are listening to is notes; neither jolly nor good if the character of Rosina is also a consideration.

Whether the night was filled with great singing or not, it did resound with laughter as Sherrill Milnes (Figaro), Giorgio Tozzi (Basilio), and Fernando Corena (Bartolo) worked all their wiles, plied all their practiced tricks, to attract some attention in their direction. All were in resonant voice, which was not the case with Enrico DiGiuseppe as Almaviva. Conductor Thomas Schippers's determination to lead rather than follow was only partially successful, through lack of attention rather than any fault of his own.

Joanna Simon exposed her blossoming career as a mezzo to the withering light of Ravel's *Chansons madécasses* and *Trois Poèmes de Mallarmé* in a program by The Little Orchestra Society in Tully Hall with, on the whole, more benefit than blight. That is to say, the heat did not achieve a miraculous expansion of what is still in growth, but the voice did show the stuff of which a memorable result in such music can be achieved.

At bottom, the two works pose problems that cannot be solved by diligence, goodwill, or even vocal endowment alone, all of which Miss Simon has. The *Chansons madécasses* demand a play of vocal color, nuance, and textual finesse that can be achieved only through seasoning and experience. In the *Poèmes* the problems are of the same order, though different in degree. While striving for the command and amassing the experience, Miss Simon might give more consideration to the kind of support that results in secure pitch. Hers was, this time, not as stable as it should be. The other matter of the largely chamber music concert was the String Octet of Enesco, a cello concerto of Ibert (in which George Koutzen was the able soloist), and the C-minor Wind Serenade of Mozart (K. 388), all conducted by Thomas Scherman.

A new partnership of rare excellence introduced itself to New York with the first appearance in Tully Hall of Elaine Shaffer, flutist, and Hephzibah Menuhin, pianist. Neither requires much more by way of introduction, for Miss Shaffer's credentials are international, as Miss Menuhin's are worldwide. But the broadest of recommendations is no guarantee of quality in the narrow necessities of chamber music, especially in a relationship so tenuous as that of flute and piano.

Fortunately, the Misses Shaffer and Menuhin are as closely related in artistic disposition as they are in musical preferences. The choice of Schubert's variations on "Trock'ne Blumen," the second of the Prokofiev sonatas (in D), and an unknown sonata (E-minor) of Kuhlau put a heavier burden on musicianship than virtuosity. However, this is very much the respect in which the players are most completely compatible, with results that were consistently subtle, refined, and artistically rewarding. It would have added more than a little to audience participation had the players taken advantage of the space provided for program notes, if only to explain why the Prokofiev contained so many echoes of the composer's *Romeo and Juliet* music, or the context in which Kuhlau, a younger contemporary of Beethoven, wrote his work.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

World of Dance

Walter Terry

Miss Hayden, Ballerina

WATCHING Melissa Hayden dance, I found myself murmuring, "Well, now, this *is* the best reason for going to see the New York City Ballet." Miss Hayden, who is not at all coy about admitting that she is a senior artist (she is only slightly younger than Britain's remarkable Dame Margot Fonteyn), also accepts the fact that knowledgeable dance followers agree that she has never danced better in her long career than during the NYCB's winter season at the New York State Theater (the now concluding fifty-second Manhattan engagement). She is by no means vain about this. She says, "Something has happened to me. I don't know what it is. I'll find out and figure it out in time. But I feel it." Whatever it is has brought unalloyed delight not simply to Hayden fans but to all who love ballet.

Among the many reasons for Miss Hayden's new successes are the following: She is a warm, appealing, and utterly feminine woman in a company that may possibly be the most antiseptic to be found; she executes *steps* brilliantly in a troupe and repertory that stress *that* aspect of dancing, while at the same time giving accent to the movements of the *total* body; she is a personality in a company that discourages the star image (Verdy, Villella, and d'Amboise are among the few who also have mustered star appeal); and she is a ballerina who invites the enthusiasm of fans.

The New York City Ballet tends to be fleet-footed but coldhearted, and, at its most irritating, it veers dangerously close to classroom exercises done by promising youngsters. If you had seen Miss Hayden dance, say, Balanchine's romantic *Scotch Symphony* (Mendelssohn) or the purely classical *Concerto Barocco* (Bach), you would have known why balletomanes throw flowers over the footlights at ballerinas. Miss Hayden, you see, brings the glamour of ballet, as well as the mature artistry of a star, to a company that discourages such lovely passions and prejudices.

Three good reasons for skipping the New York City Ballet this past season were a trio of new ballets, two of which came out of a workshop and might well go back there, and another new ballet by the prolific John Clifford, *Kodály Dances*, to music of Zoltán Kodály. It is, admittedly, as lively as Clifford himself is as a dancer, but it is pretty feeble in the gypsy department (long-limbed Colleen Neary was the dividend here). There were some very attractive choreographic designs by Lorca Massine (son of Leonide Massine of Ballets Russes and Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo fame), but the young man got nowhere near to the music he was using, *Four Last Songs* (Richard Strauss). The dancing dividend here was Robert Maiorano (who brought some feeling to an empty exercise), and the musical dividend, soprano Joyce Mathis. The less said about Richard Tanner's *Concerto for Two Solo Pianos* (Stravinsky), the better. Indeed, all three pieces might best be forgotten.

—*Photos: Martha Swope*

Melissa Hayden—"the glamour of ballet . . . the artistry of a star."

Lynn Seymour (shown here with Ramon Segarra) as the Janis Joplin figure in Alvin Ailey's new "Flowers"—"a blockbuster."

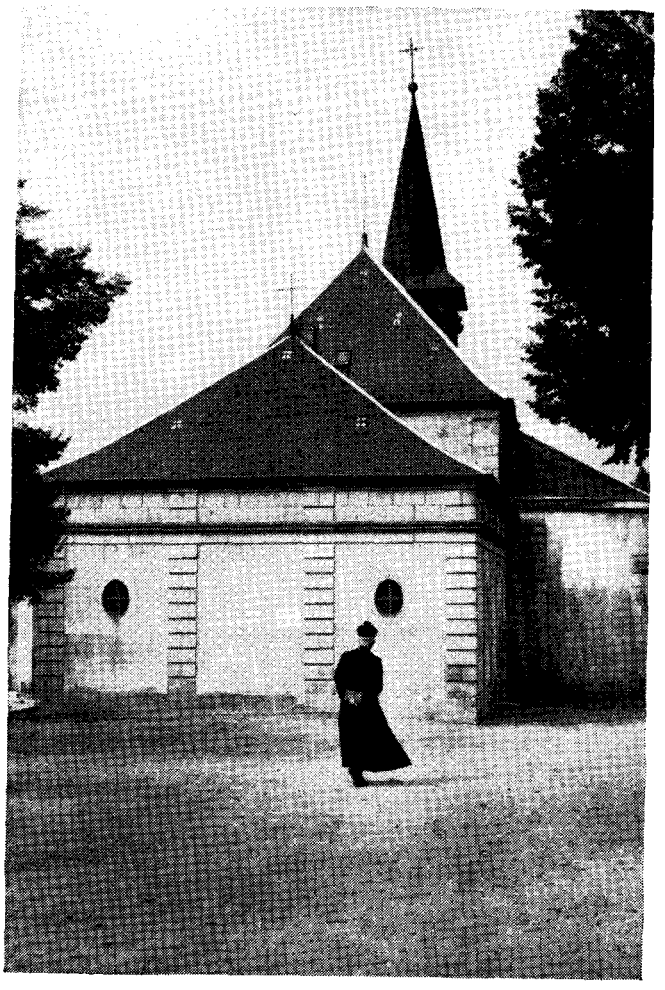
The Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater, fresh from triumphs in the Soviet Union, opened the long American Dance Season (involving many modern dancers and their groups) in a festival sponsored by the New York City Center of Music and Drama at the ANTA Theater. The Ailey troupe, interracial but mainly black, was in peak form and had audiences cheering, clapping, and almost participating in the throbbing rhythmic and emotional pulsations emanating from the stage.

The standard repertory included such masterworks as *Revelations* (traditional American music, including spirituals); the nervous, violent, terrifying, and powerful *Masekela Langage* (Masekela); the hot and irresistible *Blues Suite* (traditional music); that fabulous solo for Dudley Williams, *Reflections in D* (Ellington), all choreographed by Ailey; and still other compelling works by Ailey and fellow choreographers.

The two novelties were both Ailey creations, *Archipelago* (Boucourechliev) and *Flowers* (music including

(*Continued on page* 64)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Church in Aubusson (Creuse).

The day of a parade, Paris.

Cartier-Bresson's France

All photographs by Henri Cartier-Bresson

by MARGARET R. WEISS

For the past six years, New York's Hallmark Gallery has been giving its own distinctive hallmark to photography exhibits derived from between-covers collections. Its current offering is "France: A Photographic Essay by Henri Cartier-Bresson," a faithful translation in wall-to-wall edition of the spirit and substance of *Cartier-Bresson's France* (Viking Press).

As a guide for a tour of that land, there could be no more perceptive a native son than the man whose career has taught him that "a photographer should never run, but should be a tireless walker." Defying all pedometers, Cartier-Bresson has ranged the world's frontiers since the mid-Thirties in the service of journalism. Not until 1968, however, did a book assignment send him wandering through the towns and villages of his own country for a long homeward look.

The seventy-three prints on view reveal as much about the photographer's approach as they do about the temper and terrain of the French scene. Whether he pictures the face of a Breton fisherman or the courtyard of the Invalides, the rooftops of Blois or the habitués at Lipp's, the image transcends the particular and the purely topical, capturing the essence that makes it universal and timeless. Consistently, the eye is led beyond the merely anecdotal or picturesque. The elderly female parader wearing a full array of war medals and decorations represents the quintessence of national pride; a pair of hitchhikers at the Pont de Saint-Cloud and the solid bourgeois businessmen aboard the Mistral Express epitomize contrasting life-styles within a class-calibrated society; the reader of *Le Figaro* who telegraphs an eyebrow's worth of disdain for her miniskirted young neighbor exemplifies the inevitable generation gap.

To expose the vast psychodrama that is France—to distill its Frenchness—Cartier-Bresson uses a selective lens,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

instantly responsive to the graphic detail that unifies and informs. "Finding what you're not looking for" is his own definition of the visual serendipity that enables him to snare such views as the church in Aubusson—in which the A-line of a priest's cassock is caught at the precise instant when the angle of the flowing fabric repeats that of the roof line of the church—or the scene at Chartres, where transfixed tourists and portal sculptures fuse into a single charade.

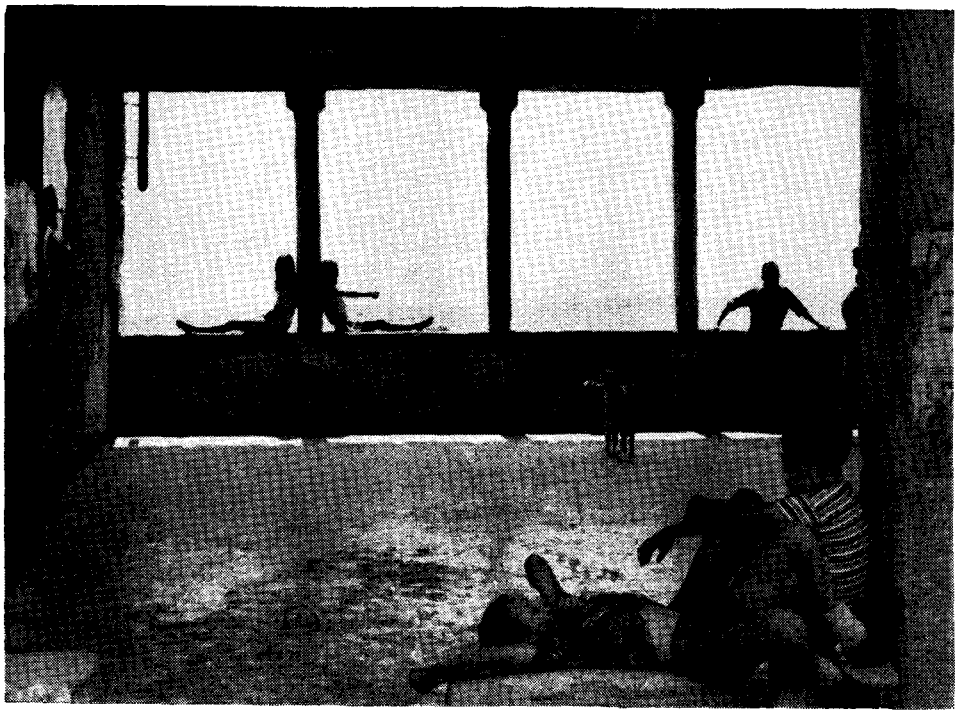
For him, "photography is at one and the same time the recognition of a fact in a fraction of a second and the rigorous arrangement of the forms visually perceived which give to that fact expression and significance." This is an act of discovery, not a matter of invention, contrivance, or preconception. "I don't take pictures," he once told me. "Pictures take me!"

And his pictures "take" the viewer as well—to familiar side-glances in bistro and boutique, in museum and Métro, at political rallies and at the Le Mans races; to the less romantic sites of the nuclear power station and the aircraft factory; to the nostalgic scenes of château country, lavender field, and vineyard. From Alpes-Maritimes to Brittany Coast, from the hub of Paris to the heart of the provinces, his camera tracks the new urban bourgeoisie, the disgruntled and diminishing agricultural community, the still elite micro-society of the Establishment, the rigidity of class-bound tradition behind the facade of low-cost housing and holiday campsites.

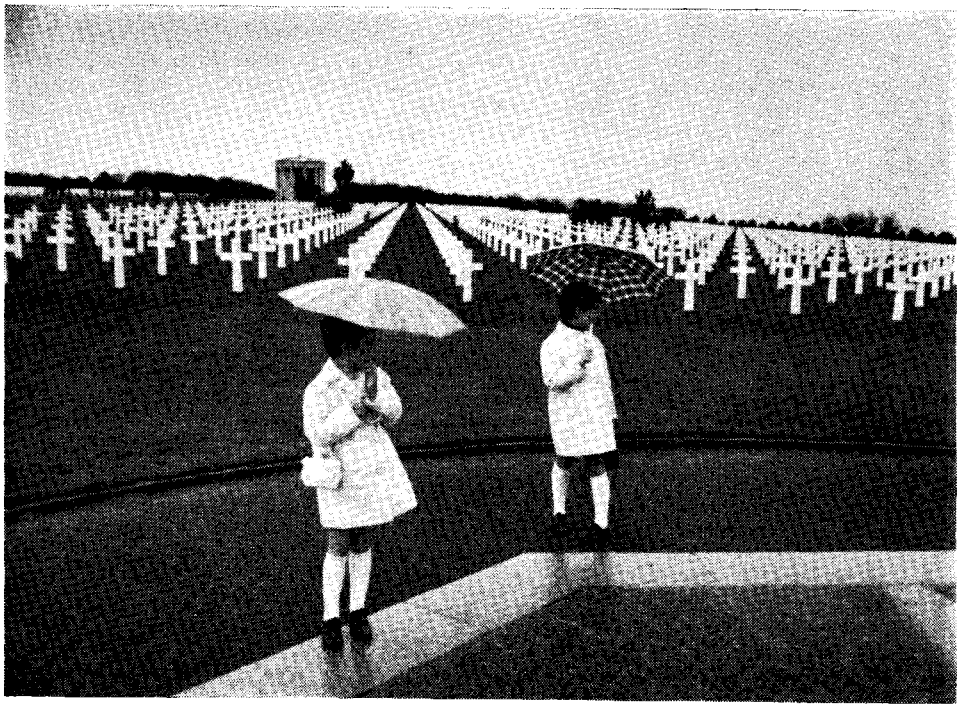
Recording these realities of national life, Cartier-Bresson evokes rather than documents, and therein lies the durability of his exquisitely ordered compositions. Although the published volume includes a cogent text by the Fémina-Prize novelist-critic François Nourissier, the exhibition prints stand firmly on their own with only brief identifying captions.

The photographer would approve. I recall the time he said, "If a photograph is really evocative, it carries its own message. The only caption it needs is a label of *when* and *where*. The *who* or *what* and the *why* are incorporated in the subject—or should be—and the *how* is unimportant." And on another occasion he remarked, "Reading long captions for pictures is like keeping one's nose buried in a museum catalogue instead of absorbing what the painting itself has to say."

At the Hallmark exhibit (until March 11), a walk through the black-and-white pages of *Cartier-Bresson's France* will give the viewer much to absorb and much to please the eye. Only for Cartier-Bresson himself is his art *"un 'dur' plaisir."*



Simiane-la-Rotonde (Basses-Alpes).



American war cemetery, Saint-Laurent (Calvados).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poland

Continued from page 30

ins, which spread to every university town in the country. Hundreds of students were disciplined and expelled, though many intellectuals, including professors, sought to defend them.

The Polish government and the Communist Party blamed these events on the Jews. The Babel Club, a Jewish youth organization, was decried as the center of a "Zionist conspiracy"; Jewish students, particularly the children of former or present office-holders, were singled out for interrogation and relentlessly questioned about their Zionist connections. Party pamphlets appeared stressing "the excessive concentration of Polish citizens of Jewish origin" in high position, and crediting this supposed phenomenon to a "plot" by Jews to advance each other. The excesses and cruelties of the pre-1956 Stalinist régime were blamed on the Jews. They were identified as the main sources of Stalinism, revisionism, and bourgeois ideas. A typical pamphlet asserted:

> While millions of less wealthy Jews were put to death [under Nazism], the richest ones in all bourgeois states climbed to the top of the social and especially the financial ladder. The economic ruin of many capitalist states placed the finance of the capitalist world in the hands of Zionists to a degree heretofore unknown. . . . Zionism today demands that all Jews be conscious of their Jewish nationality, while at the same time it proclaims that only some of them may become citizens of Israel. A much larger part must remain in other countries, not because there is no room for them in Palestine, but in order vigilantly to watch over the Jews' financial domination of the world.

The absurdity of these allegations is obvious when one remembers that the vast majority of Polish Jews had emigrated earlier. The few thousands who remained in 1968 were almost all committed communists, and most had a lifelong history of opposition to Zionism.

The 1968 attack on the Jews was started by various middle-level party leaders. But it should be noted that the first Politburo member to join the campaign openly was Edward Gierek, then Party secretary for Upper Silesia, and since last December Gomulka's successor as the national head of the Party, a fact rarely mentioned in current evaluations of the new Polish régime. Gierek first appeared as a rival to Gomulka during the anti-Zionist campaign, when a crowd of Party activists began an obviously planned chant of "Gierek" during a relatively moderate speech by Gomulka on March 19, 1968. Before the Polish terror ended with the final exodus of almost all remaining Jews from the country, half- and quarter-Jews—those with one Jewish parent or grandparent—were also ferreted out by the Department for Jewish Affairs. The Polish Communist Party completed the job that Hitler's National Socialist Party had begun. Poland is now all but *Judenrein.*

The story of the Jews in Czechoslovakia unhappily resembles that in Poland, though the Czechs as a people were less anti-Semitic than the Poles. In 1950 only about 15,000 Jews were left out of a pre-Hitler population of 360,000; they amounted to 1/15 of 1 per cent of the total population, and included only the completely assimilated. By 1951, Zionism had become public enemy number one in Russia and, therefore, in the other communist countries as well. Stalin was preparing a new Party purge that would focus on the Jews. It began in Czechoslovakia with the attack on Rudolf Slansky, the Jewish secretary of the Communist Party, who was accused of treason. It is difficult to describe the virulent, Nazi-like, racist language the communist prosecutors and jailers used against their former comrades. Slansky, who was executed, was temporarily rehabilitated during the liberal Dubcek period, only to be cast back in the role of Zionist villain after the Soviet-led invasion of August 1968.

The invasion itself was justified with a full-fledged anti-Zionist campaign. *Neues Deutschland,* the organ of the East German Party, announced flatly: "Zionist leaders have taken over the eadership of the [Czech] Party." Twenty-three years after the withdrawal of Hitler's *Wehrmacht* from Czechoslovakia, a German army re-entered the country as part of a communist force whose ostensible purpose was to save the country from "Zionist domination." And, as in Poland, the handful of Jews, including many part-Jews, were rounded up, jailed, or forced out of the country.

After describing the use of anti-Semitism to excuse the failures of the communist régimes in Poland and Czechoslovakia, Lendvai briefly summarizes events in Hungary and Rumania. Both countries have had many more Jews than Poland and Czechoslovakia from 1945 to the present. Hungary joined in the pro-Arab, anti-Israeli policy of the Soviet Union, but its government had no trouble differentiating between opposition to the policy of a foreign state, Israel, and the maintenance of the rights of its own Jewish citizens. It demonstrated that anti-Semitism in the other communist states could not be explained simply as a consequence of an anti-Israeli foreign policy. Rumania, independent of the Soviet bloc, has disassociated itself from Soviet foreign policy in the Middle East, and has remained neutral. It, too, has not identified its Jewish citizens with Zionism.

Anti-Semitism Without Jews indicates that communist régimes may vary in their degree of racism, much as noncommunist societies do. But racism is potentially much more dangerous under communist or other forms of totalitarian government than under nontotalitarian ones.

To conclude on a more positive note, one may cite the illustrious Polish philosopher Leszek Kolakowski, who, like a few other "Aryan" Polish academics, left his country rather than benefit from the purge of his Jewish colleagues. Kolakowski wrote that to understand what socialism is, we must first know what it is not: "Socialism is not a society in which a man is miserable because he is a Jew, while another man feels better because he is not a Jew. . . ."

Seymour Martin Lipset, a professor of government and sociology at Harvard, is co-author (with Earl Raab) of "The Politics of Unreason: Right-Wing Extremism in the U.S. 1790-1970."

THE MASS PSYCHOLOGY OF FASCISM

by Wilhelm Reich
translated from the German
by Vincent R. Carfagno

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 400 pp., $8.95; Noonday paperback, $3.25

Reviewed by Paul Roazen

■ Wilhelm Reich's books have enjoyed a continuing popularity, especially among youth. *The Mass Psychology of Fascism* first appeared in Germany in 1933; the Nazis banned it in 1935. Then in 1946 the first English-language edition appeared, and now, almost forty years after its initial publication, a new English translation has been made available. The publisher of this latest version has recently announced that it intended to file suit against two West Coast companies for circulating photocopies of the book. After all these years, it is hard to imagine a surer index of Reich's success as an author than the existence of pirated editions of his works.

Reich began his career as a devoted follower of Sigmund Freud. While he was not an intimate of Freud, he was certainly one of the most brilliant

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

members of the talented circle that surrounded the aging founder of psychoanalysis. A trained psychiatrist, Reich made some significant contributions to modern psychotherapy. He was perhaps the first to insist on the need for a systematic understanding of the techniques of therapy, and he was also among the earliest to focus on the therapeutic usefulness of understanding the negative feelings of patients toward their analysts. In addition, Reich broadened the scope of communication between patient and analyst, considering not only verbal but bodily expression as emotional data to be elucidated. Reich encouraged the psychoanalyst to look beyond symptomatic troubles to the character of the patient as a whole; much of what is known as modern ego psychology, with its study of defenses and resistances, was prefigured in Reich's work.

Adolescence was a phase of personality development that especially interested Reich. As a practical reformer he held that many adult problems would never have developed had not sexual expression been prematurely stifled. This liberationist side of Reich insured his success in America. For, despite the talk about American sexual freedom, by the standards of other cultures this country remains, in my opinion, both prurient and guilt-laden.

To the orthodox psychoanalysts of the 1920s Reich was a troublemaker. Aggressive and difficult, he made orgastic potency the test of mental health. His insistence on trying to harmonize Freud's depth psychology with Marx's social and economic theory was also a source of controversy. By trying to understand human instinctual life along with social forms of domination he exposed himself to attack from both ideological flanks. To the Freudians he seemed to have betrayed the purity of their psychological mission. Reich had argued that only the dissolution of the traditional middle-class family would lead to the disappearance of the Oedipus complex (and the experience of the Israeli kibbutzim would later prove him right). Freud, however, was skeptical, and wrote his *Civilization and Its Discontents* partly as an answer to Reich's position. From the point of view of the Marxists, Reich was too involved with the mere superstructure of bourgeois society. When in the late 1920s Reich went on a lecture tour to post-Revolutionary Russia, and claimed that unless the country also had a sexual revolution it would deteriorate into a bureaucratic state, the Soviet authorities were encouraged to suppress psychoanalysis. In the 1930s Reich succeeded in being expelled both from the International Psychoanalytic Association and from communist organizations.

The Mass Psychology of Fascism was originally written at the high point of Reich's involvement with Freudian and Marxist concepts. The book is of uneven quality, starting off with some quite brilliant and subtle interpretations of the appeal of fascist ideology to the mass mind, but then deteriorating, especially toward the end, into bombastic and propagandistic exhortations. Reich added to the book over the years, and this new edition is deficient in not indicating when he wrote which portions. One can pretty well guess, though, that the most polemical parts were written during his final, almost messianic phase.

The central interpretive thesis of the book wears well: modern man is torn by contradictory impulses toward conservatism and revolution. He craves authority and fears freedom, but is simultaneously rebellious. The authoritarian patriarchal family, Reich held, distorted some of man's most generous and cooperative instincts. Fascism represents not so much any one political party as the organized expression of the average man's enslaved character, "the basic emotional attitude of the suppressed man of our authoritarian machine civilization." Reich's main sociological point was that society is capable of transmuting man's inner nature, producing a character structure that then reproduces society in the form of ideologies. Unlike other Marxists of his time, Reich emphasized the independent role ideological systems played in social action. He went on to interpret ingeniously the mysticism of the Nazis in terms of the symbolic meaning of their doctrines. In Reich's time the distressed middle class became members of the Nazi radical right, and he chose to explain modern nationalism as an outgrowth of suppressed genital sexuality.

At his best Reich was a dissident thinker with a utopian appeal for those who reject the standards of conventional society. As the war in Southeast Asia has seemed to tarnish all the élites in our society, Reich's reputation as a modern prophet has increased. At his worst, however, Reich was a crank; his obsession with "physical orgone energy," which he claimed to have discovered, was already intrusive enough in 1942 to mar his revised edition of *The Mass Psychology of Fascism.* His invention of orgone energy accumulators and his use of them in therapy set the U.S. Food and Drug Administration against him. If he was, as seems plausible, already mentally disturbed by the time of his trial, his sentence is an example of the cruelty our society is capable of. His writings were destroyed by the government, while Reich himself died in a federal prison in 1957.

Near the end of his life Reich became aware that his own theory of genitality was not to be found in Freud's works. Yet Reich always remained deeply devoted to his former teacher. Unlike later followers, who weakened the radical aspects of Freud's concepts and junked the libido theory, Reich chose as his mentor the early Freud, the heretic who wrote and thought shocking things. So we find Reich, like Freud, struggling to prevent his basic contributions from being diluted. The revolutionary in Freud remained Reich's model, and perhaps this partly accounts for his having endured so long.

Paul Roazen is the author of "Freud: Political and Social Thought" and "Brother Animal: The Story of Freud and Tausk."

"Oh, Alden Whitman called today. He does the lead obits for 'The Times.' He wants to interview you."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHEROKEE TRAGEDY:
The Story of the Ridge Family and the Decimation of a People

by Thurman Wilkins

Macmillan, 398 pp., $10

Reviewed by Raymond D. Fogelson

■ On the morning of June 22, 1839, a coordinated plan of political homicide resulted in the brutal murders of Elias Boudinot, Major Ridge, and his son, John Ridge. These three Cherokee leaders had played a decisive role in effecting the removal of the tribe from its aboriginal homelands in the Southeast, over the disastrous "Trail of Tears" on which thousands perished, to resettlement in the unpromising land of the Indian Territory in present-day Oklahoma. The dramatic events leading up to these tragic consequences are depicted in a carefully researched and engagingly written book by Thurman Wilkins.

At issue was the status of the fledgling Cherokee republic vis à vis the federal government and the state of Georgia. The Compact of 1802, by which Georgia ceded her western territories to form the states of Alabama and Mississippi, also provided that the federal government should extinguish as soon as feasible Indian title to lands within the projected new boundaries of Georgia.

The popular and politically expeditious image of the Indians as nomadic hunters (having therefore less natural claim to the soil than cultivators) led to a program, nurtured by Jefferson and his successors, to "civilize" the Cherokee by transforming them into a nation of farmers. The assumption was that as settled agriculturalists, the Cherokee could afford to give up much of their extensive hunting territories to land-hungry whites. (That the Cherokee economy had long been based on maize-growing, and that game resources had been irrevocably depleted by white encroachment and by the ecologically disastrous deerskin trade of the previous century, were facts largely ignored.) These "social experiments" brought missionaries, schools, artisans, and white agricultural techniques to the Cherokee, and demonstrated all too successfully that the Indian could indeed rapidly shed his benighted barbarism and bask in the refined light of civilization. In 1830 the avaricious Georgia border settlers, their appetite whetted by the prosperous Cherokee farmsteads and by the discovery of gold on Indian land (it didn't pan out), unconstitutionally extended their dominion over the Cherokee Nation through enactment of a series of repressive laws designed to immobilize the Cherokee government and force the Indians to move west of the Mississippi.

Major Ridge was a nearly full-blooded Cherokee who had fought with distinction in wars against the whites, and later on the side of Andrew Jackson against the Red Stick Creeks. Through his encouragement of education and of rationalizing the Cherokee system of government, as well as by his example as a successful planter and businessman, he was an influential voice for progress during the brief Cherokee renaissance. His son, John, and nephew, Elias Boudinot, were carefully groomed for future leadership in the Nation by receiving quality educations from local missionaries and at a mission school in Cornwall, Connecticut, where they caused a local scandal by wooing and eventually marrying two of the town belles. The young men rapidly rose to prominence in Cherokee affairs. Boudinot became the editor of the new bilingual national newspaper, and John Ridge served as an emissary to the Creeks and later on several important diplomatic delegations to Washington to press Cherokee claims.

By 1832 the Ridges and Boudinot, in the face of increasing pressure from Georgia and the unswerving determination of President Jackson to move the Cherokee west, began to sense the hopelessness of their situation and to try to explore the best possible terms for the inevitable displacement. Their call for emigration was met with stiff resistance by Principal Chief John Ross and the majority of the Nation, who felt a religious attachment to the land of their ancestors and feared the West, which in their tradition was associated with death and destruction. In 1835 a removal treaty was signed by members of the Ridge faction, and, after being ratified in the Senate by a margin of one vote, was ruled binding on the rest of the Nation. Through legal maneuvering Ross stalled off its implementation until 1838, but then recalcitrant Cherokee were rounded up by troops under General Winfield Scott and sent on their sorrowful trek westward.

Unlike almost everyone else who has written of these events, Wilkins tells the story from the point of view of the Treaty faction. He sets forth convincing evidence that members of the Treaty party acted from courageous, altruistic conviction rather than narrow self-interest, and tried to plot a course of salvation for their people. Undoubtedly they miscalculated the resoluteness of Ross and the Cherokee majority. If the Ridge faction hadn't lent its weight to the Treaty the course of Cherokee history might have been altered. Or perhaps not. Historiography is only slightly better at postmortems than it is at prediction.

The real protagonist in this tragedy may have been "civilization" as promulgated by white society. Its seductive appeal exposed the Cherokee people to a process of uneven acculturation whereby an aristocratic élite emerged to dictate against the consensus of their tribal brethren. Unfortunately, that bloody June day in 1839 did not represent the final act of the Cherokee tragedy. Events taking place among the Oklahoma Cherokee today are but later episodes in the continuing drama whose genesis is explored so well in this book. It is a tribute to Mr. Wilkins's astute presentation that alternative interpretations are possible.

Raymond D. Fogelson, an associate professor of anthropology at the University of Chicago, has studied the Cherokee in the field.

Conrad Aiken
Collected Poems 1916-1970

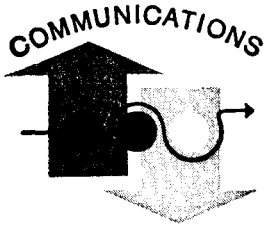
$15.00 at all bookstores
OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

"COLLECTED POEMS 1916-1970 amounts to the full testament. Praising this or any work for ripeness is, admittedly, a risky game for the unripe. Yet it seems clear to this reader —not exactly a kid—that the most valuable poems by Conrad Aiken testify unequivocally to the dependence of comprehensive human knowledge on meditated experience . . . The result is a gift beyond pricing: an image of true attainment (music as wisdom, wisdom as music), life carved to a pointed end."
—BENJAMIN DEMOTT, *Saturday Review*

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 f, cocktail; 2p, corn; 3h, cabbages; 4k, goose; 5i, duck; 6n, grapes; 7 j or m, cakes and ale, or bread and wine; 8 l, rye; 9d, honey; 10 o, lamb; 11c, cream; 12b, egg; 13e, Manhattan; 14a, tea; 15g, apple; 16 m or j (see 7).

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Communications Editor:
RICHARD L. TOBIN

SR Communications

51 Editorial by Richard L. Tobin

52 Letters to the Communications Editor

54 What Is Black and White and the Tenth Largest Industry in the Country? by Stuart W. Little

56 The Changing American Newsboy by John Tebbel

58 The Black Reporter and His Problems by M. L. Stein

61 Books in Communications: Heavyweight Stone by Stuart W. Little

From Penny Press to Premium Press

A few weeks ago the American Newspaper Publishers Association issued its annual survey of single-copy prices of daily newspapers in North America. The outstanding trend is to the 15-cent newspaper. Exactly ten years ago this same ANPA survey found only three American newspapers charging 15 cents per single copy. In fact, as recently as 1967, when a Gallup poll showed that 79 per cent of persons questioned were willing to pay 15 cents for their daily paper, only four papers were selling for 15 cents per copy. Indeed, in 1969 only nineteen papers sold for 15 cents; in a single year this number has jumped to 146.

In the past five years the most common price of a daily paper, single copy, has been 10 cents. But the 10-cent price peaked in 1969 when 1,680 of the 1,862 daily papers surveyed charged a dime. By the end of 1970 this number had dropped to 1,606. Incidentally, there are only fifty dailies left that charge a nickel per copy, whereas a decade ago 832 papers sold for 5 cents each. One paper in Illinois still sells for 4 cents and a scattered few for 6, 7, 8, and 12 cents. One hardy proprietor in Connecticut charges 13 cents. Five papers, four of them in New York State, charge 20 cents, and one, also in New York State, a quarter per copy.

The ANPA survey also shows a distinct trend toward the 25-cent Sunday paper. In 1960, only sixteen Sunday papers sold for a quarter or more, out of 551 published. Now 163 Sunday editions charge a quarter, thirty charge 30 cents, thirty-five charge 35 cents, three 40 cents, and four half a dollar. By the way, whereas the grand total of daily papers surveyed in 1970 has fallen to 1,854, because of consolidation and business failure, the number of Sunday papers reached an all-time high of 583. All of the above statistics are based on street sale prices in the United States, Canada, the Bahamas, Puerto Rico, and the Virgin Islands.

Well, enough statistics. The point is clearly made: The principle of the penny press, as basic to American tradition as log cabins and apple pie, has vanished completely from the American way of life, and in its place is growing an ever more expensive and exclusive press at premium prices and, presumably, with fewer eventual daily buyers. So far this decline in readers has not taken place. The total circulation of the daily press in this country reached an all-time high of sixty-five million last year, despite the ever growing mass of Americans who get their news entirely from radio and television. But it must follow as the night the day that if the daily press continues to raise its per-copy price, a point will rather quickly be reached when those of lower income will come to depend entirely on electronic headlines, free, at least to them. How many Americans will be willing to pay a quarter or half a dollar for each day's newspaper? The number has to be diminishing. Thus ends an American tradition, so fundamental that without the cheap daily paper there would have been no way of making early U.S. democracy work at all.

The penny paper first appeared in quantity in the United States in the 1830s and '40s. There were 1,200 penny newspapers by 1833 and 3,000 by 1860, many times as many in the U.S. as in England or France. Frank Luther Mott in *American Journalism* says of the penny paper that "when aided by the new speed in communication furnished by a rapidly advancing mechanical age it produced nothing less than a revolution in news." Among these mechanical changes in the early 1800s were new, fast, steam-driven presses,

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

all part of the industrial revolution that made the cheap newspaper possible—and democracy with it.

The first truly successful penny newspaper was the New York *Sun*, whose type page measured about 7½ x 10 inches. The type was small, the paper neat, the news concisely stated. The *Sun* was fresh, even flippant, in style, and, according to Dr. Mott, its emphasis on local, human interest, and often sensational news immediately caught the town's fancy, particularly the popular police court report, first of its kind. Appearing the morning of September 3, 1833, and consisting of four pages of three columns each, the *Sun* sold for one cent, and its circula-

tion went from 2,000 to 5,000 in less than four months. It was not all scandal and human interest, however; it printed President Jackson's message to Congress on December 5, 1833. Within a year its circulation was 30,000, and it was making money at the rate of $20,000 a year net, a fantastic sum in those days, especially at a penny per copy.

What the miracle of the penny press meant to the struggling American democracy is beyond calculation at this point. Out of it came the beginnings of the Associated Press, worldwide news coverage incalculably important to the masses' awareness of news local and abroad. The penny press remained an American tradition. As late as the 1930s *The New York Times* and *Herald Tribune* sold for only 2 cents each. But the trend toward the 15-to-25-cent paper ends that era and creates a vacuum into which radio news has already fallen as the basic means of communication in the great American democracy. Only the form of mass daily communication changes; its purpose and value do not. —R. L. T.

The Truth Will Emerge

"The theory of a free press is that the truth will emerge from free reporting and free discussion, not that it will be presented perfectly and instantly in any one account."

—Walter Lippmann.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Warmth, Charm, and the Weekly

Congratulations to M. L. Stein for "The News from Milford" [*SR*, Jan. 9]. His article has warmth and charm, and plenty of revelations about successful small-town journalism. Its subtle humor is enjoyable. M. L. S. is to be commended for his thoroughness in picking up significant data.

Carl G. Miller,
Spokane, Wash.

The news from Milford about Bill Rotch was as refreshing as a New England dawn to those of us who try to match his competence in journalism, a hard task indeed. "Ol' Granite Puss" Rotch certainly does possess "an urbane, barbed wit," but those of us on the receiving end enjoy every word of it. Author Stein has caught the decency, integrity, and a little bit of the warmth of Bill and his wife, and made a fine day for me and my staff in his attempt to "capture" these unique individuals.

William F. Wright, Jr.,
Publisher, Sanford *Tribune*,
Sanford, Me.

Fifty Years of Radio

Needless to say, those of us at Group W (Westinghouse Broadcasting Company) read with special interest R.L.T.'s fine editorial "The Second Half Century of Radio" [*SR*, Jan. 9]. Even though the statement itself seems somewhat shocking, it is quite true that "KDKA changed journalism forever. . . ." We are exceedingly proud that Westinghouse was able to play such a substantial part in the development of broadcasting, as the editorial pointed out in its references to KDKA, WBZ, and WJZ.

Quentin Kelly,
Director of Information Services,
Westinghouse Broadcasting
Company, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

R.L.T.'s editorial on radio's second half century brings some mixed emotions. As a Harvard Blue Book, it would get an A+, I am sure. But I think he is going out on a limb when he writes "the most important of all media of communication as we approach the twenty-first century." Yes, we honor radio and its multifarious workers who have contributed to the first half century. But let us not forget the newspapers, large and small, that have given of their minds, their money, and their muscle to make this country great and glorious.

Let's call a partial roll of those previous souls who made great contributions to this land we love: James Gordon Bennett, Arthur Brisbane, Horace Greeley, William Randolph Hearst, William Allen White, Joseph Pulitzer, E. W. Scripps, Adolph S. Ochs, Joe Patterson, and Bertie McCormick (who founded the New York *News* in our era), and countless others. And when it comes to sports, tell me one who measures up to Ring Lardner and Grantland Rice, a pair that could take any hand. Right?

Now add the cooking pages, the financial pages, the book reviews, the travel news, and countless other ideas to serve the reader because the reader was always Mr. First. Then add the columnists, and among the first was one John W. Raper of the Scripps organization, who wrote a column entitled "Most Anything." Not only did he have facts and gossip, but he wore the robe of a philosopher, known as Josh Wise. For instance, as his good friend Amos Parrish reports in a book published a quarter of a century ago, here is Josh Wise at his best:

- "What this country needs is more open minds and fewer open mouths."
- "The proof of the pudding is in the demand for it."
- "The bull's-eye is the last part of the target to wear out."

Ernest Hoftyzer,
Marion, Mass.

R.L.T.'s editorial on the growing vitality of radio was well done and struck the right balance between celebrating radio's antiquities and pointing to the success radio is currently enjoying. In particular, I enjoyed the reference to the radio set made with wire around a Quaker Oats box. It may be of interest to *SR* readers to know that there are a considerable number of people, some quite young, who collect old radios and at least one antique dealer in Mahopac, New York, specializes in radios of the past. If R.L.T. still has his Quaker Oats radio, it may be a collector's item.

Despite the excellence of his report on radio, it would be well to clarify one fact. Seventy-seven per cent of the American public listens to the radio daily, and in the course of an average week almost 95 per cent listens. The average amount of time listeners spend with radio in all places, incidentally, is two hours and thirty-one minutes daily. As was pointed out, radio is the "most pervasive" among media; I just wanted to make sure that *SR* readers had some sense of the extent of its pervasiveness. For perspective, compare the two hours and thirty-one minutes people spend per day listening to radio with the equivalent figure for newspapers, which is thirty-seven minutes. And TV's per person figure of three hours and forty-five minutes daily isn't as high in relation to radio's, as is popularly supposed.

Miles David,
Radio Advertising Bureau, Inc.,
New York, N.Y.

"Of Course Mr. Cronkite Cares!"

In his article "It *Is* Your Business, Mr. Cronkite" [*SR*, Jan. 9], Associate Professor Irving E. Fang of the University of Minnesota's School of Journalism and Mass Communication quotes Walter Cron-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kite as saying in his Sigma Delta Chi speech, "I don't think it is any of our business what the moral, political, social, or economic effect of our reporting is." Mr. Cronkite also said, "I suggest we concentrate on doing our job of telling it like it is." He was explaining the function of a free press.

Dr. Fang says, "I disagree with Mr. Cronkite. It *is* the journalist's concern to consider the consequences of his work, just as it is the physician's, the attorney's, the minister's, the professor's, and indeed every professional man's concern." Such language is misleading. Of course Mr. Cronkite cares! As a former *CBS News* editor, I know he cares about the accuracy and the significance of what he reports. He was saying in his speech that regardless of the consequences, regardless of effect, newsmen should not be deterred from their proper role, which is reporting. He was talking about, and defending, the public's right to know. What matters, above all, in a democracy is this public knowledge. If there had been more like-it-is reporting from Vietnam in 1964 and 1965—and damn the consequences—we might not be in the predicament we are in today.

EDWARD BLISS, JR.,
Department of Communication,
The American University,
Washington, D.C.

THE RECENT ARTICLE by Walter Cronkite is tremendously enlightening. We must be grateful for such newscasters. His article should be reprinted in all our daily newspapers to alert the American people to the value of our free press.

W. F. UNRUH,
North Newton, Kan.

DR. FANG'S short article seems to say essentially the same thing as Walter Cronkite's comment, "I don't think it is any of our business what the moral, political, social, or economic effect of our reporting is." Both men state the essential, that beneath any story must lie the credentials of a responsible journalist. Mr. Cronkite in speaking to an SDX audience may have felt the principle so basic as not to require elaboration. Professor Fang's milieu of motivated students may indeed require constant reinforcement of responsibility as an absolute.

A lack of experience-oriented and reinforced responsibility may increase the dangers inherent in advocative journalism, a danger already pointed out by the statistics Fang quotes concerning media believability. I do not mean to suggest his article condones this practice, but I do suggest that the position taken by Cronkite is more defensible. The UNESCO-sponsored symposium—held this past summer in Paris—decided responsibility was the key in the reporting of violence. The report states the mass media cannot be considered a root cause of violence, but they have a responsibility not to add to the violence. No professional journalist could quarrel with that.

WILLIAM H. HADLEY, JR.,
Senior Communications Program Officer,
Governmental Affairs Institute,
Washington, D.C.

AFTER READING Dr. Fang's thoughts on broadcast news, I should like to say a few words in defense of Walter Cronkite. For Dr. Fang to quote Mr. Cronkite out of context as an opening for his prejudicial statement strikes me as grossly unfair. Or if it is truly a response to Cronkite's article, it demonstrates a serious lack of understanding of the man and the long struggle for excellence in the *CBS News* tradition to which Walter Cronkite is heir. (Cf. Kendrick's *Prime Time*; Friendly's *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control.*) But, unfortunately, the errors and misunderstanding go deeper than that.

Dr. Fang begins with the assumption that our democracy operates in accordance with "libertarian ideals." There is hardly unanimous agreement among political scientists on that point; on the contrary, there is growing awareness of *lip service to libertarian ideals*, while socio-economic elitism determines the operating rules of our society. This is hardly the same thing, and, as Warren Breed pointed out fifteen years ago, this is the perennial cause of a dramatic tension in the newsroom.

Dr. Fang goes on to quote from "the censored societies" on the Left (Lenin) and the Right (Franco). In the interest of completeness, may I quote from Chet Huntley "of our democracy":

> We in the calling of journalism have hesitated to talk about our problems in Chicago . . . but the hostility toward any kind of criticism, and the fear of telling how it is, has become too much and it becomes our duty to speak out. . . . The significant part of all this is the undeniable manner in which Chicago police are going out of their way to injure newsmen and prevent them from filming or gathering information on what is going on. The news profession in this city is now under assault by the Chicago police. (The Walker Commission: *Rights in Conflict*, 1968)

No loyal American is proud of that spectacle. The point is, the democratic press was seriously hampered in its efforts "to tell it like it is"—and when the press did, it earned the deep contempt (cognitive dissonance) of Mayor Daley and most of America's Great Silent Majority. It might further be noted that Vice President Agnew's Des Moines speech was prompted precisely because Ambassador W. Averell Harriman and several well-informed news analysts "told it like it was." As Mr. Cronkite knows well, responsible reporting can be a thankless task.

Finally, Dr. Fang calls for more "sensitive research" by "qualified" journalists. That is easier suggested than done. Academicians have yet to agree on their own research rules. The freewheeling communications analysis of Marshall McLuhan is anathema to systematic researchers and theorists, while his disciples return the antipathy in kind. It is not clear from Dr. Fang's critique that communications professors know what broadcast news is all about. Most certainly it is more than merely "telling it like it is" within the arbitrary standards of social good taste.

Though Mr. Cronkite is one of our best-known alumni, I have never met him and do not watch his newscasts with regularity. But it should seem clear even to the occasional viewer that his deep sensitivity to the human struggle, his dedication to responsible news reporting, and his unending efforts to reconcile these oft-conflicting goals are beyond question. For the overlords of academe to fail to recognize these efforts does small credit to their profession and is perhaps eloquent

(*Continued on page* 62)

"Wouldn't you know it! There's a shortage of men here, too."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHAT IS BLACK AND WHITE AND THE TENTH LARGEST INDUSTRY IN THE COUNTRY?

by STUART W. LITTLE

If within the last few years one lived in a large city and suffered the loss through death of one's favorite newspaper, one would tend to take a bleak and wintry view of the health of the newspaper industry. True, great newspapers have died amid conditions of general business prosperity. True, postwar consolidations have been effected in numerous cities across the land. True, New York City has undergone a bruising publishing shakeout that has reduced its field of seven papers in the 1950s to three in the 1970s. True, the loss of one's own newspaper is cause for tears. False, that the newspaper industry is in trouble.

The precise opposite is so, as figure after figure and chart after chart make abundantly clear in a crisp new industry analysis entitled *Economic Trends in the Daily Newspaper Business 1946 to 1970* just put out by the Bureau of Business Research and Service of the University of Wisconsin. A staff headed by Professor Jon G. Udell has uncovered many statistics that testify to the economic well-being of the fourth estate. These statistics may come as a surprise to the general student of the press if not to the American Newspaper Publishers Association, which sponsored the study and which may have suspected the good news all along.

Even the publishers, however, might not have dared rank their industry, as these figures do, with automobiles, meat products, and drugs and medicines. In the value of its shipments, Professor Udell places the newspaper business tenth among U.S. industries. On the Federal Reserve Board's Index of Industrial Production—specifically including defense expenditures—the physical production of newspapers takes up 1.53 per cent. In terms of all other indices of muscle and brawn—such as employment, consumption of newsprint, and advertising revenue—newspapers occupy a very high place, not just in communications but in the total economy of the country.

Take advertising. In the twenty-four-year period between 1946 and 1969 the volume of newspaper advertising has increased fivefold. This betters the rate of the Gross National Product, which increased 4.4 times in the same period. A total of $5.8-billion went into newspaper advertising in 1969. Among the major media, television was next with $3.6-billion, direct mail with $2.7-billion, and magazines with $1.4-billion.

On a share basis, newspapers took nearly 30 per cent, television 18 per cent, and magazines and radio were neck and neck with 7 and 6.5 per cent respectively. Newspaper advertising revenues are divided one-sixth nationally, and five-sixths locally, reflecting the commanding position newspapers hold as shopping guides in the retail consumer field.

Consider jobs. Since 1947, employment in the newspaper industry has increased by 50 per cent. During the same period, the national employment index went up 37.5 per cent. In 1947, there were 248,500 employed on newspapers as compared to 373,000 today, and that figure excludes numerous additional persons in the supporting newsprint, printing press, computer, and other service industries. The only measurable annual decline in the total of newspaper employment came in 1958, and that was slight.

There are some curious and seemingly contradictory statistics to go along with this generally robust physical health report. Curiously, since the Second World War there has been practically zero growth in the number of daily newspapers. The explanation for this counter-statistic, combined with a circulation gain that has not really kept pace with population, goes deeply into the sociological changes that have come about in the last twenty to twenty-five years and that are tied to shifts in population. Let us look first at this seemingly negative side of the Wisconsin report.

In 1946, the number of daily newspapers in the United States was 1,763. Twenty-three years later, on January 1, 1970, the number was 1,761—a loss of two. In this outwardly static history there was considerable internal ebb and flow. For example, in 1969 twenty-eight new daily newspapers were added to the total. On the debit side, eleven suspended publication, five merged, and four changed from daily operations to weekly or semiweekly. The net gain for the year was eight dailies.

Daily circulation in 1946 was less than fifty-one million. By 1969 it had climbed to sixty-two million. This increase of 22 per cent, however, did not match population expansion. And yet this figure, as the report states, is not all that meaningful when one considers the huge crop of postwar babies swelling the nation's ranks but still to mature into newspaper readers. Within the twenty-one-to-sixty-five age group in which newspaper readers are found, the growth figure compares very favorably with the population expansion of 25 per cent.

A whole set of partly interlocked circumstances help explain why circulation growth has been somewhat retarded in the past couple of decades. As newspapers have grown thicker, the reader has found less time to comb through two newspapers every day. Multiple newspaper readership has fallen off. The habit of television viewing has eaten into newspaper time. The rising standard of living that has helped fatten the papers has diverted people into active recreational pursuits—from reading about sports into participation. But, more significantly, newspaper habits are rooted in the sociogeographic upheavals in metropolitan areas. Multiple newspaper readership, so much a part of big-city life, suffered when people began moving into the suburbs. Deterioration of the central city has discouraged pedestrian traffic and hurt the kind of newsstand trade the big dailies thrived on. Price increases traceable to rising costs of labor and newsprint—the principal ingredients in the newspaper product—have discouraged the man who used to buy two or more papers daily.

The population shift, too, has favored the growth and development of the small-city, town, and suburban newspaper. Prosperity has expanded the scope and coverage to the point where the suburban paper is marginally competitive with the metropolitan daily. Suburban shopping centers have pulled buyers out of downtown stores and drawn advertising away from

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

metropolitan papers. This, too, has diluted the multiple readership of newspapers.

The big growth has come in the smaller towns. In every year since 1955, capital expenditures by U.S. newspapers have exceeded $100-million. In 1947, investment in new plants and equipment came to $82-million. In 1966, investment amounted to $228-million—a gain of 178 per cent—and the rate is still going up.

Much of this money, probably the greater part of it, has gone into the front-desk-to-pressroom retooling of the small-city daily. Town after town today boasts modernized plants of a splendor and sophistication that astound visitors from big-city newspapers. All such plants stand as a reproach to the antiquated factories in which the metropolitan dailies still struggle creakingly into print, victims of a nineteenth-century technology to which they are sentenced apparently for life by reactionary craft unions.

One such small-city daily I happen to be familiar with opened its doors six months ago in a brand-new building to reveal a city room with wall-to-wall carpeting and paintings by local artists exhibited on the walls. Below street level, in a pressroom painted white and deck gray, stands a canary-yellow press in a setting as vivid as the cosmetics counter of a department store. The whole area is so antiseptically clean that one expects in the place of the traditional paper-capped pressmen in their ink-stained aprons to see white-coated doctors in attendance. The Auburn *Citizen-Advertiser* in upstate New York, which has been published by the Osborne family for three generations, recently decided to abandon its four-story, pre-World War I headquarters in downtown Auburn for a sleek, one-story building directly across the street. Almost everything old was left behind, including, of course, the ancient four-deck, semicylindrical Hoe press standing in the ground-floor plate-glass window, a wonder of the early 1900s that had served the paper well through the decades. The 1905 newspaper plant has become an instant museum, like the empty opera house of an abandoned Western mining town. Only the publisher's broad wooden desk, some memorabilia, and odds and ends of furnishings were moved across the street when the new low building went up behind its walls of precast concrete panels. The new plant was put up at a cost of $1.1-million. Everything is new—the perforators that convert wire-service stories into tape; the photocomposition machines that do away with hot metal and transform the composing room from a clanking factory into a dustless studio; and the brightly colored five-unit Gauss Urbanite web-fed offset press that can run off forty-page papers for the *Citizen-Advertiser*'s 17,000 circulation in a fraction of the time the sixty-five-year-old Hoe once took.

The modernization of the small-town newspaper dramatizes a striking difference between the newspaper industry and most others since the Second World War. While other industries have advanced with larger firms swallowing up the smaller and weaker, in the newspaper industry the stability and growth of the small and weak have been at the expense of the strong. Based on newsprint consumption, here is the pattern of growth in cities of various sizes in the Wisconsin report:

Population	Percentage of Increase
one million or more	41.3
500,000 to one million	50.1
250,000 to 500,000	60.8
100,000 to 250,000	62.3
less than 100,000	93.2

In plain English, the smaller the city the greater the growth. The index of newsprint consumption is the most significant measure of newspaper growth, according to the Wisconsin report. Here is the real explanation of the paradox of an almost zero growth in the number of daily newspapers in the midst of overall industry expansion. Newspapers have grown fatter if not more numerous, extending their news coverage and increasing their advertising linage, and, by doing so, consolidating their useful position in the community for the eventual improvement of circulation. The index of newsprint consumption reflects both increases in content—editorial and advertising—and in circulation. Newsprint consumption increased from 4.3-million tons in 1946 to more than 9.7-million tons in 1969, for a growth of 127 per cent. And in latter years, efficiency measures—reducing roll width and trim, shrinking margins, ensuring fewer tears and breaks—have enabled less newsprint to produce more papers. Consumption greatly exceeded the growth of the population for the same years.

The Wisconsin report finds the outlook even brighter for the next decade and a half, with newspaper circulation expanding as the postwar baby crop matures into newspaper-consuming households. The household, after all, is the "primary consuming unit" of the daily newspaper. In the next ten years, the number of households is expected to increase by fourteen million to a total of 77.3 million. By 1985, a further anticipated expansion of 7.1 million will bring the total to 84.4 million. In this same period, although there was no such increase in the 1960s, there will be an expansion in the thirty-five-to-fifty-year readership band that includes the highest proportion of daily readers of newspapers.

In years to come, better means of rapid transit in cities may once again favor the metropolitan dailies. Circulation should grow since newspapers have already weathered the considerable disruptions and adjustments of the past twenty years. No longer a boundingly exuberant adolescent, television will continue to grow but at a less rapid rate. Rising levels of education, shorter working hours, higher incomes—these factors the Wisconsin report sees as the possible means of continuing and broadening the advance, and even of turning the trend back into multiple-newspaper readership.

Bolstering this individual growth, naturally, should be an expansion of advertising, for the Wisconsin people foresee no lessening in the consumption needs and desires of the anticipated many new households to be established by young people. We are presented, therefore, with an industry that is not laggardly in the economy and that, in many ways, has exceeded the rate of the nation's industrial growth; that has weathered changes in society and adjusted to sizable population shifts; that keeps pace with population growth in its readership group; that has absorbed technological improvements from the bottom, as it were; and that has provided, broadly, more jobs than all but four other industries in the United States. Newspapers are reading better than ever.

WIT TWISTER #204

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

"My _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ fees have
not changed through the years,"
That senile practitioner once _ _
_ _ _ _ _ _ with delight.
I rose to _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _,
although nearly in tears,
"Your _ _ _ _ _ _ _ _ points
have all moved to the right!"

—WALTER L. JONES,
Salisbury, Md

(*Answer on page* 62)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE CHANGING AMERICAN NEWSBOY

by JOHN TEBBEL

—*N.Y. Public Library*

Al Smith started as a newsboy.

Rumors have been going around that the American newsboy is in deep trouble and in fact may be disappearing. It is a prospect calculated to shake the foundations of the republic, already under considerable stress. The effect would be, roughly, to take the apple out of pie and the mom out of mother, not to mention changing the colors of the flag to red, white, and pink.

An examination of the sturdy little fellow shows that his vanishing is likely to be a prolonged affair, much like that of the Cheshire cat. He is disappearing slowly amid contradictory indications that his numbers are increasing and recruiting literature designed to show that he is well and flourishing. But the worm is in the apple. The newsboy is beset by serious problems, some of which could very likely be fatal, and in the end future technology may change him beyond recognition if it doesn't wipe him out entirely.

It is not easy to find out what is happening to newsboys because no statistics are kept on a national scale. Cyrus H. Favor, general manager of the International Circulation Managers Association (ICMA), a veteran figure in the field, believes there are more than a million newsboys operating in the United States and Canada. They are dying out in many cities but doing better in the suburbs, where the real circulation growth is taking place these days. They also are easier to find for evening papers than for morning papers.

On the surface, the newsboy appears to be what he has been for a hundred years or more in American life, one of the most familiar figures on the national landscape as he bicycles or walks his route, throwing his paper on front porches and collecting for his work once a week. In both these activities he is constantly involved with his customers, who are always full of complaints about his aim and who often treat his collection efforts with careless indifference or outright cheating.

Newsboys date back to the beginning of journalism in this country, but the urban prototypes may have been the young Irish boys who hawked James Gordon Bennett's New York *Herald* as it emerged from his Wall Street cellar in 1835. They were not enshrined as a national institution, however, until after the Civil War, when hundreds of ex-drummer boys and youngsters who had lied about their age were mustered out of the Army, many finding themselves in the exciting precincts of growing, already frenetic New York. They were small-town boys who had tasted the world and could not bring themselves to return to Maple Avenue and Main Street and the Sunday school social. To support themselves in New York and sample its delights, they became bootblacks and newsboys—especially newsboys.

A small, mild, mustachioed, sentimental man named Horatio Alger, Jr., found them fascinating, and listened to their stories while he lived with them for a time in the Newsboys' Lodging House on Fulton Street, which Charles Loring Brace had founded in 1853. Alger, among his numerous other eccentricities, insisted on playing the bass drum in the house band. He wrote his best book, *Ragged Dick*, about the newsboys, and *Fame and Fortune*, the volume that followed it, was written while he was living at the house with its superintendent, Charles O'Connor, who became his best friend.

Whatever else Alger's books about New York life may have been, they were accurate pictures of the urban newsboy, and they made him a familiar figure. Later, in his small-town transformation, the newsboy became a kind of "little merchant," and this image endures today. The urban prototype hawked papers on the streets, and in the largest cities during this century his function was gradually taken over by mechanized distribution systems.

Cyrus Favor estimates that eight out of ten Americans now in their middle years, or older, were newsboys at one time in their youth. Many of them rose to fame and fortune in the pattern Alger established. Those who were literary celebrated their boyhood adventures on the route. One remembers especially Sherwood Anderson in Ohio and Thomas Wolfe, learning about life in the back streets of Asheville, North Carolina. The Newsboy Hall of Fame, which the ICMA sponsors, abounds with familiar names, from Presidents Eisenhower and Hoover and the late Cardinals Cushing and Spellman to Ed Sullivan and John Wayne. Walt

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Disney was a newsboy; so were Jack Dempsey, Jackie Robinson, J. Edgar Hoover, John Glenn, Alan Shepard, Jr., Eddie Rickenbacker, Ralph Bunche, Earl Warren, Bing Crosby, and Bob Hope.

Carrier boys now are not so different from what they have always been—small-town and small-city boys ranging usually from twelve years old to fifteen or sixteen. There are a few adults, centered primarily in retirement areas like St. Petersburg, Florida, where the *Sun* is carried principally by newsboys over sixty-five. Newsgirls are not uncommon in Canada and Britain, but they are rare in the United States—the dangers are too great here. There is at least one blind newsboy, eleven-year-old Mitchell Malone, who carries the Phoenix (Arizona) *Gazette*, identifying the houses by hedges, fences, and the length of the grass, besides sometimes counting his steps as he moves along his thirty-five-customer route.

It is one sign of the times that newsboys now have to be recruited by a variety of soft-sell methods. The ICMA, for example, offers an audio-visual training program in carrier leadership, prepared by the Institute of Carrier Leadership, which employs cassette tapes for beginner training or as a classroom program for people already in service, that is, the adults who are responsible for securing boys and placing them on routes.

Institutional advertising points out that carrier boys are seldom juvenile delinquents, that their work is fine training for the business world, and that this first job is "a start on the route to manhood." Advertising prepared by the American Newspaper Publishers Association strikes a more contemporary note by comparing newsboys with astronauts—the boys "leave the security of the known" (home and family) to "break through to the new and unknown" (the paper route). Twenty-six astronauts were once newsboys, the ANPA notes. Still another approach is a pint-sized color comic book, relating "How Jimmy Gets a Newspaper Route" and starts a spare-time business that "offers the best opportunity to earn money, prizes, trips . . . and learn business management!" Two-and-a-half million of these little books have been distributed by newspapers.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* also addresses a pitch to parents in its recruiting advertising, particularly "to all fathers who once carried newspapers." The paper route, this ad series says, will "teach your son to respect a dollar" and will "bring your son's world a little closer to your own," besides the more practical advantage of helping to pay for soaring college tuition costs.

How does all this foursquare philosophy go over in the Age of Aquarius? Is it rejected out of hand by shaggy, pot-smoking, precociously worldly youth? Not at all. The comic book has been a powerful recruiting agent, and the *Bulletin* had 2,000 applications for routes after its ad series began to run, apparently because it helped fathers influence their sons.

Nevertheless, the carrier-boy business requires use of additional material incentives and provides them in the form of bonuses given to boys as prizes in contests to get new customers. *Parade* magazine, the Sunday supplement, sends nearly 200 boys on a trip to Spain in its "Young Columbus" circulation-building program. The Hearst papers send their young supersalesmen around the world. On a more modest scale, the Detroit *News* offers a trip to Philadelphia, the Rochester (New York) *Times-Union* a three-day visit to Boston, the New Brunswick (New Jersey) *Home News* a chance to see a professional football game, and, at the bottom of the scale, the Baltimore *News American* gives coupons for McDonald's hamburgers, french fries, and milk shakes in return for new orders.

The problem of what carrier boys are paid is what could be called a delicate matter. For one thing, newspapers treat carrier boys as independent contractors, thereby evading the requirements of both wages-and-hours laws and child-labor regulations. Some parents think the little merchants are being jobbed by the big merchants, as a recent survey by the University of Utah's Department of Journalism shows. Eighty-one per cent of parents and carriers termed the rate of pay per subscriber "very low" or "low." A typical carrier in the Salt Lake Valley, the survey shows, earns $45.26 a month for delivering 101 papers every day on a 4.2-mile route—that is, he earns about 84 cents per hour, or 47 cents per subscriber per month.

That figure is low compared with national levels, says the ICMA, which estimates the average as between $10 and $25 a week. Nevertheless, in an affluent society and in an inflationary era, earnings are not as attractive as they used to be. There is a further difficulty in the fact that the newsboys are increasingly reluctant to collect from their customers and want the newspapers to do it.

There may be more resistance to the job from parents than from the boys, however. Some parents in urban areas are reluctant to have their sons deliver morning papers in the early morning hours, particularly on collection days. Others see it as a low-status job: 40 per cent of the parents in the Utah study were not certain whether it gave the boy any dignity or status with his peers. Businessmen fathers, moreover, when they read the carriers' contract, often see it as heavily loaded in the company's favor. Then, too, there is a reluctance on the part of some parents to accept back-up responsibility for the boy's route, when weather or illness makes it impossible for him to carry on alone. Sometimes, Cyrus Favor says, when the parents want to go away for a few days and can't leave their son home to take care of his route, they increase his allowance to compensate for the money he will lose, and he either gives up the route or just doesn't deliver the papers.

Newsboys will unquestionably be making more money before long, as the result of economic pressures, particularly when the price of dailies across the nation climbs to 15 cents uniformly, as has been predicted. But in the recruiting campaigns, earnings are no longer stressed as the real motivation. Parents are approached with the argument that handling a carrier route is a maturing experience and a supervised activity, giving the boy a chance to break away from childhood patterns and begin to establish himself as a young adult. To boys, the job is sold as an opportunity to earn money for hobbies and other activities, with the further inducement of possible prizes, such as trips or college scholarships.

There are those who think that the newsboy may be an answer to high circulation costs in urban areas, where papers are distributed through adult businesses that carry the papers by truck to the apartment houses that line big-city streets. This is an increasingly expensive way to do business, and in the past ten years newspapers in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Chicago have begun to build carrier organizations to cut these costs. There are no carrier boys in Manhattan, but they abound in New York City's other boroughs and in the proliferating suburbs.

Virgil Fassio, circulation director of the Detroit *Free Press*, noted in a recent *Editor & Publisher* article on changing circulation practices that in northern American cities some newspapers have abandoned home delivery in certain areas because of the crime rate and collection problems. These areas are primarily black. But circulation managers cannot write off parts of the city that may contain as much as 40 per cent of its population; so they must find ways of overcoming the dangers and difficulties. This is being done by developing circulation leaders, something the publishers have always neglected—most men get into circula-

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tion by accident, as Fassio points out. The Knight newspapers, of which the *Free Press* is one, have been pioneers and leaders in developing management training programs to train future circulation managers—men who must now, as Fassio says, be administrators, business managers, salesmen, labor relations men, child psychologists, transportation experts, and public relations men in one overworked package.

Many circulation directors agree with Fassio that the newsboy is not going to disappear completely, at least in the Seventies, but that the carrier system is certain to be altered. The widely varying profit structure of the system provides a basic 25 to 30 per cent of the retail price, but a good many newspapers are below this figure and presumably will have to improve their position if they want to maintain the method. When the long-heralded four-day work week becomes a reality in industry and business, which manpower experts believe will occur shortly on a large scale, newspapers are going to have to find ways of reaching readers who may not be home for three days out of the week in good weather. It will also put a further strain on the delivery boy system. Boys who are expected to deliver seven days a week will have increasing difficulty dealing with both parents and readers operating on a different schedule.

Still another problem is soliciting subscriptions inside apartment buildings. New sales techniques will have to supplement whatever the carrier boys are able to do. Some newspapers are using telephone solicitation successfully; others are developing different sales methods.

Newspapers are also enjoying (and suffering from) a growth in their physical size, particularly on Sundays, and some experts (Fassio among them) think that it may be necessary to have two carrier boy organizations, one that delivers the regular paper and another to carry special advertising sections. The Los Angeles *Sunday Times* is already so large that it has to be delivered in two trips.

Over the whole circulation problem looms the prospect of what is now commonly referred to as "the little black box." Oldtimers in the business assert they are not frightened by it, but the technologists are certain that it is only a question of time before the mechanics of distributing newspapers will be revolutionized by electronic techniques that will bring them into homes on screens from which printouts can be made of pages the viewer wants to read in detail or keep. It is not a question so much of whether this will happen, as when.

THE BLACK REPORTER AND HIS PROBLEMS

by M. L. STEIN

Black reporters on daily newspapers are deeply frustrated as the result of a conflict between their conception of their role and the traditional journalistic values to which they are expected to conform. They also are disturbed over what they consider tokenism and bias *inside* the newsroom as well as in hiring practices. After talking to several black journalists and white editors, I am convinced that some kind of understanding by the two groups is necessary to prevent a bad situation from becoming worse.

This is not to suggest that blacks are being employed in large numbers for news jobs. The opposite is true. Dr. Edward J. Trayes, associate professor of communications at Temple University, found in a recent survey that black participation on daily newspaper staffs was at an "extremely low level and quite disproportionate to the growing Negro population throughout America." His findings revealed that of 7,152 news executives, deskmen, reporters, and photographers on 196 dailies of more than 10,000 circulation, 111, or 1.55 per cent, were black. Only five executives (assistant city editor through editor) were Negro. Of the 3,691 reporters represented in the study, eighty-three, or 2.25 per cent, were black. Out of the total number of news personnel, Professor Trayes concluded that only about one in sixty-five was black.

The ratio of blacks to whites in broadcast journalism is even lower. The three major television networks have only five black newscasters among them, and only a handful are reporting for local outlets.

Still, particularly on newspapers, a breakthrough has been achieved in the past four years. For example, as a newsman in San Francisco from 1951 to 1961, I cannot recall a single black reporter or photographer on the city's four dailies during that period, a situation that also existed in many other communities. Currently, the San Francisco *Examiner* has its own training program for black reporters, a sprinkling of whom are working for the city's news media. But the breakthrough has created its own problem for some black newsmen and women. They say they were hired during a time of racial rioting and are being largely ignored by editors now that the strife has waned.

"Many black reporters throughout the country are undergoing a severe crisis because they were brought in during a crisis period," said Charlayne Hunter, a black reporter for *The New York Times*. "They were assigned to get into the ghetto areas during the trouble, and now that riots have spent themselves the need to utilize them is not as great. Some are just sitting around newspaper city rooms."

Miss Hunter's charge was endorsed by other black newsmen in New York City, Washington, and Chicago. They complained that they were not developing as newsmen because of the lack of good writing assignments. Many resented doing leg work for stories that are written by white reporters.

There are, of course, outstanding exceptions. Miss Hunter and Thomas A. Johnson, of the *Times*; William Raspberry, of the Washington *Post*; L. F. Palmer, Jr., and Betty Washington, of the Chicago *Daily News*, and a few other black journalists are covering major stories or writing columns. Miss Hunter, who runs a recently created Harlem news bureau for the *Times*, said young black reporters feel they are not being given a chance to test their capabilities. "They get little direction or guidance from the desk," she added. "These reporters are saying, 'You can't treat us special and then not special.' "

The problem is recognized by some newspapers. Henry Stasiuk, managing editor of the Newark (New Jersey) *Star-Ledger*, said that under a new policy "all city-side reporters are on general assignment and no one covers a black beat." He further explained, "If we feel that a particular story can be best covered by a black reporter, we send one, but generally everyone here writes stories and legs them."

Thomas Boardman, editor of the Cleveland *Press*, said the four black journeymen reporters on his staff are

M. L. STEIN is chairman of the Department of Journalism at New York University.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

—*The New York Times*

Charlayne Hunter: "Many black reporters throughout the country are undergoing a severe crisis because they were brought in during a crisis period."

assigned "general duties" and that one is an assistant editor. He noted that the *Press* also has a training program for young blacks recruited from inner-city high schools.

The issue is not always solved by keeping the black reporter busy covering general news. Some black newsmen object to being assigned a "black beat," but others strongly feel that they are best qualified by their black experience to report news with a racial background, an opinion that is not universally accepted by white editors.

L. F. Palmer, Jr., of the Chicago *Daily News*, who is on general assignment and writes a syndicated column expressing a black point of view, believes that the Negro reporter is usually better qualified to report on the black community. "Some blacks," he said, "are more sensitive to the whole black and white conflict than others. My own feeling is that this conflict is the biggest running story of the day, and it's not being adequately or honestly covered. I believe that the black perspective must be presented and only blacks can present it. I simply don't believe that a white reporter can understand all the nuances, all the meanings, behind some stories."

Other black newsmen supported Palmer's view. Richard Prince, of the Washington *Post*, observed: "There's no question that in some situations a black reporter is able to make a better judgment on a story. Besides, many black community leaders specifically ask newspapers to send blacks to cover events in those areas." As an example, Prince cited the memorial service in Washington for Ralph Featherstone, a black militant killed in a bomb explosion. According to Prince, only black reporters were allowed inside the hall where the service was held. "It's just not a black and white issue," he added. "It's also a matter of good journalism practice. The reporter best qualified should cover the story."

Betty Washington, of the Chicago *Daily News*, said, "I prefer to think of myself as a reporter rather than as a black reporter, but I don't run away from stories about blacks. If something happens concerning the Black Panthers, for example, I want to be there. I think in touchy situations like that the black reporter can, in fact, do a better job of coverage than a white reporter."

The notion that only blacks be assigned to black-related news is difficult to accept for a generation of editors raised on the theory that any journeyman reporter should be able to handle any kind of story. Many white editors with black staff members are continuing to assign whites to black-oriented stories despite the resentment of some black reporters. One such boss, Harry M. Rosenfeld, Washington *Post* metropolitan editor, said he felt "uncomfortable" with the demand that only blacks cover the black community.

"I think I understand one of the reasons for this insistence," Rosenfeld continued. "It's a means of encouraging the use of more blacks on daily newspapers, and I'm entirely in agreement with this desire. The big-city papers should be more representative of their communities. But I also believe that a newspaper should tell about the *whole* community. I would be unhappy if I could only assign a black to cover a black story just as I would be unhappy if I had to assign a Jew to a Jewish story or an Italian to an Italian story."

Rosenfeld, whose metropolitan staff includes eight black reporters, pointed out, however, that he and other deskmen make "pragmatic exceptions" to the general assignment rule. "If," he explained, "an editor feels that a black reporter could best cover a particular situation, he will be assigned to it."

A similar policy appears to be in force at the Chicago *Daily News*. Editor Roy M. Fisher said, "We consider that all of our reporters are available to any assignment regardless of race. They do, however, have special advantages in reporting the blacks' side of racial controversy and tend to specialize in the racial and social problems of the inner city."

The New York Times, which has thirteen black reporters and photographers, deploys them on any kind of story, but editors prefer to use them for racial matters "when it appears necessary," according to Managing Editor A. M. Rosenthal. He added that no reporter is restricted in what he can cover and that it is not uncommon for white reporters to cover black stories and blacks to get general news assignments.

Being assigned to a "black beat" is not always an ideal situation for a black reporter. Some encounter hostility from community blacks who have hurled such epithets at the newsmen as "Uncle Tom," "spy," and "sell-out." Then, too, black news sources have been used to dealing with Negro weekly papers and are uneasy and hesitant under the demands of more professional reporters with daily deadlines. A black reporter who frequently covers the ghetto for a New York daily said: "Some black organizations don't even know how to set up a press conference, and they're suspicious of me when I try to help them with it."

The question of assignments inevitably leads to the issue of objectivity, that journalistic byword so buffeted about these days. A number of black journalists feel that objectivity—or even the new term, fairness—is for them an unworkable, if not insulting, concept. One of their most severe conflicts arises from their efforts to be fair and objective, while having little or no faith in the idea. Arguments between white editors and black reporters over objectivity have erupted in more than one newsroom.

Robert A. DeLeon, a black man who, until recently, reported for the Atlanta *Constitution* and *Newsday*, recalled

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his newspaper days with a bitterness echoed by many of his colleagues. "Once involved in the black community," he said, "I found it increasingly difficult to remain in the position of objective observer and soon learned that such attempts were futile. I realized that my biases and subjectivity entered into the picture even before I began reporting a story. Because white papers—and the media in general—traditionally have neglected and, in fact, ignored the black community, editors provided little guidance in the selection of stories in the black community, and the whole process of selection became a personal matter. I had to dismiss the notion of objectivity. In choosing stories I constantly found that I was seeking *good things* that were being done in the black community. I guess I was trying to prove to whites that blacks were human and wanted, basically, to share in the same things as everyone else. For this bias I have never apologized, because white journalists have been doing it all along as it relates to the day-to-day happenings in the white community."

Betty Washington said she strives for fairness in any story she covers "even when I'm emotionally upset about something like a police-Panther shootout. However," she admitted, "my story is bound to be biased to a certain extent. I don't care, because I know how some other stories are written in the paper. Actually, I don't believe that anyone is objective. Newspapers certainly are not objective."

Miss Washington's colleague, L. F. Palmer, agreed, terming objectivity a myth. "I believe in advocacy journalism, particularly for blacks," he asserted. "At the same time, I feel that a reader is in a better position to evaluate a story if the biases of the writer are not hidden. It's when they're concealed that the reader gets taken. If a reader knows that I'm a pro-black writer, which I am, he can more competently deal with what I'm saying."

Nevertheless, many white editors continue to insist on objectivity, except in columns. Thomas Boardman, of the Cleveland *Press*, expressed a common city-room attitude when he stated: "We expect the same objectivity from black reporters as anyone else."

Grievances of black newsmen have led them into forming their own organizations as a means of expression. The first National Conference of Black Newsmedia Workers was held last summer at Lincoln University in Jefferson City, Missouri. Rush Greenlee, a black San Francisco journalist, said the meeting was called because "there is a hunger among black journalists to know who they are, to clarify the role they have been playing and the one they might play in the black liberation struggle."

The dispute will likely simmer for years unless there is some dramatic shift by the newspapers. A growing number of young blacks in journalism schools and elsewhere are even more militant than those now in the media. At a journalism workshop for minority students at New York University last summer, several black youngsters ridiculed the principle of objectivity. Betty Washington said she has talked to inner-city black pupils who want to go into journalism, but seek to do their own kind of writing. "Some of them said that if things don't go their way they'll throw bolts into the presses," she reported.

Whether these young people will be hired at all is another major area of conflict in the minds of black newsmen on Establishment newspapers. They blame editors for the scarcity of black staffers, charging that they are not recruiting hard enough because they're not sincere about wanting more blacks. Black reporters scoffed at the frequently voiced excuse by editors that not enough "qualified" blacks are available. Many believe that the term "qualified" is itself a convenient dodge to limit black employment on newspapers. Bristling at the mention of the word, a black Washington newsman snapped: "I always hear the term 'qualified' applied to black applicants in the media. Are all white applicants qualified? I doubt it, yet I never hear of editors sending out requests for *qualified* white beginners."

Metropolitan daily editors deny the accusation and claim they are honestly seeking more blacks for their editorial departments but can't find them. One reason for this, they say, is that the journalism schools and departments are not turning out enough black majors. True enough. Professor Trayes found that, although the proportion of Negro journalism majors has jumped 50 per cent in the past year, the total number is still very low. Of the 7,440 juniors and seniors majoring in news-editorial or photojournalism sequences at 103 schools, 237, or 3.19 per cent, are black.

L. F. Palmer conceded that journalism schools should be producing more black graduates, but he contended that the newspapers are nevertheless dragging their feet on hiring them. "Take Chicago," Palmer said. "Officials at the four metropolitan daily newspapers report that they employ eight hundred and eleven editorial employees at and above the reporter/photographer rank. Of this number, seventeen are black. This is just two per cent in a city expected to be fifty per cent black by 1980."

For the answer to the problem, one must go deeper than journalism school enrollment or debating arguments. Black enrollment in journalism schools is low because for years journalism was a career virtually closed to blacks. But even now that the opportunities have opened up in the field, the ratio of black journalism majors is still far below what it should be. One reason is that few black youngsters in secondary schools are getting encouragement to study journalism or work in the field. If journalism schools are to increase their black enrollment, a pipeline must be laid to the high schools. This is the responsibility of journalism schools, the news media, black journalists, black community leaders, and high school teachers, counselors, and administrators. More programs are needed, such as the one recently initiated by the Association for Education in Journalism, establishing media internships for black students. The American Newspaper Publishers Association Foundation offers cash scholarships to black journalism students, and other organizations are engaged in similar efforts.

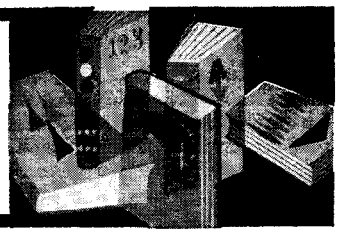
"Most black high school kids have never seen a reporter," said Ernest Johnston, Jr., black reporter for the New York *Post*. "Black journalists should be brought into the classroom. Just their being there will give students a better insight into journalism. There should also be more and better school papers to stimulate the interest of youngsters and develop their skills."

In any case, some black journalists fear that if and when the black students are hired on newspapers they will have a tougher time surviving their probationary period and getting promoted than starting white reporters. Said one black reporter: "The editors don't expect us to be as good. One editor, in fact, told me that he didn't expect too much from me. This is a hell of a way to get into a new job. I've talked this over with other black reporters, and most of them feel that they have to be in training longer than whites. And even then they stand a good chance of being fired."

White editors said *their* big problem is keeping the black reporters they've hired. In recent months, *Newsday*, *The New York Times*, the *Long Island Press*, and the Cleveland *Press*, among other newspapers, have lost black newsmen to public relations or broadcasting. The lure usually has been the same as that for white reporters who took the same route—more money.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books in Communications



Heavyweight Stone

I. F. STONE does not readily fit any of the usual journalistic categories. It is far easier to define him by what he is not. He is not a reporter and he is not a columnist precisely. He is not an editorial writer or a commentator on events in the television sense. He is not a heavy contributor to magazines. He is not exclusively a researcher or an editor. Stone, while none of these things, is a little of all as the do-everything publisher of *I. F. Stone's Bi-Weekly*, the Washington newsletter that he began in 1953 to the dismay of many capital residents. His pre-eminent journalistic quality is independence. He is very much his own man, not a synthesizer of other opinions, a seeker after consensus, a wait-and-see historian.

Stone appears principally in his own bi-weekly and, for more extended pieces, in the *New York Review of Books*. From these two sources he has gathered writings over the past three years into book form in *Polemics and Prophecies 1967-1970* (Random House, $10), taking up more or less from where he left off in a similar collection, *In a Time of Torment*, in 1967. In the new book, however, Stone has zeroed in on his two principal concerns: Vietnam and armament. Indeed, his concentration is monolithic, and while the parade of his facts and figures can become wearying, the drumfire of his arguments carries a certain grandeur. In the earlier collection, there was more range and variety; in this one, Stone's outrage at the ruling tyranny of a pernicious war and the mindlessness of the military-industrial complex dominates the book and overwhelms other themes.

But not entirely. Each piece is individually dated, and the three-year record contains Stone's "Holy War," a dispassionate analysis of the Israeli-Arab conflict that first appeared in the *New York Review* in the aftermath of the Six-Day War. It is painstakingly fair to both sides and is written with a timeliness that helps illuminate the daily exchanges in the present peace talks. There is a strong cutting edge in Stone's analytical style. "A certain moral imbecility," he writes, "marks all ethnocentric movements. The Other are always either less than human, and thus their interests may be ignored, or more than human, and therefore so dangerous that it is right to destroy them. The latter is the underlying pan-Arab attitude toward the Jews; the former is Zionism's basic attitude toward the Arabs."

The book opens with some comparison shopping in a political year along the Republican and Democratic shelves. As always, Stone sees politics tinged with economic determinism. "It is often said," he comments, "that American politics stops at the water's edge; it also stops at the oil well's mouth." In 1968, there was no political figure to whom Stone gave his support, except McCarthy and then only reluctantly. Further in the book there is a fair and reasonable discussion—the outsider coming in and seeing things straight—of New York City's school crisis. And at the end he deals with a series of lesser themes, including campus rebels, the Berrigans, and the People's March on Washington ("the rich have been marching on Washington ever since the beginning of the republic").

But Stone has poured most of his indignation into the separate yet connected pieces on the Vietnam War and the arms race, which he scathingly labels "the socialism of the rich." He saves his sharpest blades to dissect the U. S. military claims and expose them as self-serving propaganda. He details the way we used the Tet truce in the winter of 1967 to move up supplies while accusing the North Vietnamese of violating the truce by doing the same when they were not. When the air raids were stepped up by the Johnson-Rusk-McNamara war management in the spring of 1967 in order to "punish" the North for trying to destroy the political institutions of the South, Stone wrote: "This is the myth that leads to disaster. If this is not a rebellion but a conspiracy and an invasion, why limit the punishment to North Vietnam? Why not hit at the sources in China and Russia? Why not make it painful for the Kremlin?"

Stone tenaciously pursues his themes, exposing the incredible follies committed in the name of military preparedness. He details the history of that loser of a fighting machine, the F-111, and ascribes the assigning of its contract to General Dynamics in preference to Boeing to military-bureaucratic, industrial, and ultimately political considerations. This is how he does the arithmetic of the contract award: "General Dynamics is in Texas, a swing state with twenty-four electoral votes, and its biggest subcontractor on the F-111, Grumman, is in New York with forty-five electoral votes. Boeing would have produced the plane in Kansas with eight votes, which go Republican anyway, and in the state of Washington with nine. Nixon's November 2 pledge shows that any major new plane must show it can fly successfully through the electoral college."

Clearly, any journalist who speaks out as strongly as Stone should be answered, and no doubt the "truth squads" are even now forming in the courtyard of the Pentagon. But they must be prepared to dig for their facts as deeply as Stone obviously has and to research the subject as meticulously, for Stone's analytical reporting goes several levels below daily journalism. How is he able to maintain his pace, one minute hitting the "drunken sailor procurement" habits of the Pentagon, the next setting the record straight on Tonkin Gulf, which he condemns as "crisis-making to support a secretly pre-arranged decision"? By passion and dedication mostly. He must weigh in against some heavy opposition, for he has picked as his targets the successive Chief Executives of this country who have kept the war going in Vietnam and the military-industrial establishment, hideously enlarged to include most of the country—except for that corner of it from which I. F. Stone keeps coming out fighting.

What's Happening Here: It is not particularly easy to read out of context the disconnected brand of counter-journalism that rises vaporously from the underground press. There have been several collections attempted so far, and now *Fire!*, edited by "Paul, Jon, and Charlotte" (Dutton, paperback, $2.95), puts it all together. Without any connecting or explanatory commentary (none is really called for), this anthology—to give it an above-ground word—manages to crowd in the chief events of the various rebellious movements: the beginning of protest in rock music; the People's Park struggle in Berkeley; the disruptions at Columbia, San Francisco State, Cornell, and Harvard; and Women's Liberation. The quality is strange. It is not writing or journalism by any but its own standards. It is more like a series of fast film clips.

—STUART W. LITTLE.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communications Letters

Continued from page 53

and adequate explanation why Mr. Cronkite says he is "tired of . . . educators . . . presuming to tell us what is news or where our responsibilities lie."

LARRY ROEGNER,
Graduate School of Communication,
University of Texas,
Austin, Tex.

WHAT IS Dr. Fang of the University of Minnesota trying to tell us about Walter Cronkite—in 1,500 dull words? Maybe Dr. Fang ought to try broadcasting over a network. He'd soon see how his viewers took to his personal editorializing. He'd be off the air before he could say Minneapolis. And rightly so. Professors of journalism never cease to amaze me with their naïveté. Three cheers for Cronkite!

HENRY J. FRILIGER,
New York, N.Y.

Dropped Digit

IN John Tebbel's article "Libraries in Miniature: A New Era Begins" [*SR*, Jan. 9] there is a mistake in fact. Tebbel writes: "The players cost about $87 each. . . ." The Motorola EVR teleplayers have a list price of $795. For this particular pilot project for libraries, the player is offered at $100 off the list price, or $695. Thus, the cost to each library is $695 for the player *and* $2,653.63 for the 100 EVR titles, for a total of $3,348.63 per package. I say this because some readers might get the idea from Mr. Tebbel's article that "the total cost of the project is $3,350."

The whole article is very important, and we are delighted to see it presented in *SR*.

MRS. JOAN E. CLARK,
Audiovisual Consultant,
University of the State of New York,
State Education Department,
Albany, N.Y.

Home-grown Sunday Supplements

NORMAN HILL'S article "The Last of the Red Hot Supplements" [*SR*, Dec. 12] is a fine hymn to one of the most exciting and creative aspects of today's print journalism. There are those of us who argue that the Sunday magazine is the wave of the future and the one remaining area of major growth potential in an otherwise tired business. It is in this spirit that I call attention to Mr. Hill's final paragraph, in which he says: "For the time being, *Parade*, the only remaining big-city national supplement, and *Family Weekly*, the exclusive Mid-America supplement—for blander or for worse—have inherited the Sunday supplement earth, and their claim to the inheritance is uncontested."

Any such claim is indeed contested. Several weeks ago Project Pegasus got off the ground in Louisville with the first phase of a three-phase operation. The first two phases, in simplest terms, involve syndication of national articles and photographs from the *Courier-Journal & Times Magazine*. The third phase will be the production of a magazine core to be offered to those publishers who can't afford either to found their own locally edited magazines or to improve existing supplements.

With this core would be local material provided by the client's editor. Or, put another way, the Pegasus Project aims to produce the first national Sunday magazine open to local material from local editors. *Parade* and *This Week*, in fact, experimented with this concept in a limited way. The third phase of Project Pegasus will go far beyond those early attempts to regionalize a national product.

GEOFFREY VINCENT,
Sunday Editor, *Courier-Journal & Times*
(President, American Association of
Sunday and Feature Editors),
Louisville, Ky.

In Praise of the Subjunctive

SINCE THE APPEARANCE of R.L.T.'s editorial "In Praise of the Subjunctive" [*SR*, Aug. 8, 1970], I have wanted to write *SR* about the very real existence of the Restore Your Subjunctive Society. I perhaps still would not be writing were it not for the strange conjunction today 1) of reading Richard L. Regosin's particularly rhythmic use of the subjunctive: "The genius of d'Aubigné is that with elements often familiar—be they called biblical or baroque . . ."; and 2) of receiving a letter from a devoted RYSS member from Atlanta, Miss Jean Abt, who allows me to share with *SR* readers the following anecdote: "Yesterday, Mother and I went over to our small fish pond to feed the fish and, with hooks and worms, find out what we were feeding. It was a gray day, and I cautioned Mother about getting cold. 'Do be,' she said, 'and I'll go home.'" The beauty, concision, and honest poetry of the expression (as opposed to "If I do" or some such) need hardly be underlined, and should prod us to *restore our subjunctive*. But should that yet remain insufficient reason for the pragmatists amongst us, I add Miss Abt's quite marvelous comment: "The whole archaism touched me and suggested a possible answer to future unbearables: 'Do be and I'll go home.'"

I am happy to report that the society now has members in Connecticut, Massachusetts, New York, Georgia, France, Togo, and Dahomey. We welcome friends; all you need be is enthusiastic in restoring and sharing your subjunctive.

MAURICE CAGNON,
President,
Restore Your Subjunctive Society,
Department of Romance Languages,
University of Connecticut,
Storrs, Conn.

If the future of a child and his family depended on this coupon wouldn't you fill it out?

When you become a Foster Parent, your contribution of $16 a month can give a child overseas and his family the tools they need to overcome poverty, and help them find a world of hope they've never known before. Please help now.

Foster Parents Plan, Inc. International Headq'trs
352 Park Avenue South • New York, N.Y. 10010

I would like to know more about Foster Parents Plan. Please send me your brochure ☐.

I want to be a Foster Parent for one year or more of a boy ☐ girl ☐ age____country_____. No preference ☐ (This allows us to choose a child on our emergency list). My payment of $16 per month for one year will be made: monthly ☐ quarterly ☐ semi-annually ☐ annually ☐. I enclose my first payment of $_____

I want to be a contributor. I enclose $_____ for the General Fund.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____State_____Zip_____Date_____

Make checks payable to Foster Parents Plan, Inc. Contributions are tax deductible. PLAN operates in Bolivia, Brazil, Colombia, Ecuador, Peru, Indonesia, Korea, the Philippines, and Viet Nam. PLAN is a non-political, non-profit, non-sectarian, independent organization, registered under No. VFA019 with the Advisory Comm. of Voluntary Foreign Aid of the Agency for International Development. SR-2-71

When someone somewhere cares, someone somewhere survives.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 55: medical, claimed, declaim, decimal.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lincoln and Lawlessness

Continued from page 19

what counted most was children and that took for granted that each new generation would be bigger, stronger, brighter, and better educated than its predecessor, could afford to indulge the young. "Permissiveness" is not an invention of Dr. Spock but of the first settlers in America. Today, a people that has lost faith in progress and in the future, and that has lost confidence in the ameliorating influence of education, indulges instead in convulsive counter-attacks upon the young.

A nation with, in Jefferson's glowing words, "land enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation" could indulge itself in reckless exploitation of that land—the mining of natural resources, the destruction of deer and bison and beavers, of the birds in the skies and the fish in the streams, and could even (this was a risky business from the beginning) afford to ignore its fiduciary obligations to coming generations without exciting dangerous resentment. But a nation of more than two hundred million, working through giant corporations and giant governments that ravage, pollute, and destroy on a scale heretofore unimagined, cannot afford such self-indulgence. Nor can it persist in its habit of violating its fiduciary obligations without outraging those who are its legal and moral legatees.

A nation that had more and better land available for its people than any other in history and that, for the first time, equated civilization with the pastoral life and exalted the farmer over the denizen of the city could take urban development in its stride, confident that the city would never get the upper hand, as it were. Modern America seems wholly unable to adapt its institutions or its psychology to massive urbanization, but proceeds instead to the fateful policy of reducing its farm population to a fraction and, at the same time, destroying its cities and turning them into ghettos that are breeding places for crime and violence.

A system that maintained and respected the principle of the superiority of the civil power over that of the military could afford to fight even such great conflicts as the Civil War, the First World War, and the Second World War without danger to its Constitution or its moral character. It cannot absorb the kind of war we are now fighting in Southeast Asia without irreparable damage to its moral values, nor can it exercise power on a world scale without moving the military to the center of power.

No nation could afford slavery, certainly not one that thought itself dedicated to equality and justice. The issue of slavery tore the nation asunder and left wounds still unhealed. Here is our greatest failure: that we destroyed slavery but not racism, promised legal equality but retained a dual citizenship, did away with legal exploitation of a whole race but substituted for it an economic exploitation almost as cruel. And this political and legal failure reflects a deeper psychological and moral failure.

Unlike some of our contemporary politicians, Lincoln was not content with decrying lawlessness. He inquired into its causes and, less perspicaciously, into its cure. In this inquiry, he identified two explanations that illuminated the problem. These—translated into modern vocabulary—are the decline of the sense of fiduciary obligation and the evaporation of political resourcefulness and creativity. Both are still with us.

No one who immerses himself in the writings of the Revolutionary generation—a generation still in command when Lincoln was born—can doubt that the sense of obligation to posterity was pervasive and lively. Recall Tom Paine's plea for independence: " 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; *Posterity* are virtually involved in the contest and will be . . . affected to the end of time." Or John Adams's moving letter to his beloved Abigail when he had signed the Declaration of Independence: "Through all the gloom I can see the rays of ravishing light and glory. *Posterity* will triumph in this day's transaction." Or Dr. Benjamin Rush's confession, after his signing, that "I was animated constantly by a belief that I was acting for the benefit of the whole world and of future ages." So were they all.

The decline of the awareness of posterity and of the fiduciary principle is a complex phenomenon not unconnected with the hostility to the young that animates many older Americans today. It is to be explained, in part, by the concept of an equality that had to be vindicated by each individual; in part, by the fragmentation of the Old World concepts of family and community relationships, which was an al-

"We'll give you a generous trade-in allowance on your old idol."

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

most inevitable consequence of the uprooting from the Old World and the transplanting to the New; in part, by the seeming infinity of resources and the seeming advantages of rapid exploitation and rapid aggrandizement; in part, by the weakness of governmental and institutional controls; in part, by the ostentatious potentialities of industry and technology, the advent of which coincided with the emergence of nationalism in the United States; and, in part, by the triumph of private enterprise over public.

However complex the explanation, the fact is simple enough: We have wasted our natural resources more recklessly than has any other people in modern history and are persisting in this waste and destruction even though we are fully aware that our children will pay for our folly and our greed.

Lincoln's second explanation—if it can be called that—was that we had suffered a decline of the creativity and resourcefulness that had been the special distinction of the Founding Fathers. "The field of glory is harvested," he said, "the crop is already appropriated." Other leaders would emerge, no doubt, and would "seek regions hitherto unexplored." At a time when Martin Van Buren was in the White House, to be succeeded by Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Fillmore, Pierce, and Buchanan, that expectation doubtless represented the triumph of hope over history. But the decline of political creativity and leadership was not confined to this somewhat dismal period of our history; it has persisted into our own day. We can no more afford it than could Lincoln's generation. At a time when the white population of English America was less than three million, it produced Franklin and Washington, Jefferson and Madison, John Adams and Hamilton, John Jay and James Wilson, George Wythe and John Marshall, and Tom Paine, who emerged, first, in America. We have not done that well since.

Even more arresting is the undeniable fact that this Revolutionary generation produced not only many of our major leaders but all of our major political institutions, among them federalism, the Constitutional convention, the Bill of Rights, the effective separation of powers, judicial review, the new colonial system, the political party. It is no exaggeration to say that we have been living on that political capital ever since.

Here again the explanation is obscure. There is the consoling consideration that the Founding Fathers did the job so well that it did not need to be done over; the depressing consideration that American talent has gone, for the past century or so, more into private than into public enterprise; and the sobering consideration that at a time when our chief preoccupation appears to be with extension of power rather than with wise application of resources, those "regions hitherto unexplored" appear to be in the global arena rather than the domestic. Whatever the explanation, lack of leadership is the most prominent feature on our political landscape, and lack of creativity the most striking characteristic of our political life.

It is still true that, "if destruction be our lot, we must ourselves be its author"—that the danger is not from without but from within. But

> . . . passions spin the plot;
> We are betrayed by what is
> false within.

For, paradoxically, the danger from within is rooted in and precipitated by foreign adventures that we seem unable either to understand or to control. We have not been attacked from Latin America or from Asia; we have attacked ourselves by our own ventures into these areas.

The problem Lincoln faced in 1838 is with us once again: the breakdown of the social fabric and its overt expression in the breakdown of the law. Lincoln's solution, if greatly oversimplified, is still valid: reverence for the law. A people will revere the law when it is just and is seen to be just. But no matter how many litanies we intone, we will not induce our people to obey laws that those in authority do not themselves obey. The most striking feature of lawlessness in America today is that it is encouraged by public examples. It is no use telling a Mississippi Negro to revere the law that is palpably an instrument of injustice to him and his race. It is no use exhorting the young to obey the law when most of the major institutions of our society—the great corporations, the powerful trade unions, the very instruments of government—flout the law whenever it gets in their way. It is of little use to admonish a young man about to be drafted to revere the law when he knows that he is to be an instrument for the violation of international law on a massive scale by his own government. It is futile to celebrate the rule of law and the sanctity of life when our own armies engage in ghoulish "body counts," burn unoffending villages, and massacre civilians. While governments, corporations, and respectable elements in our society not only countenance lawlessness and violence but actively engage in it, violence will spread and lawlessness will flourish. We are betrayed by what is false within.

World of Dance

Continued from page 45

that of Janis Joplin), created especially for a ballerina of Britain's Royal Ballet, Lynn Seymour. The former belongs to that man-and-his-environment category that includes Ailey's *Streams* for his own company and *The River* for the American Ballet Theatre. It is the least effective of the three, and I would guess that it should be labeled "work-in-progress."

Flowers is a blockbuster. It takes the viewer on a shattering journey into the tragedy of the late Miss Joplin. I'm not certain that Ailey's choreography leads you into the secret recesses of a pitiful, self-destructive being, but the externals are powerful and the fantasy episode—filled with the wild, flickering, blinding, restless images that must have beset her—is enormously effective. Miss Seymour, known as one of England's best actress-dancers (she can also carry off classical repertory), is tremendous in this new role, and her performance must be listed as unforgettable.

Of Ailey regulars, all were at unparalleled performing pitch, but I found some especially rewarding moments in the dancing of Mr. Williams, Judith Jamison, Consuelo Atlas, Clive Thompson, and the young, richly talented Hector Mercado.

More on the American Dance Season at the ANTA anon, plus reports on Béjart's Ballet of the 20th Century and the Australian Ballet in their New York debuts.

A few brief words about the ethnic dance field: The Bayanihan Philippine Dance Company was, as always, so beautiful that you wanted to sigh (and what an enchanting game-contest dance the "tinikling" is!); and Mazowsze from Poland, in dance and song, was as winning as it was exuberant.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CLASSIFIED

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS are accepted for things wanted or unwanted, personal services, literary or publishing offers, unclassified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special intelligent clientele; jobs wanted; houses or camps for rent; tutoring; ideas for sale. All advertisements must be consonant with the character of Saturday Review. Rates for a single insertion, $1.25 per word, 10-word minimum. Count 2 extra words for Box and Numbers. Rates for multiple insertions:—52 times $1.05 per word each insertion; 26 times $1.10 per word each insertion; 13 times $1.15 per word each insertion; 6 times $1.20 per word each insertion. Full payment must be received eighteen days before publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers and submit postage bills periodically. Mail to be called for at this office will be held 30 days only. Address Classified Department, Saturday Review, 380 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10017.

LITERARY SERVICES

MANUSCRIPT TYPING. Also tapes. Ambassador Office Service, 10 East 49th Street, NYC 10017. PLaza 5-1127.

RESEARCH, writing, translations expertly done. All topics. Reasonable. Professional author. Box T-820.

PROFESSIONAL AUTHOR will write, rewrite, research, edit. Any subject, media, style. Confidential. Box 337, Atlantic Beach, N.Y. 11509.

CLUB, BUSINESS SPEECHES, papers by three published authors. Box T-849.

RESEARCH, writing professionally done. Seneca Research, P.O. Box 74485, Los Angeles, 90004.

WRITERS—Sell an editor before he reads your manuscript. Send for free booklet, catalogue. Writers Craft Systems, Box 181SRAA, Narberth, Pennsylvania 19072.

COMMUNICATIONS CONSULTANT, professionally-experienced analysis, editing, copyreading, writing, rewriting, etc. Box Y-872.

BOOKS

GOOD USED BOOKS—Wide variety, intelligent selection. Libraries buy regularly; you can too! History, fiction, social sciences, literature, miscellaneous subjects. Write for lists. Editions, Desk SR, Boiceville, N.Y. 12412.

SAVE TO 84% on publishers' overstocks. Free catalogue. Reader's Service, 1060 Twin Silo Lane, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006.

OUT-OF-PRINT BOOKS SUPPLIED. Kendall Gaisser, Booksellers, 1242 Broadway, Toledo, Ohio 43609.

FIRST EDITIONS, rare books: Catalogues for year $1.00 (refundable). Libraries purchased. Minkoff, Rowe Road, RFD 3, Great Barrington, Massachusetts 01230.

SOUTH CAROLINA BOOKS in print. Catalogue free. Sandlapper Press, Box 1668S, Columbia, S.C. 29202.

300 RARE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE pictures, maps, historical, classification diagrams, 1848-1956, Chicago and Northwestern Railway, Steam Power, 208 page, 8½" x 11" hardbound, 11" x 48" foldout of largest dual Freight and Passenger Steam Locomotive. Knudsen Publications, 3539 North Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60613. $10.00 postpaid. Send for Free Brochure.

FOREIGN BOOKS

THE FRENCH BOOKSHOP. 700 Madison Avenue (62nd Street), NYC 10021, where French books are sold exclusively. List sent on request.

BOOKPLATES

FREE CATALOGUE. Scores of beautiful designs. Personalizing and Special designing. ANTIOCH BOOKPLATE, Box 28A, Yellow Springs, Ohio 45387.

UNIQUE GIFTS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. Handsome contemporary or antique Bookplates. Send 25¢ for catalogue, refunded with order. BERLINER-McGINNIS, Box 5B, Nevada City, California 95959.

OUT-OF-PRINT

BOOKS LOCATED without obligation. Coleman Locator Service, 5021 Hayter, Lakewood, California 90712.

CINEMA CATALOGUE MONTHLY. 40¢ (stamps). Del's, 12725-G Flatbush, Norwalk, California 90650.

YOU NAME IT—WE FIND IT. Satisfaction guaranteed. INTERNATIONAL BOOKFINDERS, Box 3003-S, Beverly Hills, California 90212.

A-to-Z BOOK SERVICE, P.O. Box 813, North Miami, Florida 33161. Search without obligation. Author? Title?

ART

COLLECT ORIGINAL, SIGNED ETCHINGS and lithographs by America's foremost artists, including Dobkin, Florsheim, Greenwood, Hirsch, Landau, Margulies, Raphael Soyer. From $15. Free catalogue with 47 illustrations. (Mail 25¢ for handling.) Associated American Artists, Studio 8, 663 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10022.

"GETTING STARTED IN STAINED GLASS," 25¢. Whittemore, Box D2065, Hanover, Massachusetts 02339.

UNIQUE ART of brass rubbing. Send $1.00 to LoRu, Box 25880, Los Angeles, 90025.

RECORD MART

FREE 64 PAGE CATALOGUE offers hundreds of recordings of rare Renaissance, Baroque and Classical music. Introductory records as low as $1.00 each! All late recordings. In Stereo only. MHS Records, Box 932-SR, New York, New York 10023.

MAHLER SCHOLAR? In league with Grieg? Boyce your choice? They're alive and well and appear frequently in the "Masterpieces in the Mail," offering LP treasures at bargain prices. For free subscription write: Dept. SRC, The Record Hunter, 507 5th Avenue, NYC 10017.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

APPALACHIAN DULCIMERS. Handmade. From $40.00. Instructions. Max Wilson, RR 3, Paoli, Indiana 47454.

RENAISSANCE/BAROQUE LUTES. Lovely tone and craftsmanship. Renaissance Gilde, Cambridge, Wisconsin 53523.

"THE HARPSICHORD" quarterly. Definitive articles on buying, building, playing. Photographs. Interviews. Illustrations. $8 annually (non-U.S. $9). International Harpsichord Society, Box 4323-S, Denver, Colorado 80204.

UNCOMMON MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS. Historical woodwinds, brass, strings. Harps, dulcimers, kanteles, balalaikas, bouzoukis, bagpipes, classical guitars, harpsichords. Catalogue $1, refunded first purchase. Classical Instruments, 133 Gateway Building, New Orleans, Louisiana 70130.

RECORDERS—FINEST MAKES. Largest music selections. Free catalogue. RECORDER CENTER, Amenia, N.Y.

BECHSTEIN: You'll be sure it's the best piano after you've tried them all. Piano Imports, John Wanamaker Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19101.

HARPSICHORDS with the most beautiful sound, from North America's leading makers. For brochure send 25¢ to SABATHIL & SON, 1084 Homer, Vancouver, B.C., Canada, or John Allen, 500 Glenway, Bristol, Virginia 24201.

GUITARS—classical and flamenco. ARANJUEZ strings, used and recommended by Montoya and Sabicas. JUAN OROZCO-Luthier, 156 West 56th, NYC, 10019. 212-765-4282.

WILKINSON harpsichords, lutes, vihuelas, guitars. Tonal Renaissance, 298 The Quadrangle, 2800 Routh Street, Dallas, Texas 75201.

MUSIC

GUITARISTS—Too busy to practice? Five minutes weekly teaches folk strums, barres, melody. Beginner—advanced. Samples 10¢. Steele's, Box 114, San Rafael, California 94902.

PERIODICALS

THEATRE is the center of Japanese intellectual activity, and CONCERNED THEATRE JAPAN is the most important journal of theatre and the arts published in Asia. $10.00. Quarterly, descriptive pamphlet on request. CONCERNED THEATRE JAPAN, Hikaricho 2-13-25, Kokubunjishi, Tokyo, Japan.

BACK NUMBERS

BACK DATED MAGAZINES! Send needs. Midtown, Box 917-SR, Maywood, N.J. 07607.

COLOR SLIDES

35mm COLOR SLIDES, 10,671 individually sold, described encyclopedia-catalogue. 10¢. Wolfe Worldwide, Dept. 7-21, Los Angeles, California 90025.

SPORTS EQUIPMENT

SKI CROSS COUNTRY—Touring, racing, mountain skis; complete line: boots, poles, bindings, books, wax, clothing. Catalogue. Moor & Mountain, X2, Main Street, Concord, Massachusetts 01742.

FREEDOM OF THE HILLS with ski touring equipment and clothing. WOODY'S CRACKER BARREL, South Londonderry, Vermont 05155. Trails, rentals, ski school. Free manual and catalogue.

TEACHER INSTITUTES

MONTESSORI TEACHER TRAINING—Next course June 22nd-August 6th. Live, learn on beautiful campus. Fully approved. AMS Certified. Write: MMTTC, 1010 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60622.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

ADVENTURE IN CREATIVITY is a summer residential program for gifted students (aged 14 to 19) who are interested in art, music, theatre, creative writing, film making or dance. The emphasis is on the integration of these art forms. Students choose a major and a minor field for concentration and participate in joint seminars. The program takes place at the CRANBROOK Schools. "... the summer experience was a total success."—Rod Serling. For information, write H. R. Motley, Jr., Box 801, Bloomfield Hills, Michigan 48013.

SCHOOLS

MYSTIC SEAPORT SEMINARS—Accredited courses in American Maritime History and Literature July 5th to August 13th at the great marine museum. Write Director, Box B, Munson Institute, Mystic Seaport, Connecticut 06355.

NEWPORT SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. Individualized college prep programs. Grades 9-12. Small classes. Varied curriculum; strong art, music and drama programs. Individual study projects, honors units, seminars. Experienced faculty. Riding and sailing. Beautiful oceanfront campus. Write: Box 471-S, Newport, Rhode Island 02840.

SANFORD. A well organized coeducational boarding and day school offering a sound background for college. Country campus. Advanced courses. Special study help. Art, Drama, music, sports, riding. Accredited. Box 110, Hockessin, Delaware 19707.

KENTS HILL SCHOOL. Coed. Grades 9-12, P.G. 14 miles West of Augusta in Belgrade Lake area. Accredited college prep. 146th year. Outstanding faculty. All sports. Superb ski program—4 slopes, 2 tows and 30 metre jump. Headmaster, D. S. Jacobs, Kents Hill School, Kents Hill, Maine 04349.

OAK GROVE. A Friends boarding school for girls with coordinate COED DAY PROGRAM. Grades 8-12. Est. 1849. Preparation for leading colleges and universities. New science hall, gym, auditorium, dormitory in modern fireproof quadrangle. 500-acre campus. Scenic winter sports area. Riding. Music, art, speech. Activities. Andrew C. Holmes, Headmaster, Box 304, Vassalboro, Maine 04989.

PIONEER YEARS (3rd) preparatory school combining scholarship, adventure, work, creativity. Staff background: Foreign Service, business, education, Peace Corps. Salting Peace Corps approaches (study in Mexican village) into standard pedagogy. Near Dartmouth. Challenging birth ... magnificent scenery ... thirty horses ... all secondary to warm, outstanding education. Vershire School, Vershire, Vermont 05079. 802-685-4547.

(Continued on page 66)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 65)

WYOMING SEMINARY—Coed, boarding and day, founded in 1844. Grades 9-12 and postgraduate. College prep emphasis with advanced placement opportunities. Excellent sports program, dramatics, chorus, publications, community service projects. Write: Dean of Admissions, Box S, Wyoming Seminary, Kingston, Pennsylvania 18704.

CUSHING ACADEMY. Coeducation since 1875. Grades 9-12. College prep. Classes average 12. Trimester basis. Senior seminars. Scholarships. Honor societies. Teams in major sports. Skiing, riding and tennis. Film and Art Festivals. Field trips. Choir, modern dance. Nondenominational. Write: R. D. Klarsch, Admissions Director, Box S, Ashburnham, Massachusetts 01430. Tel: 617-827-5911.

GIRLS . . . WHY ROGERS HALL? To discover your talents, your interests and your values. Unique, exciting method teaches the basic skills and disciplines, and the ideas behind the facts. This is true education. A school for the new age. Student oriented, not teacher dominated. To help you find yourself in an atmosphere of concern and trust. College Course. General Course. Accredited. For information, write or call: Stowell R. Mears, Headmaster, Rogers Hall, Lowell, Massachusetts 01852. 617-459-0531.

COLLEGES

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN—ENGLAND—SCHILLER COLLEGE. Liberal Arts. See "STUDIES ABROAD."

COLLEGE ADMISSIONS AND TRANSFERS—Specializing in difficult cases—undergraduates, college transfers, medical, law, veterinarian, graduate, dental. College Admissions Center of N.Y., 102-30 Queens Boulevard, Forest Hills, N.Y. 11375. Write/call James Adams, 212-BR 5-2900.

ACADEMIC REHABILITATION of college underachievers. Reading and Educational Clinic, 124 Coit Plaza, Dallas, Texas 75240.

NEW ENGLAND COLLEGE IN OLD ENGLAND—Arundel campus to open in Arundel, Sussex, England, September, 1971. Four year Liberal Arts programs available. Transfers accepted for year abroad. 4-1-4 Academic Calendar. Coed. New England College accredited by NEAC&SS. Write Director of Admissions, Box R, New England College, Henniker, N.H. 03242.

COLLEGE DROP-OUTS: We concentrate on the educational redevelopment of selected students, including poor achievers, with unrealized learning potential. Educational Development Center, 23 Adelbert Street, Berea, Ohio 44017, Dept. SR or Educational Development Center, 165 East Tenth Street, Claremont, California 91711, Dept. SR.

DOCTORAL DEGREE in education from Laurence University. One on-campus semester and two off, under faculty guidance dissertation program. Write for information: Laurence University, P.O. Box 3647, Sarasota, Florida 33578.

FOR THE GOURMET

"BRANDYWINE" APPLETIZER NIBBLES. New "Apple Pie" snack chips! Ask stores. Norton Sales, New Milford, Connecticut 06776.

WINEMAKING KIT—$4.98. Free catalogue and recipes. Jim Dandy Wine Supplies, Box 30230X, Cincinnati, Ohio 45230.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importer, Dept. 271, 799 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10003.

FRANI'S GOURMET newsletter. Monthly. Introductory offer, 3 issues $1.00. Box 731, Ashtabula, Ohio 44004.

PERSONALS

ORIGINAL CARTOONS portraying your name. Free color brochure. Coatoons, Dept. SR, 7101 S.W. 72nd Court, Miami, Florida 33143.

TOP CASH PAID FOR LETTERS and documents of famous people. Immediate decision! Immediate payment. Ask TODAY for free brochure, "How To Sell Your Autographs." Catalogues issued. Charles R. Hamilton, 25 East 53rd Street, NYC 10022. 212-EL 5-3464-5-6.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 14, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, N.Y. 14619.

PERSONALS

SHERLOCK HOLMES AND KINSALE CLOAKS. LONDON BOBBIE and CLADDAGH capes. Avoca and Miller Irish tweeds. Avoca blankets. Tempting cottons. Carol Brown, Putney, Vermont 05346.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities, 60 countries. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. $2.00. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79-X, East Islip, New York 11730.

RECORDERS (FLUTES) KUENG SWISS import. Purcell, $5, $8.95 up! Student Special. Corelli $4.50; Recorder Instruction Kit, Soprano Recorder. Method Book, three 7" LP Instruction Records, boxed, $5.95. Recorder Music Methods. Guitar Music. Free catalogue. 2-1-B, HARGAIL, 28 West 38th Street, NYC 10018.

REPAIRERS OF THE IRREPARABLE, China, Glass, Silver. HESS REPAIRS, 168 East 33rd Street, NYC 10016.

HUMANISM, a nontheistic philosophy for people of goodwill, who appreciate the scientific viewpoint. Free information. American Humanist Association, Dept. SR, 125 El Camino del Mar, San Francisco, California 94121.

COVERED WAGON MOVERS. Competent, experienced, insured. For estimate call Jerry McGruddy, ALgonquin 5-1788 NYC.

LE CHATEAU DES ENFANTS, an adventure in international understanding for boys and girls 6-12, fosters the interchange of ideas and customs among American and European children. Four weeks of learning and fun. French is absorbed through daily association, lessons, games, sports and excursions. Located in picturesque Provence region near Avignon, France. Experienced American and European bilingual staff. Catalogue: W. Rea, The American School in Switzerland, 326 East 69th Street, New York, New York 10021. 212-988-5462.

HUSBAND-WIFE TEAM, lecturers on Women's/Men's liberation. Box Z-622.

NEUPERT HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS. Oldest, finest. Free catalogue. MAGNAMUSIC, Sharon, Connecticut 06069.

MAKE PEOPLE SMILE . . . with our historical bumper stickers. Free catalogue! Write: Hobby, Box 93-AD9, Lafayette, California 94549.

NAUTICAL ANTIQUES to enhance your home and office. Write for free catalogue. Alwilda, Ltd., 184 Ninth Avenue (21st), New York, 10011.

HEX SIGNS—20 traceable designs, $1.00. Hexaway, 3 Burke Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland 21204.

I'M RICHARD. I write Books, publish myself. Samplers 25¢. Want one? Richard Liebow, 948 Market, #512, San Francisco, 94102.

GENUINE BUCKSKIN JACKETS and hundreds of unique leather items. Send 50¢ for buckskin money poke and big color catalogue. Berman Buckskin Company, Dept. 37, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55401.

KODACOLOR PRICE-BREAKTHROUGH—Perfect prints, 8 or 12 exposure rolls $2; 20 exposure, $3. Full credit unprintable negatives. Money-back guarantee. Plus postage paid both ways. Send $2 and film; write for mailer. Mystic Color Lab, Box S-144, Mystic, Connecticut.

POSTERS (over 200, many antiwar), buttons (over 200), bumper stickers, peace jewelry and earrings. Wholesale and retail. Free catalogue. BIG-LITTLE STORE, 1077 Mission, San Francisco, 94103.

PEACE CARDS, stickers, etc. Sample 25¢. International McClelland, SR, Beverly Hills, 90210.

OLD LETTERS WANTED. Authors, scientists, military leaders, musicians, American statesmen, etc. Collections and important single items bought and sold. Especially interested in literary material. Catalogues issued. Walter R. Benjamin Autographs, 790 Madison Avenue (at 67th), New York, 10021. 212-RE 4-3902. Established 1887.

TEMPLE ORANGES—Choicest Grapefruit. Florida's Finest. Shipping 47 states, Canada, Europe. Free Brochure. Airport Fruit Shipper, Miami International Airport, Miami, Florida 33159.

PERSONALS

FOR SALE: Complete darkroom set-up. Excellent condition. Durst enlarger 2¼-35-120, etc., electric dryer 16" x 20", 4 F.R. tanks and all accessories for developing and printing. Real buy. NYC. SR Box Y-677.

VERMONT SUMMER ARTS CENTER, formerly at Goddard College, now at Lyndon State College, June 27th-August 21st. Chamber music, visual arts, crafts, dance. Find old friends and new in Vermont hills. Write: Bluma Jacobs, Director, Lyndon State College, Lyndonville, Vermont 05851.

DRIFTWOOD MOBILES—Handmade, very unusual. $7.00 each. Drift House, 4337 Cottage, Sacramento, California 95825.

WRITER OFFERS total care plants, fish, birds, small animals (no cats), exchange temporary dwelling walking distance Manhattan libraries. Box Z-636.

BEST SELLING WINE Dictionary. Pocket size. Defines 500 terms. Quarter million copies sold to wine trade. $1.00. Wine Publications, 96 Parnassus Road, Berkeley, California 94708.

YOGA CORRESPONDENCE COURSE — Information, Swami Kriyananda, 952 J Street, Davis, California 95616.

SITUATIONS WANTED

BRIGHT YOUNG WOMAN, 27, M.A., wants combination PR/publication spot in NYC. Special knowledge in areas of education, behavioral science, federal legislation. Private foundation, Capitol Hill, and media experience. Excellent references. Box Y-874.

BACHELOR desires work; travel, books, conservation; something unusual. Some college. Box Z-663.

1971 Ph.D. POLITICAL SCIENCE, fascinating 30 year resume, wants challenging responsible academic position. Box Z-642.

MEDICAL STUDENT; Ex-Navy medic wants interesting employment, any field. Experienced with children. (1 year combat duty.) June 12th-September 13th. Box Z-665.

Ph.D. 52, desires challenging Presidency, public or private college requiring increased enrollment, relevant developmental programs, and quality graduates. Firm but compassionate administrator. Builder, with experience for generating needed federal and private financial support. Box Z-652.

STUDENT, College of William and Mary, desires position as governess-tutor, opportunity to travel. 5/30-9/6. Box 1753, Williamsburg Virginia 23185.

SAN FRANCISCO—Male typist, 37, Dictaphone, switchboard, general office work, available spring or earlier. Box Z-661.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

EXCELLENT COED CHILDREN'S CAMP northeast. Leadership positions in Dance, Theatre, Music, Arts, Aquatics, Golf. Liberal salaries, quality programming. Send resume Box Z-390.

EUROPEAN-FOREIGN EMPLOYMENT—Detailed report on currently available jobs—Europe, Australia, Africa. $3.00. Eurojob Report, Box 52643-R, Lafayette, Louisiana 70501.

BOOMING AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU—New 1971 Australian Handbook describing free passage plans, citizenship requirements, employment, business, farming, teaching, fishing, etc.—plus application forms and Employers' list. $1.00 Buckeye, Box 1032CO, Fairborn, Ohio 45324.

OVERSEAS EMPLOYMENT—Australia, Europe, South America, Asia! All occupations. $700-$3,500 monthly. Write: Employment International, Box 29217-MV, Indianapolis, Indiana 46229.

COUNSELORS—Maine boys' camp—Head Waterfront—Mature. One of the finest, best equipped, camp waterfronts-swimming (WSI). Group Leaders-general (younger boys). Tennis, Nature, Judo. 20+, single. Beautiful surroundings, excellent salaries. Camp Wildwood, 336 Central Park West, NYC, 10025. 212-UN 5-0925.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

TEACHING POSITIONS in Foreign Countries. 1971-'72 Guide contains current information about 40 private and governmental organizations seeking teachers. General and personal requirements, geographic areas, addresses for application forms. 100-page book including survey of foreign embassies! Guaranteed satisfaction. $2.00. Foreign Countries, Box 514-K4, Ames, Iowa 50010.

WANT TO BROADEN your experience? Large, progressive church has challenging Staff Minister job open. Notice—*we said job, not position. If you are interested, we need* you. Write J. Richard Young, Chairman, Pastoral Committee, Shiloh Church (Congregational), 177 Waldorf Drive, Dayton, Ohio 45415. All correspondence confidential.

JOBS EUROPE guaranteed and salaried—England, Switzerland, year-round, young people, 18-26. General help in 1st class hotels. For details send $1.00 to Princeton *Research Corporation, 13355 Cantara Street, Panorama* City, California 91402.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES—faculty needed for private independent schools, all states, all subjects and levels; also administrators, department heads, etc.; also business managers, fund raisers, housemothers; nurses, etc., beginners, experienced; initial details, no obligation. SCHOOL SERVICE BUREAU, Box 278C, Windsor, Connecticut 06095.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHER wants creative, friendly ASSOCIATE EDITOR. Suggest, edit, write. Specialize half-time field of debate. Send resume, work samples, salary expected. J. P. McGough, J. Weston Walch, Publisher, Box 658, Portland, Maine 04104.

EDITORS, FULL TIME—GREETING CARDS. One able to write, buy and think funny, experienced in selling and buying humor and studio ideas. The other talented writer of general greeting card verse. Excellent salary and benefits. Call or write in confidence: Mr. Edelman, Charm Craft Publishing Company, 33-35th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11232. 212-788-7210.

NEED A CHANGE? Willing to relocate overseas? We have immediate openings in all fields. Write: Interploy, P.O. Box 279, Monterey Park, California 91754.

OVERSEAS OPPORTUNITIES . . . Higher Pay! Free Transportation! Complete information including Directory of 135 companies hiring thousands of Americans overseas . . . all occupations! Send $1.00. International Opportunities, Box 232-MS, Cumberland, Indiana 46229.

TEACHERS, TOP MAINE CAMPS—Sports, Arts. 95 Woodchester Drive, Chestnut Hill, Massachusetts 02167.

SUMMER JOBS—Over 150,000 summer jobs (also 8,000 permanent) open right NOW in U.S. and Overseas. Gives specific job data, salaries, addresses, etc. Hurry! Jobs are filled early. Used and approved since 1952. Regular price $6.00. Special—rush $4.00 now for new 1971 "Summer Job Directory." Resume manual $1.00 or FREE with order. Summer Job Center, 173-SR North 9th Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11211. (Add 25¢ regular mail, add $1.00 first class.)

WORK IN ENGLAND, Ireland, Australia or New Zealand this summer. International Student Employment eliminates the red tape involved in seeking a summer job abroad. You may find your own job or have a job prearranged for you. Write Council on International Educational *Exchange, Dept. W-4, 777 U.N. Plaza, New York, N.Y.* 10017.

"AUSTRALIAN OPPORTUNITIES HANDBOOK"—Latest information about Government Paid Transportation, Employment, Business, Farming, Housing, Education . . . plus "Employers' List" and Forms. Send $1.00. International Services, Box 19107-MT, Washington, D.C. 20036.

OVERSEAS JOBS. High Pay, Travel, Adventure. Directory of over 100 American firms now hiring for overseas projects. $1.00. Transworld. Box 90802-K, International Airport, Los Angeles, California 90009.

WORLDWIDE POSITIONS AVAILABLE. Enjoy high pay, travel allowance, paid overtime!! Write: Global Employment, Box 706P36, Orinda, California 94563.

COUPLE, manage YOUTH HOSTEL summers, caretakers winters, isolated eastern Pennsylvania countryside. Cottage, utilities provided. Days free for gainful employment. **Also east coast summer openings, small pay. Box Z-646.**

EXPLORE CONNECTICUT TEACHING — Confidential listing with all superintendents. No transcripts, references, interview required. Nominal fee. Details from: Connecticut Education Exchange, Box 392A, Newtown, Connecticut 06470.

EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITIES

ACADEMIC POSITIONS—U.S. and Foreign. All levels and subjects. Come in or send $1.00 for list of hundreds of positions. Private School and College Bureau (Since 1925), Suites 422-24, 342 Madison Avenue, Dept. SR, NYC. 212-0X 7-4341.

EXCITING OVERSEAS JOBS. Directory $1.00. Research Associates, Box 942-R, Belmont, California 94002.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU!!! *Government assisted pas*sage. 1971 government information and forms. Most complete information available. $1.00. Reports on employment, business, taxes, education, teaching, housing, ranching, maps, etc. AUSTCO, Box 3623-K, Long Beach, California 90803.

HIGH PAYING OVERSEAS JOBS. Construction, other projects. Bonuses, travel expenses, extras. International Information, 108 Cortez, Florida 33522.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

VERMONT—Village homes, old-time personality or modern, custom-built. Choice acreage. Brochure. ROLAND BEERS REALTORS, Manchester, 05254.

SAN MIGUEL ALLENDE, Guanajuato, Mexico, Apartado Postal 183. 4,000 sq. ft. Colonial show place overlooking town. Built 1967. Heated swimming pool. $65,000. Phone 20390.

For Sale—Furnished

LOG CABIN furnished—3 acres. All utilities plus ⅓ of 15 shore acres on Maine Island. $20,000 cash. 212-838-0567.

For Rent—Furnished

A VILLAGE of 12 Caribbean Town Houses—right on the beach at St. Maarten. Rent a 2 story, 2 bedroom, 2 bath, 2 patio beach house, available for 2 weeks or longer. Airmail for brochure. Town House, Box 262, St. Maarten, Netherlands Antilles.

MARTINIQUE W.I.—Two new cottages on estate with *private beach and dock. Details: At Home Abroad, Inc.,* 136 East 57th Street, NYC, 10022. 212-421-9165.

ARTIST'S ANDALUSIAN FARMHOUSE near Nerja, Spain. Beautiful views of mountains, Mediterranean. 5 double bedrooms, 3 baths, fireplace, swimming pool, flowers. $300 monthly until mid-June. Seek quiet, careful tenant. SR Box Z-667.

MARTHA'S VINEYARD—EDGARTOWN—Private ocean-front home in a community of individually owned homes unlike any other family resort. You have your own private 3 bedroom, 2½ bath, year-round home, complete in every way. Nearby Edgartown offers busy harbors, fine shops and gourmet restaurants on one of New England's most scenic unspoiled islands. When you rent a home at Mattakesett for a week or longer, you enjoy a membership in the Mattakesett Tennis Club (7 championship clay *courts). Other facilities, including a large, heated pool,* bicycles, kayaks, hibachis and sailboats, are yours for the asking. The 20 mile long unspoiled South Beach is at your doorstep. If you are looking for New England at its finest, send for the Mattakesett brochure: Stanmar, Inc., Box 0-31, Sudbury, Massachusetts 01776, or call 617-443-9922.

MEXICO, Tepoztlan, near Cuernavaca. Colonial house on *river, 4 bedrooms, 4 baths, beautiful garden, swimming* pool, horses. Available April-July. $500 monthly, servants and utilities included. 212-UN 1-1282.

For Summer Rental

IDAHO MOUNTAIN RANCH—Snowcapped peaks, horses, fishing, backpacking, wilderness area. Comfortable cabins *sleep 16. Ideal one or two families.* Box Z-411.

LOVELY CAPE COD summer rental. Furnished. 4 bedrooms, 2 baths. Walk to beach or beautiful West Falmouth Harbour. $1200 June and July. 203-966-5739.

HOUSES FOR EXCHANGE

MEMBERS EXCHANGE HOMES for rent free vacations. Write: Vacation Exchange Clubs, 663 Fifth Avenue, New York 10022.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

VIRGIN ISLANDS—Apartment accommodates 2/3. On ocean, pool. Janina, 770 James Street, Syracuse, N.Y. 315-472-7737.

MANHATTAN—2 bedrooms, baths, July through November. No children, pets. $250 month. SR Box Z-648.

SEEKING TENANTS—Take excellent care beautifully furnished 8 room apartment facing park, fine building. Central Park West, NYC. One year beginning July. SR Box Z-645.

ROOM AVAILABLE

Furnished

COMPOSER—Use our Concert Grand and Church Organ. $150 month. 914-666-8410.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

VERMONT REAL ESTATE. All types. Free Catalogue. Eben Brown, Broker, South Royalton, Vermont 05068.

GOVERNMENT LANDS . . . Low as $3.50 acre! Vacationing, Homesteading, Investment! Exclusive "Government Land Buyer's Guide" . . . plus "Land Opportunity Review" listing lands available throughout U.S., send $1.00. Surplus Lands, Box 19107-MW, Washington, D.C. 20036.

NORTHERN VERMONT REAL ESTATE. Brooks Barron, Broker, Hyde Park, Vermont. 802-888-4287.

SWITZERLAND, Valais, Southern Swiss Alps. Apart*ments and chalets, magnificent view, clean air, ideal* for summer vacations and winter sports, retirement. $13,500 to $86,000. SR Box Z-632.

BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS—3.5 acres. Beautiful three-1 bedroom apartments, two-2 bedroom apartments. Finest beaches. SR Box Z-631.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

BUILD YOUR OWN business on a part-time basis. Unlimited income potential with a new California chemical company. $300-$3000 investment secured. Call Mr. Panzarino 3-7 P.M. 212-332-2365.

SPECIAL CAMPS

CENTRAL MARYLAND facility available May 15th-September 15th for conferences, retreats or camp programs. Contact Camp Woodbine, Woodbine, Maryland 21797. 301-442-2277.

CAMPS

KINIYA—a camp for girls, 6-17, on a bay of Lake Champlain in Vermont. Excellent riding, own stables, miles of lovely trails on camp property, dressage, jumping, hunting. Responsible, experienced staff. All camp activities including water skiing, sailing, tennis, drama and dance. Outpost camp for overnights in Stowe. Special program for older girls includes 3 weeks in Ireland, 3 weeks in Vermont. A happy relaxing summer. Mr. & Mrs. J. R. Williams, Camp Kiniya, Milton, Vermont 05468. *Tel. 802-893-7849.*

BURLEIGH HILL—Boothbay, Maine 04537. Boys. Saltwater sailing, tennis specialties. $1050.

FOOTLIGHT RANCH Summer Theatre and Performing Arts Workshop. Music, dance, drama, June 20th-August 14th. Footlight Ranch, R.D. 1, Wellsville, Pennsylvania 17365.

(Continued on page 68)

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAMPS

(Continued from page 67)

HIGH/SCOPE—Coed, 12-17, arts, science. Become working, contributing, decisive member of responsive community. David P. Weikart, Ph.D. 1305 Sherman, Ypsilanti, Michigan 48197.

CAMP CONSULTANTS: Since 1939 we have helped parents in selecting the right Private Camps and Summer Schools. No charge at any time. Visit, telephone or write in detail. The Advisory Service, 500 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036. 212-736-1660.

JUDGMENT RIDGE—Unique camp on thousand acres Vermont mountains. Boys/Girls 8/16. Managed by ex-Peace Corps staff. Unpressured. Unlimited riding ($90 extra). 26 horses . . . beginning to advanced programs. Swimming, guitar, art, pottery, sports, farming, construction. Individualized programs, regular to pioneer. A.C.A. accredited. 100 camper limit. No poison ivy. RN resident. $650, $375 half season. Vershire, Vermont 05079. Telephone 802-685-4547.

PINECREST FOR GIRLS—Maine. Memories Unlimited. RSVP 49 Andrew Avenue, Oakland, N.J. 07436.

SUN VALLEY MUSIC CAMP—Now in ninth year at Sun Valley, Idaho. Internationally known faculty. Instrumental, vocal, ballet. College, High, Junior High. Brochure: Dept. S, Box 6100, Charlotte, North Carolina 28207.

JOIN A MARINE ARCHAEOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. Come help excavate an ancient sunken ship. Our professional staff will teach you how. Live aboard ship and on our land base in Bahamas and Florida Keys. Teenage and adult programs. Send for brochure: UNDER SEA ACADEMY, 1060-S Wildlife Road, New Kensington, Pennsylvania 15068. 412-335-8844.

HAS YOUR TEENAGER OUTGROWN "CAMP"? Vagabond Ranch, Granby, Colorado, suits boys 13-17; unregimented ranch/travel program. 25th summer. Girls: trip Northwest, ranch ⅓ season. Coed March ski camp, Vail. Charles D. Pavek, Washington, Connecticut 06793.

OGONTZ WHITE MOUNTAIN CAMP for girls 7-17. On private lake near Sugar Hill, New Hampshire. Swimming (Red Cross Water Safety), Sailing Water Skiing, Golf, Riding, Tennis. Arts and Crafts. Nature Study. Dancing, Music, Dramatics. Outdoor Cooking. Mountain Trips. Typing. 650 acres wood and meadows. Expert staff, Special program for Juniors. 49th year. Miss Bette Huber, Owner-Director, Lisbon, N.H. 03585.

THE SUMMER OF A LIFETIME for 8th, 9th or 10th grade students. Combine a summer at camp with a chance to learn a new language . . . or polish one you already know . . . and live with a family abroad. Learn French in Vermont, speak it in Canada or France. Learn Spanish in Mexico, speak it there. For details, write: Language Camps, The Experiment in International Living, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate age and year in school.

D-ARROW WILDERNESS TRIP CAMP. Eastern Maine, Canada. 75 boys, 12-17. Six age groups. 7 weeks. Survival, ecology. Quaker leadership. Allagash, St. John, St. Croix, Machias Rivers. Quebec trip, advanced campers. A.C.A. George S. Darrow, 780 Millbrook, Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041.

AMHERST MUSIC CENTER, Sebago Lake Region, Raymond, Maine. A vacation-with-music study. Coed, ages 12-20. Full or half-session: July 1st-August 19th. Orchestra, concert band, chorus, chamber music. Seminars in voice, keyboard, all instruments. Academic music. Recreation program. Brochure: Dr. J. C. Schuler, 47 Braeburn Road, South Deerfield, Massachusetts 01373.

BROWN LEDGE—Malfett's Bay, Vermont. "One of America's finest camps." Girls 10-18. Free daily riding for all. Finest show horses, mounted lance drill, jumping. Sailing, racing tactics; water skiing, drama, swimming, tennis, golf, archery, riflery, crafts, trips. No extras! "The Complete and Different Camp." For booklet, state age and write to winter office: Miss Barbara Brown Winslow, 155 Dodds Court, Box C, Burlington, Vermont 05401.

TALENT WITH MUSCLES: Fantastic athletic program in fine arts camp? Write! Find out! Coed 6-18. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 25, New Jersey 08318.

LES CHALETS FRANCAIS, Deer Isle, Coastal Maine. 34th year. The Girls' Camp—With the French accent. Happy, productive summer for girls 5-18. Casual, congenial, creative fun. A-1 staff, excellent facilities. Elective program; majors in FRENCH, ballet, music, art, drama, riding, tennis, sailing and swimming. C'est magnifique! Mrs. Elsa S. James, 1024 Westview Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 10119.

CAMPS

BRITAIN'S BEST Summer Camps—Ages 8 to 18. Five to seven weeks, $750 to $950 including airfare from New York. BRITISH INTERNATIONAL CAMPS, 310 Madison Avenue, NYC, 10017. 212-867-2140.

CAMP BIOTA. Outstanding Natural Science. Boys 8-14. Six weeks. Small enrollment. Horses, canoes. Dr. Forrest S. Evans, Joelton, Tennessee 37080.

THE PUTNEY WORK CAMP is designed for young people who wish to respond wholeheartedly to work, to encounter significant issues of our time, and to explore their relationship to the current scene. Coed. 13-17. Write c/o The Putney School, Putney, Vermont 05346.

FARM AND WILDERNESS CAMPS—Do you want a small, rugged camp where living is simple? Farm and Wilderness offers three: SALTASH MOUNTAIN for 40 boys 12-15—Friendly, informal, purposeful. Natural science and pioneering. Aquatics. Extensive hiking and canoe trips. FLYING CLOUD for 40 boys 11-14—Primitive, challenging. Live like Indians in 20 ft. tipis. Learn skills, crafts, games re-creating Indian life. DARK MEADOW for 35 girls 12-15—Simple wilderness living with excellent campcraft training, swimming and canoeing, hiking, natural science, "creative cooking." Tipis. Booklets: Write John S. Hunter, Farm and Wilderness Camps, Inc., Woodstock, Vermont 05091.

MEXICO—Hacienda Del Solar, Taxco. Coed 12-16 (6 weeks). Combines creative cultural athletic camp program with travel. Enrollment limited to 28. C. Polk, 45 Lake Shore Drive, Eastchester, N.Y. 914-337-4394.

VACATIONS

SHRUG OFF THE 20th CENTURY. Time loses its meaning on serene Sanibel, a tropical island where the forgotten art of relaxing may be learned again. Song of the Sea, the old world inn, Sanibel Island, Florida 33957. 813-472-2220.

NATURALLY BEAUTIFUL Bay Tree Club. Unique Sarasota condominium or rental in serene natural setting. Siesta Key beach or bayfront suites. Private cabanas, docks, pool, fishing, management. Write: Gil Waters, Bay Tree Club, P.O. Box 121, Sarasota, Florida 33578.

VIRGIN ISLANDS private home. Murray, 111 New Road, Kendall Park, N.J. 08824. 201-297-0420.

VACATION PLUS! For Your Greatest-Ever Family Summer—Vacation, for a few days or many, in the clear, clean, mile-high air of Arizona's unique Prescott College. Mid-June to Labor Day. Attractive private unit dwellings on rolling, tree-covered 640 acre ranch-type campus. American, European plans, moderate rates. Auditorium, meeting rooms, conference facilities, conventions welcome; child care. PLUS—Sunny days, cool nights; spectacular scenery; swimming, tennis, golf, hiking, fishing; English, western riding instruction, roping, chuckwagon cookouts. One to three day trips to Grand Canyon, other unique Arizona points of interest. Write for brochure. Director, Western Resources, Prescott College, Prescott, Arizona 86301. Or phone: 602-445-3524, ext. 277.

GASCON RANCH, Rociada, New Mexico. Southwestern hospitality midst Alpine surroundings.

TENNIS: FLORIDA KEYS—Pelican Cove Resort. "Zen" Method Instruction. Islamorada: 664-4884 and 305-664-2811. Hawthorne Bissell.

HEALTHFUL VACATIONING—Reducing. Fasting. Rejuvenation. Delightful foods. Pool. Solariums. Boats. SHANGRI-LA, Bonita, Florida 33923-SR.

FAMILY CAMP WORKSHOP: at Johnny Appleseed, a nonprofit, interracial camp in the Poconos. One or two weeks: August 24th-September 7th. Reasonable, wholesome vacation. Write: 50 Lincoln Avenue, Eastchester, N.Y. 10707.

WAY TO THE WILDERNESS: True western pack trip into unspoiled wilderness. Families and individuals. 2622 Arcadia, Missoula, Montana 59801.

FAMILY VACATIONS! ALOHA MANOR. Vermont lake. CAMP: sleep away or day. 1 counselor to 3 children. Pony. ADULTS: sailing, canoe trips, cook-outs, tennis, fabulous meals. Cabins or housekeeping. Nearby: golf, auctions, Dartmouth. Mrs. Gulick Pierce, 531 East 20th, NYC, 10010. 212-GR 3-0222.

CARMEL'S renowned English-styled inn provides the ambience desired in this halcyon hamlet by the sea. Write for Carmel Information Packet, Tally Ho Inn, P.O. Box 3726, Carmel, California 93921.

VACATIONS

ESCAPE TO THE SEA . . . the Beautiful Sea at Montauk with its miles of white sandy beach . . . unequalled anywhere in the world . . . Gurney's Inn on the brink of 1,000 ft. of this magnificent beach . . . with Oceanfront rooms and cottages . . . excellent cuisine . . . and a staff that still believes in treating guests like visiting royalty. Gurney's Inn, Oceanfront Cottages and Hostelry, "On the brink O' the beach," Montauk, Long Island, New York 11954, United States of America, Planet Earth. Telephone 516-668-2345. Open All Year.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

ENVIRONMENTALLY EUPHORIC . . . A cool, clean, ten miles at sea: serene island, quiet fourteen-guest inn. June-September. The Golden Gull; Box S, Monhegan Island, Maine 04852.

PATAGONIA, ARIZONA, Circle Z Ranch. Ultimate in riding, birdwatching, sun, siestas.

WINDJAMMER VACATION—Sail from Rockland, Maine to picturesque islands and harbors in Penobscot Bay. $140 weekly. Brochure. Schooner RICHARD ROBBINS, West Bath, Maine. Phone 207-443-3805.

SHIPMATES WANTED—"barefoot" and congenial. Join Schooner Cruises. Remote West Indies. Grenadines, Windwards, Leewards. 10 days - $245. Windjammer Cruises, P.O. Box 120, Dept. 120, Miami Beach, Florida 33139.

THE OLD TAVERN at Grafton, Vermont. The most elegant little Inn in all New England. For information write Wilf & Lois Copping, Innkeepers.

ISLAND NEAR SARASOTA—Sort of "South Seas-ish." Luxury motels, beautiful beaches. Chamber of Commerce, Box 188-S, Longboat Key, Florida 33548.

WORKSHOPS

2nd SOUTHEASTERN WRITERS' CONFERENCE. Novels, nonfiction, poetry, short story, photo-journalism, TV. Miami, Florida. April 15th-18th. Nationally-known consultants, all fields. Applications, registration information: Box 1097, South Miami, Florida 33143.

VACATION WORKSHOPS

WEST COAST Summer Humanities Workshop—coed, for high school students—Claremont Men's College, June 26th-July 17th. Box 25, Inglewood, California 90306.

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY—FRANCE—SPAIN — SCHILLER COLLEGE —see "STUDIES ABROAD." Language, Literature, Art, Theatre, Music, East-West Studies.

SUMMER IN ITALY studying late Medieval and 16th Century Italian Art. Residence delightful old Umbrian monastery. 7 week program includes 2 weeks in Florence and Venice. 6 credits. Write: International Education, Colorado University, Boulder, 80302.

LESLEY FROST announces several innovations for her Escuela de la Tahona, La Granja (Segovia), Spain, July 1st-August 15th, 1971. First, it will be coed. Secondly, girls from previous summers doing advanced Spanish may return. Third, "new" applicants, girls and boys, must have had several years of Spanish, possibly with the Experiment, A.F.S., etc. Spanish spoken. School bus, with usual tours. 129 East 10th Street, NYC 10003.

HIGH SCHOOL SPANISH PROGRAM—One month in beautiful hacienda in Colima, Mexico. Write: Richard Hancock, University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma 73069.

SUMMER MUSIC, ART SEMINARS in Italy. Organology, Director: Clemente Terni; Opera Workshop, Director: Tito Gobbi; Christian Iconography; Romanesque Architecture and Sculpture, Director: Dr. Mario Bucci. June 21st-July 30th. Villa Schifanoia, Graduate School of Fine Arts, Florence, Italy. Information: Coordinator of Study Abroad, Rosary College, River Forest, Illinois 60305.

FOR STUDENT TRAVEL or Study or Family Stays or Camping or Summer Ski Camp . . . small groups . . . leisurely pace . . . lively, flexible programs . . . leaders of caliber, taste and wit . . . Itineraries in Western Europe, Scandinavia, Russia, Greece and Yugoslavia. 14th year. Students Abroad, 771-S West End Avenue, NYC, N.Y. 10025. 212-928-7878.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUMMER STUDIES ABROAD

MEXICO: Yucatan, Oaxaca, etc. Small group, students 14-18, with professional anthropologist, staff. Box 4486, Stockton, California 95204.

SUMMER IN FRANCE—July 1st-August 12th 1971. French-Art History-Painting-Music-Theatre-Dance. Apply: Paris American Academy, 9 Rue Des Ursulines, Paris 5, France.

ROME, ITALY: stimulating curriculum, faculty. Etruscan archaeological program. $960 inclusive. June 9th-July 29th. Trinity College/Rome Campus, Hartford, Connecticut 06106.

SUMMER SESSIONS ABROAD ®. 21st season. $295 at University of Madrid, Florence, Paris, Athens, London, Salzburg, Garmisch. 1 month sessions July and August. Includes room, meals, tuition, credit, choice of courses in language, art, music, dancing, painting; sightseeing, etc. All for $295. EDUCATIONAL TRAVEL ASSOCIATION, 535 Fifth Avenue, NYC, 10017. 212-661-8900.

IRELAND OFFERS exceptional academic experiences for international college students. Write Institute of Irish Studies, U.S. Office, Franconia, N.H. 03580.

AIMS-INTERNATIONAL—European summer study and travel. Ages 15-20, programs of Language Study or Comparative Cultures and Lifestyles, Classical Civilizations, Eastern and Northern European Studies, Mediterranean Cruise. Scandinavia, England, France, Switzerland, Spain, Italy, Austria, Russia, Greece, Israel. Chaperoned; Academic Credit. Write: Registrar, AIMS-International, 1054-31st Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20007.

MEXICAN CRAFTS—Apprentice program for students in native craft shops: pottery, wood, weaving, Huichol Indian art, metalwork; including Spanish instruction, weekend trips and six days in Mexico City. Also available: Intensive Spanish for adults, English review for high school and elementary. Children's program; Winter prep and primary program. Advanced placement, 100% U.S. college entrance. Butler Institute, Vallarta y Atenas 123, Guadalajara, Mexico.

INTERNATIONAL STUDIES—July-August 1971: London, Copenhagen, West Berlin, U.S.S.R., East Africa, Central America, Mexico. University credit programs: Literature, Humanities, Psychology, Education, Reading, Political Science, Theatre. Write: Director, International Summer Study Program, 2816 C.L., University of Pittsburgh, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania 15213.

STUDIES ABROAD

GERMANY — FRANCE — SPAIN — ENGLAND — SCHILLER COLLEGE—Liberal arts; B.A., M.A. curricula; academic year programs in Heidelberg, Berlin, Bonnigheim Castle (near Stuttgart), Paris, Madrid, London, American credit system. Special programs in music, theatre, fine arts. Stimulating European travel. Choice of graduate and undergraduate summer courses; string instrument summer workshop. Write: Schiller College U.S. Office, 429 N.W. 48th Street, Oklahoma City, 73118. (Phone: 405-842-5979) or 7121 Kleiningersheim, Germany.

GREECE-PAINTING IN THE SUN. Pythagoreion Institute's third annual Fine Arts Workshop on beautiful Samos. June-August. 4 week's tuition: $200. College credit. Inquire: Aegean Summer, Mount Saint Scholastica College, Atchison, Kansas 66002.

TRAVEL

EXOTIC BALI—and Indonesia Complete! May 29th/June 18th, $526 only, plus special air fare from your city. Holiday House Travel Service, 201 Harvard Avenue East, Seattle, 98102. 206-322-3510.

DEATH VALLEY and Desert Areas—"Jeep" Photo/See Tours, 4225 Paseo de las Tortugas, Torrance, California 90505.

NEW YORK CITY, HOTEL BEDFORD, 40th Street, Just East of Park Avenue. For the discriminating guest who prefers a quiet and gracious hotel in the midst of New York's most convenient Grand Central area . . . near all shopping and entertainment. Beautifully decorated rooms and suites . . . featuring fully equipped kitchenettes . . . air conditioning and TV . . . Ideal for families . . . Continental Restaurant and Cocktail Lounge. Write for brochure, 118 East 40th Street, New York, N.Y. 10016.

CANTERBURY ECUMENICAL SUMMER SCHOOL, England, July 17th-29th. Magnificent setting; low cost. Lecturers include Canterbury Archbishop. Optional Cathedral Cities Tour. Cantess, 209 Greeves, Kane, Pennsylvania 16735.

TRAVEL

COME TO THE CASBAH—15 day exciting Moroccan adventure. $798 all inclusive N.Y./N.Y. Write for brochures. African Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building, Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

BICYCLING-HIKING-CAMPING trips through the countrysides of the world for 14-17 year olds. Europe, New England, West Coast, Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia. Free Brochure. Student Hosteling Program of New England, Inc., Rochester, Vermont 05767.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE — $1.75. Rates, schedules, 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZHD Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

FOR HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS and Graduates. Exceptional travel plans in Western Europe—Czechoslovakia and Yugoslavia—Greece and Turkey—Russia. Get off the beaten track and become involved in European life. Speak French in France or Spanish in Spain all summer. Or stay in a Soviet youth center; sail with Breton fishermen; climb glacier-covered Alps; ski in August at Mont Blanc; make bicycle trip in Denmark; hike with Czech students; live with European family. Music festivals, theatres. 20th year. Write: George R. Shumlin, Putney Student Travel, Putney, Vermont 05346.

"AFFORDABLE" AFRICAN SAFARI. $769 includes jet, deluxe hotels, meals. Zurich, Kenya, Uganda, Tanzania. Airline Chairman, 209 Greeves, Kane, Pennsylvania 16735.

EXPLORE A PIECE OF THE WORLD this summer with The Experiment in International Living. You can have an in-depth, person-to-person experience in any one of 35 countries. You can learn a language or improve one you already know. Travel to the country of your choice with a small group of U.S. students. Live with a native family. See the country with new friends. Even get involved in work or service projects, if you wish. Interested? For details, write: Summer Abroad, The Experiment, West Hill, Putney, Vermont 05346. Please indicate your age and year in school.

"I TOOK THE ROAD less traveled" . . . Exploring Anthropology/Archaeology - Theatre-Dance-Tennis-Art-Ceramics-Languages-Homestays-Baltic Cruise. YOUTH TRAVELS TO MEXICO/EUROPE, 47 Stephanmarc, New Hyde Park, N.Y. 11040. 516-GE 7-7154.

SOUTH AMERICA—"Green Hell Tour" of the Amazon Jungle. 18 days $565 land portion. "Central America by Motorcoach." 15 days $415 land portion. Write for brochures. Amazon Explorers, Department SR, Professional Building. Route 9, Parlin, N.J. 08859.

SAVE MONEY ON YOUR NEXT TRIP to New York by staying at the Hotel Paris. The Paris is like a Volkswagen . . . we offer all the essential services but no frills; comfort but not luxury; a swimming pool but no night club. Ask for leaflets, "New York for Free" and "How to Enjoy New York." Write to M. L. Walter, Hotel Paris, New York 10025.

SUMMER STUDYTRAVEL. Africa, Alaska, Mexico, South America, Scandinavia, U.S.S.R., Yugoslavia, World. High school and college students, adults. For world understanding and personal growth. STUDYTRAVEL, Dept. S, Friends World College, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-248-2616.

TUDOR HOTEL, 304 East 42nd Street, New York, 10017. N.Y.'s fashionable East Side. Adjacent to U.N., shopping, theatres, sightseeing only steps away. All newly decorated accommodations with private bath, television and air conditioning. Cocktail lounge and English Pub. Singles from $12; double from $15. Family rooms featuring 2 baths. Write for new brochure. 212-YU 6-8800.

EUROPE TODAY. Coeducational tours for High School students. Southern tour visits France, Italy, Austria, Switzerland and England, plus two week cruise to Greece, Turkey and the islands. Northern tour visits England, Scandinavia, Russia, Poland and Germany.
EUROPE TODAY SUMMER IN FRANCE. Learn French while enjoying skiing, climbing, skindiving, waterskiing and many other activities in France and Switzerland. Informal but expert instruction daily. John Paine, Noble and Greenough School, Dedham, Massachusetts 02026.

IF YOU CAN PRONOUNCE NEVIS*, you may wish to subscribe to the newsletter for Caribbean cognoscenti. What's new in politics, investments, industry, off-beat islands, hotels, transportation. Twelve monthly issues, $15 (*KNEE-vis.) Caribbean Report, Suite 1202-A, 527 Madison Avenue, New York 10022.

VIRGIN ISLANDS YACHT CHARTER. My 41' Reliant auxiliary yawl is ready for active sailors or lazy escapists. Brochure. Olof Hedstrom, Box 167, Hartford City, Indiana 47348.

TRAVEL

CROSSROADS INTERNATIONAL. Teenagers are invited to share planning and decision making and to get involved in an exciting educational summer. Join an international group of ten teenage boys and girls and a married teaching couple on Crossroads America, Crossroads Britain, Crossroads Scandinavia, Crossroads France or Crossroads Africa (please specify which program interests you). Write for details: Crossroads International, Hillsboro, New Hampshire 03244. Tel. 603-478-3202.

THIS AD + $7.00 per person, double occupancy, entitles you to real value New York. Next time try CENTURY-PARAMOUNT HOTEL, 235 West 46th Street, convenient theatres and everything; 650 rooms, with bath, TV, air conditioning. Single-$10.00. Don't delay, reserve now. This is a "sleeper" in every sense.

GREECE 1971 from $100. Also Yugoslavia, Scandinavia, Middle-East plus lowest airfare. Write SUNNY LAND TOURS, 166 Main Street, Hackensack, N.J. 07601. N.J. Tel. 201-487-2150. N.Y. Tel. 212-695-2866.

WILDERNESS TOURS in colorful Mexico and Utah's canyon lands. Free brochure. Tag-A-Long Tours, Box 1206H, Moab, Utah 84532.

EUROPE THIS SUMMER? Ages 22-35. Looking for a low-cost coed trip combining a magnificent twelve country itinerary with loads of free time, theatre tickets, fine hotels and all meals? Eight weeks $1,595; six weeks $1,395; four weeks $1,075, WITH NO EXTRAS. Dr. S. M. Lutnick, 313 Post Avenue, Westbury, N.Y. 11590. 516-WA 1-7898.

SINGLES CRUISES & TOURS—Bachelor Party, 444 Madison Avenue, New York, 10022.

HIKING, CAMPING and Archaeological Tours to all parts of the world. For brochure S, write: The Explorers "A" Ltd., Box 161, Cambridge, Massachusetts 02140.

GRAND TOUR OF EUROPE—unmatched, personally escorted—$844. Professor Berg, Saint Mary's College, California 94575.

ISRAEL FOR A YEAR. Help develop new areas, or work on kibbutz. Ages: 18-30. Total cost: $595. SHERUT LA'AM (Service to the People). 515 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. 212-753-0230.

OVERLAND EXPEDITION Africa. Leaving London March 20th. Arrive Johannesburg June. $690. Box Z-653.

CHARTER FLIGHT HANDBOOK. 1,100 organizations named. Particulars free. TIB, P.O. Box 105s, Kings Park, N.Y. 11754.

EUROPE—AN UNREGIMENTED TOUR! Discover this bargain. TOURS, 255-B Sequoia, Pasadena, California.

YACHT CHARTERS in the Caribbean. Write Airmail. Blue Water Cruises, Box 758X, St. Thomas, U.S. Virgin Islands 00801.

GET YOUR HANDS DIRTY! Participate in scientific field expeditions led by prominent scientists to Africa. Central and South America. Field expeditions in archaeology, anthropology, astronomy, geology and volcanology run from 9 to 21 days. Applications now being accepted for 25 participants for each expedition for summer 1971. No qualifications necessary. All-inclusive prices including airfare from $985. Educational Expeditions International, P.O. Box 127-P, Belmont, Massachusetts.

SEE EUROPE UNHURRIED, UNHERDED. Intelligently live a week in each country (and each hotel!) visited. Outstanding hosts handle all details, lead optional excursions, help you do your own thing. Winter pre-travel program; arrive knowledgeable. Distinguished hotels. Scheduled airlines. Thoughtfully planned by experienced travelers of highest integrity. Discover the Europe we know intimately—and love. July departures. Three, five, six weeks from $863. Details: Seeurope, Inc., 3473 Epworth, Cincinnati, Ohio 45211.

ASIAN OVERLAND EXPEDITION—70 days hotel/camping. New York-India/Nepal and return $993. Transorient, 1552 First Avenue, NYC 10028. Telephone: 212-737-2677.

CAMPING IN RUSSIA, EUROPE OR USA. Traveling seminars for teenagers who want more than travel. Dick Hiler, Box 262, Williamsville, Vermont 05362.

DISCOVER JAPAN. In-depth tour of cultural and rural life. Conducted tour developed by Morton Huber, author "Vanishing Japan." Spring, summer, fall departures. Brochure. Winter-Woodland Travel, 29 Allegheny Avenue, Towson, Maryland 21204.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1923

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. British general (1722-94) first civil governor of Canada (full name)	25 30 48 56 64 87 137 145 162 176 181
B. Contemplation of the navel as a mystical exercise	187 10 55 73 102 113 128 130 65 105 165 205 5 27
C. Snubbing (comp.)	38 66 82 86 93 147 153 174 202 6 15
D. Current political force (2 wds.)	20 33 72 96 117 120 138
E. Make tracks (2 wds.)	142 166 177 182 3 23 28 42 47
F. One who deliberately avoids seeing, recognizing, or understanding	49 77 85 110 124 157 101
G. _____ ap Gruffydd: (d.1282): first prince of Wales	133 160 169 184 186 195 114 125
H. Reproaching; gibing at	148 4 19 24 29 84 108 191
I. European plant, *Cheiranthus Cheiri*	78 150 189 196 69 134 139 122 143 180
J. Mobile artillery pieces with a high trajectory	198 53 83 98 100 203 11 34 89
K. Fruit of a West Indian tree, *Grias cauliflora*	155 164 52 106 111 116 152 185 192 12 44
L. "This truth _____ thine own: 'Thou hast been, shall be, art, alone.'" (4 wds.; Arnold, "To Marguerite")	75 80 188 201 88 178 199 40 151 161 54 61 123 146
M. Pit in a glacier formed by rapid melting of ice beneath a deposit of earth (2 wds.)	63 8 91 156 104 163 31 67
N. Surpassed in excellence	94 70 57 127 158 173 13 16
O. Where "Prudence Baldwin, once my maid" is laid (4 wds.; Herrick, "Upon Prue, His Maid")	132 36 60 154 76 97 68 159 17 90 32 39 46 50 81
P. Manatee's relative	37 26 1 95 59 21
Q. Weighs heavily upon	107 200 9 118 43 135 167 179 14
R. Eugene _____: juvenile in Shaw's "Candida"	149 194 2 92 175 45 35 62 131 168
S. Compensating equivalent	109 129 140 171 183 193
T. Southern triangle of Israel	22 51 7 58 41
U. Plovers of Europe and Asia formerly common in England	126 136 18 103 190 79 204 71 99
V. Feeling of dread	74 112 144 170 197
W. Irish poet and playwright (1865-1939; "The Wild Swans at Coole")	119 121 115 141 172

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram... When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning... Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line... When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

1 P	2 R	3 E	4 H	5 B	6 C	7 T		8 M	9 Q		10 B	11 J	12 K	13 N	14 Q		15 C
16 N	17 O	18 U	19 H	20 D	21 P		22 T	23 E	24 H		25 A	26 P	27 B	28 E		29 H	30 A
31 M	32 O	33 D	34 J		35 R	36 O	37 P		38 C	39 O	40 L	41 T	42 E	43 Q	44 K		45 R
46 O	47 E		48 A	49 F	50 O	51 T		52 K	53 J	54 L	55 B	56 A	57 N	58 T	59 P	60 O	
61 L	62 R	63 M		64 A	65 B	66 C	67 M	68 O	69 I	70 N	71 U		72 D	73 B	74 V	75 L	
76 O	77 F		78 I	79 U	80 L	81 O	82 C		83 J	84 H	85 F	86 C		87 A	88 L	89 J	90 O
	91 M	92 R	93 C	94 N	95 P	96 D	97 O		98 J	99 U		100 J	101 F	102 B	103 U		104 M
105 B		106 K	107 Q	108 H	109 S	110 F		111 K	112 V	113 B	114 G		115 W		116 K	117 D	118 Q
119 W		120 D	121 W	122 I		123 L	124 F	125 G	126 U	127 N		128 B	129 S		130 B	131 R	132 O
133 G	134 I	135 Q		136 U	137 A	138 D		139 I	140 S		141 W	142 E	143 I		144 V	145 A	146 L
147 C	148 H		149 R	150 I	151 L	152 K		153 C	154 O	155 K	156 M		157 F	158 N	159 O	160 G	161 L
162 A	163 M	164 K		165 B	166 E	167 Q	168 R	169 G	170 V	171 S		172 W	173 N		174 C	175 R	176 A
177 E		178 L	179 Q	180 I	181 A		182 E	183 S	184 G		185 K	186 G	187 B	188 L	189 I	190 U	
191 H	192 K	193 S		194 R	195 G	196 I		197 V	198 J	199 L		200 Q	201 L	202 C	203 J	204 U	205 B

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

VEGA. IT DOESN'T STAND ALONE.

One big difference between Chevy's new little car and other new little cars is that Chevy's new little car is actually two new little cars.

Also a new little wagon.

Also a new little truck.

What that means is, if you don't happen to be the 2-door sedan type, you can still find happiness in a Vega.

For example, you could go with our hatchback coupe, the sporty little blue job in the picture below. Sporty, but also very handy. The whole back end opens up and the back seat folds down so you can use about half the car for cargo if the occasion ever arises. And it probably will.

Then there's the Vega Kammback wagon. It has a personality all its own. It also has: bucket seats, a fully carpeted interior, our peppy overhead cam engine, front disc brakes, 3-on-the-floor, power ventilation, all standard.

The Vega panel truck has one seat and 68.7 cubic feet of loadspace inside of it. Which is quite a lot of loadspace for a truck that's only about 14 feet long.

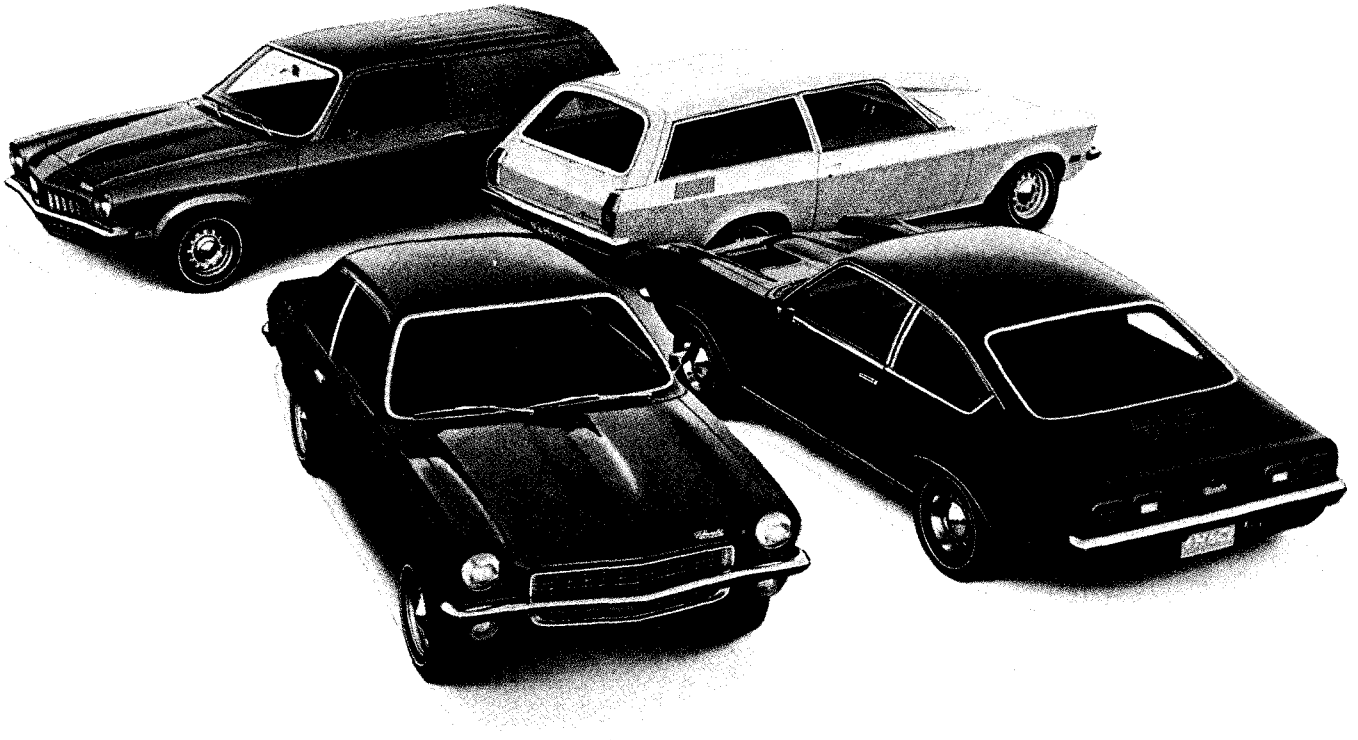
Once you've looked around at other little cars, we think you'll find it's no problem choosing between a Vega and something else.

What's tough is choosing between a Vega and a Vega.

And a Vega.

And a Vega.

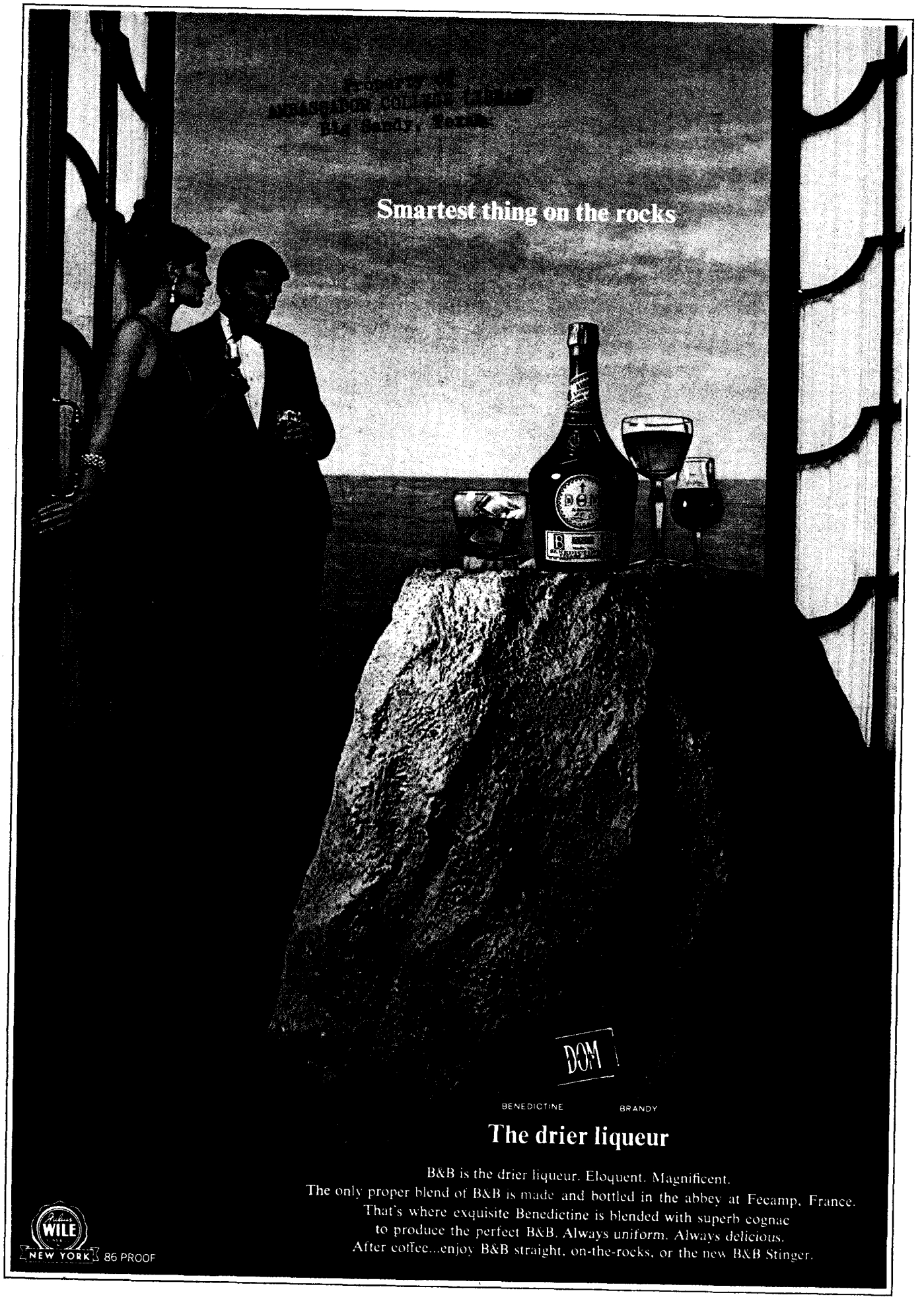
Your Chevrolet dealer can help.



GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

VEGA
CHEVROLET

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


Smartest thing on the rocks
DOM
BENEDICTINE
BRANDY
The drier liqueur
B&B is the drier liqueur. Eloquent. Magnificent.
The only proper blend of B&B is made and bottled in the abbey at Fecamp, France.
That's where exquisite Benedictine is blended with superb cognac
to produce the perfect B&B. Always uniform. Always delicious.
After coffee...enjoy B&B straight, on-the-rocks, or the new B&B Stinger.
WILE
NEW YORK
86 PROOF

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED